AUGUST, 1926
VOL. 55, NO. 2

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

CONTENTS

Mademoiselle from Armenteers. *A Short Story* *Illustrated by C. G. Gaul*	Stephen Morehouse Avery	9
Who Started the Charleston?	Charles J. McGuirk	16
All His Days Are Dog Days	Earl Chapin May	19
The Great Sham. *A Short Story* *Illustrated by O. J. Gatter*	Edgar Wallace	27
Henry Ford Discusses Human Flivvers	Judge Henry Neil	34
The Motor Tourist Steps on the Gas	Richard A. Martinsen	37
A Short Wife and a Gay One. *A Short Story* *Illustrated by Rico Tomaso*	Howard Brubaker	42
Moonlight. *A Novelette* *Illustrated by Stockton Mulford*	Reginald Wright Kauffman	52
Why We Get on Each Other's Nerves	Nina Purdy	68
Showboat Days and Nights	George Piddington	71
Daley's Three-Bagger. *A Short Story* *Illustrated by J. Scott Williams*	Herbert L. McNary	76
A Dare-Devil Diver Who Conquered Fear	Victor R. LeValley	86
He's Always Kept His Eye on the Ball	Fairfax Downey	89
Harvey Garrard's Crime. *A Novel* *Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere*	E. Phillips Oppenheim	94
Coarse Fiber. *A Short Story* *Illustrated by Harry Fisk*	Arthur Mason	110
Busting the Bad Money Business	C. H. Vivian	117
The Old or the New		122
The Love Letters of Smith *Illustrated by J. M. Clifton*	H. C. Bunner	124
The McTavish *Illustrated by O. J. Gatter*	Gouverneur Morris	130
Buck Baker's Trained Flivver	J. Leroy Miller	141
She Swims a Mile a Day	Ruth Brownlow	142
The Most Pestered Man in America	Cy Peterman	143
Her Roses Are Good to Eat	Irene Fessenden	144
Everybody's Chestnut Tree		145

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JOSEPH A. MOORE, President
LEVIN RANK, Secy. & Treas.

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK, N. Y.
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Entered as Second-Class Matter, August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Yearly subscription, $2.50, in advance. Single copy, twenty-five cents. Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

EVERYBODY'S takes all reasonable precautions for handling manuscripts submitted, but assumes no responsibility for their safety.
Copyright, 1926, by the Ridgway Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.

In CHICAGO, *as in* NEW YORK,

salespeople in the finest stores say:

"Protect delicate garments this way"

THE salespeople in the finest stores in Chicago and New York recently were asked this question: "Which soap is safest for silks and woolens?" By an overwhelming majority, they replied, "Ivory Soap."

They recommended Ivory more frequently than all other soaps together. Everywhere, the feeling was: "Ivory is pure and safe for anything which pure water alone will not harm."

Your own precious things—are you quite certain that they last as long and stay as fresh as they might? Our booklet, *"The Care of Lovely Garments,"* with its wealth of valuable suggestions, will help you keep them lovely. May we send you a copy *free*? Simply address: Section 42-HF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
IVORY

IVORY SOAP

Cake ✤ *Flakes*

99 44/100 % Pure

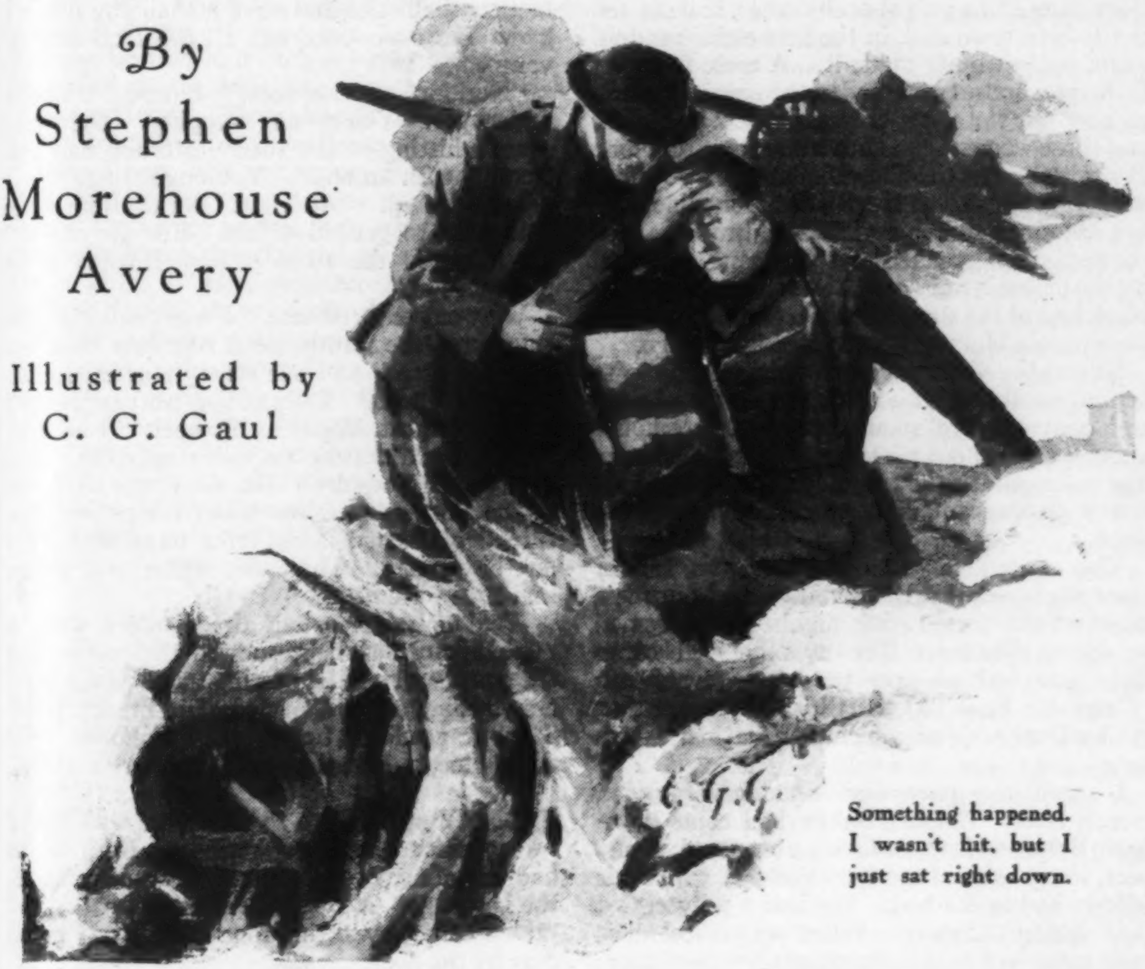
© 1926, The P. & G. Co.

Advertising section continued in rear of book

Mademoiselle *from* Armenteers

By
Stephen
Morehouse
Avery

Illustrated by
C. G. Gaul



Something happened. I wasn't hit, but I just sat right down.

The inside story of a war ballad heroine in the days of the A.E.F. in France

OF COURSE, you've heard that song about "Hinky, Dinky, Parlez-vous?" Well, every one of its maudlin verses is a slander of a sweet youngster who gave away too much happiness—in hope, perhaps, that a few crumbs of it would find its way back to her. And a crumb did, thank God.

That is not to advocate any new standard of conduct, either, or to deny a moral prejudice as complete as any one's, probably. But with a little understanding of human nature, French mud, and the fatalism astride a howling shell, too much broadmindedness is not required to win a hearing for Mademoiselle from Armentières. If you can know her, as I did, perhaps you will judge her—as I did.

In May of '17, my nerve-strained and weary battery hooked in, pulled out for the damnable Ypres salient, and trekked for the comparative peace of Armentières. It was a quiet sector, so they said; a lull in the long, harrow-ridden line; a sort of peace by mutual consent except for an occasional five-nine which whined among the smokestacks of the town to crash against the nerves of the war-blasé inhabitants and remind them that "all this is very nice, but we're only a few miles away," or however one says that in German. Then one of our otherwise content battery commanders would be ordered to send over a retaliation salvo and the day's war was done. It looked mighty good after Ypres.

Actually, we didn't stop in Armentières, but dragged twelve kilometers beyond it along the Rue de Lille to a position near Bethune, a tiny village which, with a fountain in the center of the square and a pub at each corner, had started out to be a town and, in the first eight hundred years, hadn't quite made it. A mere fringe of little gray houses surrounded the square, deserted now but for a few old men, a few wounded, and three women: two laundresses and Madame Peritot who ran the Cheval Blanc. Two thousand yards east was the British front line, and five hundred more, a desolate, brown, shell-chewed strip, reached the Germans. Behind us, the chimneys of Armentières broke the sharp black line of the sunset horizon and in the north were purple blurs—Aubers, Messines Ridge.

So we shoved our eighteen-pounders into pits behind a tall hedge and picked up officers' mess and quarters in a small, but tidy, farmhouse under a knoll about a kilometer from the village. The men, under the eagle eye and gifted profanity of Sergeant Nye, spread out down the slope.

The garden of our farmhouse was full of lilacs and roses just then, and we had our mess table set out there. Soft nights—they seemed to soften whatever Tommy's beloved camp ditty—reached us over the vine-grown wall: "Carry Me Back to Dear Old Blighty," or that Hinky-Dinky thing which I have learned to hate.

I recall the particular evening, almost a month later. Colonel Balton had come down from Brigade H. Q. to look us over and, I suspect, to try some of the 1893 Vouvray which our fellows had unearthed. We had a jolly crowd that spring, anyway. What was a colonel's mess compared to our charming *al fresco* dinners in a lilac-scented garden, a bare trench-mortar distance from the enemy? I can see them, from the subaltern twins, distinguished only by the different cocky angles of their caps, past the very Oxford and ludicrously proper Senior Lieutenant, up to my battery assistant and best pal, Captain Rodney Bonnivale, nicknamed Bonny. And that he was, a blue-eyed, crisp-haired lad, as gay as he was stout-hearted in spite of the fact that he'd been clipped and battered in every rotten show from the Dardanelles to the Somme. I always had an idea that Bonny's blitheness masked a nervous system about to crack: some trouble in England rather than the war. He hadn't been back since the first hundred thousand took him to Flanders.

It was not the sort of thing one talks about, but I was tempted to say something as we were returning together after pushing the colonel's car off on a back road toward headquarters. "You need a leave, Bonny," I told him, "just about as bad as any one in the B. E. F. When do you want to go?"

He eyed me suspiciously, but the darkness gave me a mask. "What's the matter, Major?" he said. "My calculations going wrong?"

Heaven knows, it wasn't that. Bonny knew more about calibration, charge and meteor corrections, ballistics, and all of it than any fellow I had. His experience was all practical and invaluable.

"Nothing of the sort," I said. "You're under par. You're not sleeping. That pipsqueak hitting in the road yesterday had you trembling for an hour. You ought to go."

He laughed. "All right, Major Bob, since you want to get rid of me. But go where?" He hummed the tune. "But Blighty is no place for me."

We went on in silence. I was thinking. As we neared the farmhouse a rifle shot rang out down the road, and our sentry stuttered challenges. A raid? I began jog-trotting toward the sentry post, Bonny at my heels. I noticed, looking back, that he was half staggering. Was it too much Vouvray? Oh, no; it was too much of the glory of war; too many lumps with upturned blackened faces, lying unnaturally flat on the ground. The quiet sector was giving him time to remember.

We'd only made half the distance when a blink of my flashlight showed the corporal of the guard and a relief putting rough hands upon a struggling and disheveled little French poilu. They dragged him toward the farmhouse His faded blue breeches bagged almost to his ankles.

BONNY strolled up to the house with me to consider the case officially. Both of us had enough early schooling in France to speak the language. It might be sport. I sat at my table in the tiny sitting-room and Bonny stood over by the door.

The corporal jerked the prisoner in, still struggling. "This 'ere frog sneaks up the road, Major," he spluttered, "and takes a pop at Private Digges 'ere, sir."

Private Digges, scarce able to contain his rage, stood in the doorway holding the offending weapon, a heavy French army rifle, murderous bayonet fixed. It seemed almost too big for the diminutive prisoner to carry. " 'Is bullit clips right by me ear, Major."

The faded little Frenchman turned his glare from Private Digges to me, and I saw at once that he was no more than a boy, a smooth and white-faced lad of sixteen, perhaps, with gray eyes too large for his face and a short tilted, un-French nose. "*Vous êtes Anglais*," he said. "Ingleesh," he repeated, pointing to Digges. "I think it was *une* Boche. I mus' keel a Boche tonight." He was trembling.

I dismissed the corporal and Private Digges. Bonny stood by, half amused, half interested, and the prisoner kept glancing at him quickly and then turning back to me. "Why must you kill a Boche tonight?" I questioned. "Why won't tomorrow night do? How old are you? Fifteen?"

His voice was very low and his effort with English so quaint that I avoided French. "*Moi? Mais non,* I am twenty. I was youngest all but one. I have two brothers and a younger brother and each is killed. Thees"—he pulled at the blue bag of a trouser leg—"thees is Henri. Thees shoe are Raoul." The heavy hobnailed boot was loose upon his foot. "Today I hear how my youngest brother, *mon petit* Paul, is kill, too. I have take very good care of Paul since he was little with me." The gray eyes began to swim and his chin quivered like a girl's. "*Alor, vous savez, mon Général Anglais,* I mus' shoot one Boche tonight."

Bonny pulled a chair away from the adjutant's desk. He touched the prisoner on the shoulder. "You are very tired," he said. "Won't you sit down, Mademoiselle?"

Our prisoner flushed, backed away from him and then sat down. Very small hands came up over those big gray eyes and some curls of dark, close-bobbed hair escaped the blue cap. Who can laugh, or weep, as the French? Mademoiselle—and I such a complete blithering ass!

Well, what to do? Bonny stood there patting her shoulder and laughing at me. "I think you need a leave, Major Bob. Your eyes are going bad. Now tell us where you come from, Mademoiselle."

She pointed blindly without looking up. "Armentières," she said and went on sobbing.

Bonny lighted a cigaret. "I fancy I'd better take her down to Madame Peritot, Major. We can kill the Boche for her tomorrow."

"You needn't go," I said. I wanted to see Madame Peritot about something, anyway. "I'll take her down."

She looked up quickly enough at that, startled. "*Non-non-non!*" She shook her head vehemently and pointed to Bonny. "You!" she said.

That settled that.

MY BUSINESS with madame, a matter of provisions to vary the men's mess, had to wait ten days. I'd been summoned to Brigade H. Q. to study a new target series and to exchange map corrections, and by the time I really struck down the back path to the village, I'd forgotten all about the mademoiselle from Armentières.

Corliss, one of the subaltern twins, was with me. He called my attention to the unusual number of our fellows on the path. "Sergeant's been loosening up on passes," he said. "God knows what they can find to amuse them in this place."

They found something, though. I noticed that the lads returning were in high mood and nearly every one of them wore, tucked in cap or tunic, a rose which he tried to conceal when he saw me coming. But I knew them for the same Tommies who had stood in the mud and blood of Ypres and maintained battery fire three secs until the gas burned their eyes and they couldn't lift a shell—and I refused to see these non-regulation roses.

"*Ah! Bon soir, mon Commandant!*" Madame met me at the door of the Cheval Blanc with a machine-gun burst of staccato French. "So you are here. *Eh, bein!* You have come back."

We were fast friends, Madame Peritot and I, or "Madame Petticoat," as the men called her. She took us inside to a marble-topped table in a corner of the long, mirror-lined room, with the same red-plush wall bench, the same gaudy prints, and at the far end the same carved bar with another mirror and a hundred many-colored bottles behind it—the same because there must be fifty thousand of them in France. Fifteen or twenty of our men crowded to the bar, laughing and talking the mixed dialects of the four corners of England and a little pidgin-French.

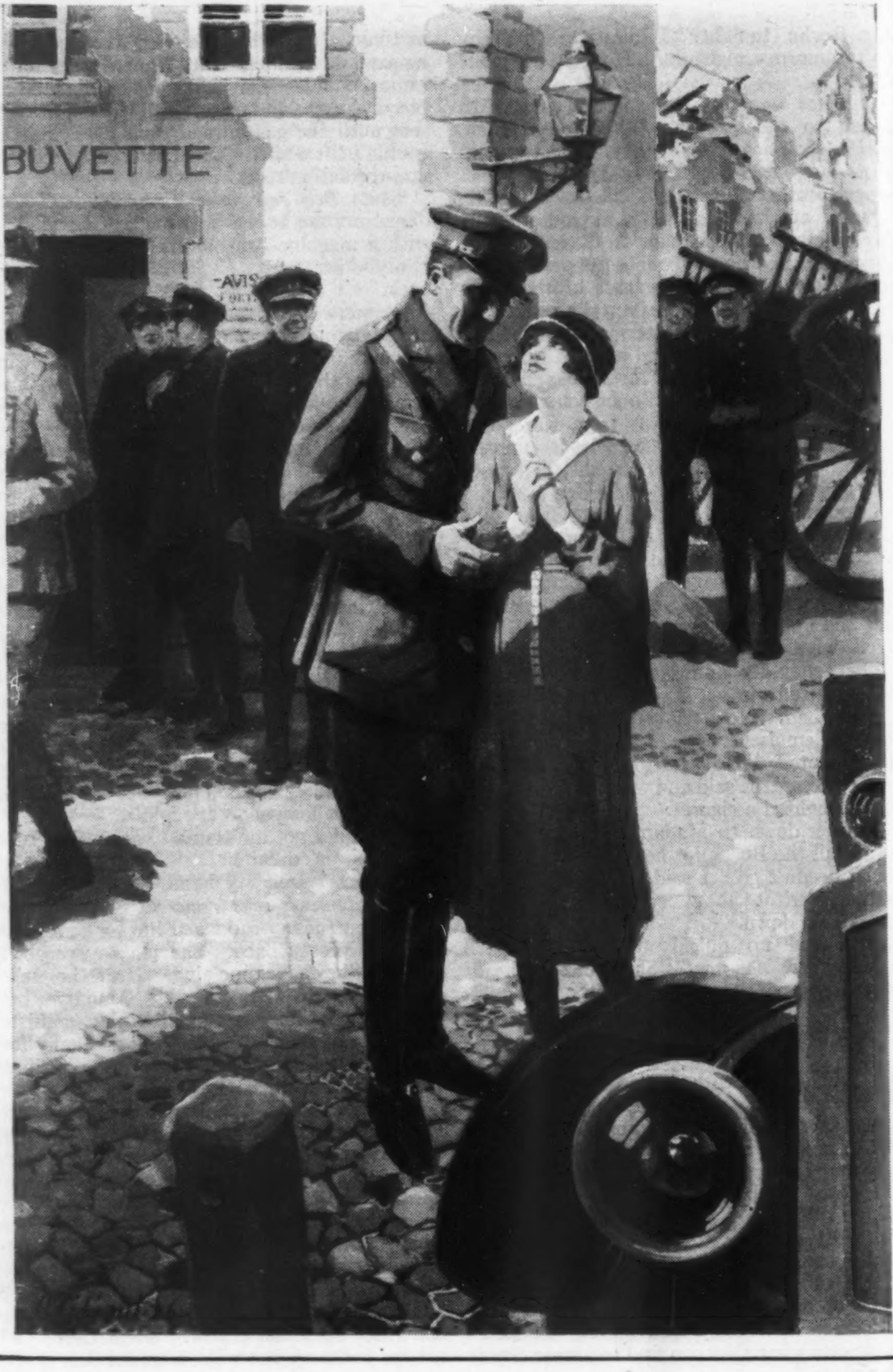
Madame, with great ceremony, poured out three tiny glasses of cherry brandy, molten rubies. "Andrée would not give you this," she said to Corliss, shaking her finger. "*Mais non,* she gives only the color to drink which matches the complexion. If you are dark, *comme mon commandant ici,* a red drink, yes. Or if you have gray eyes like hers, or green, a *crème de menthe. La!* But blond like you, Lieutenant, ah, poor Andrée has no blue—but she gives you cognac which is yellow enough."

Corliss did not understand very well. I was puzzled. "Andrée?"

Madame seized my hand. "*Ah, mille fois, Commandant, je vous remercie.* I thank you every hour of my saddened life for sending to me that pretty babe. She makes everybody laugh. She makes me sing. Hear the 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary.'" Madame beat time, tapping her glass on the table. "Listen to her laugh now. And she will give only four drinks each—which is bad for my business. But Bethune is alive with her."

The men had not noticed my presence and their gaiety was unrestrained. The group divided and through it to a battered piano against the wall came a young French girl, an apron over the simple and yet charming frock: gray, trimmed and belted with apple green, which Madame Petticoat had found for her. Sòmehow, with her dark, short curls flying, her eyes did not seem so much too big for her face, and there was a piquant unexpectedness about her which made her pretty. Great Lord! After the hell and dirt we'd seen she was pretty and bright as spring's first daffodil. I dare say I'm old. I wanted to weep.

When she'd done singing a French ballad with its inevitable plaintive note, and the



I saw Bonny smile down at Andrée, not even seeing us, and when he touched her arm she looked up at him with eyes in which was a lot more than a man could earn in fifty years.

keys of the old piano, a dozen of them ivoryless, had called forth the concluding jangle, she turned and saw us. Why should she flush?

"Andrée! *Voici ton ami, le commandant.*" Madame called to her.

Several of the men went close to her to murmur *au revoir* as they departed. Some had mentioned mess call.

I spoke to her in French when she came over. "You have postponed shooting your Boche, Mademoiselle? It is better to make us all gay. Perhaps you are happier, too."

"*Non.*" She made a vague little gesture. Then brightening, she said, "You know, I speak a very nice Ingleesh because I visited to Breestol. *Mais, non, mon général*, I cannot be very happy again, but nobody is, is they?"

I had to smile. "Not too happy," I said.

"So you see?" Her earnestness was a delight. "One might as well laugh and sing. *Non?*"

I could not help observing her sidelong glances at the open door and a little questioning in her eyes. A moment later she went behind the bar and put on a perky hat, apple green again, adjusting it for minutes in front of the mirror.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame, "*La jolie bébé.*" The pretty babe!

When she came back I asked if she were going out. "Doesn't Madame watch out for you better than that?"

Andrée smiled. "She watches out very much." Why she was preoccupied I couldn't guess.

And then it was too late for guessing. A whispered exclamation escaped Andrée. Without so much as a bow she fluttered away from us, through the open door. Out there, slid up silently against the broken curb, was the colonel's staff motor and stepping grandly out of it was my very best battery assistant and choicest friend, Captain Rodney Bonnivale.

I admit staring. Madame sat with her hands clasped, rapt. I saw Bonny smile down at Andrée, not even seeing us, and when he touched her arm to put her in the car she looked up at him with eyes in which there was a lot more than any man could earn in fifty years, much less ten days.

Bonny waved to the chauffeur to proceed, and they whisked along the winding road which goes to—well, wherever such roads go.

BONNY followed me into my farmhouse office. We'd had a shoot that morning. The front was waking up and the enemy was feeling along the road for our battery, uncomfortable, but evidence at least of our effectiveness. Three of their shells plowed into the village square and I heard murmurs among the gun crew: "The Cheval Blanc!—Andrée?"

But it was all right. As soon as Cary came up to relieve him, Bonny had trotted off down the path, and now here he was back again, smiling, sunk in my only comfortable chair, smoking my next-to-last cigaret. He was a different man, bright-eyed, real color, and the infectious good humor as of old.

"You know, Major Bob," he began, suddenly putting on a long face, "I suppose you were right about that leave. I feel sort of knocked about. You see I don't sleep. A week would about fix me up, don't you think?"

I was writing a report and didn't look up. "Since our conversation on the subject, Captain Bonnivale," I said, "you seem to have recuperated wonderfully without a leave." I could imagine the expression on Bonny's face, so I went further. "You know something is stirring out there, Captain. I've canceled leaves for the entire battery."

He was silent for a minute, trying to fathom the depth of my seriousness. Finally he stood up. "You may go to blazes, Major." He stamped toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Bonny," I said. "Are you going to England?"

"You old devil," he said laughing. He sat down again and took my last cigaret . . . .

I know all sides of this story—every detail. Bonny told me, and Andrée, and Madame, and a soldier's diary, everything I didn't see. I know that he carried her half-way down the path that first night and that when he turned her over to Madame and told her good night, he was the nearest thing of flesh and blood she had, and she asked him not to leave her. But he did.

He was back the next afternoon, though, and found her in one of Madame's best dresses, much tucked. But there was a comb in her short curls, studded with little beads of red glass, gorgeous. "Isn't it a beauty?" said Andrée, and he replied that it was. Only his "it" meant something more inclusive than hers.

Then they were walking across the fields and once, when they met a little boy under a tree, Andrée wept. And once when they saw a furious old peasant who couldn't curse his donkey into another step, Andrée fairly died with glee. Bonny laughed, too. And soon the peasant laughed, too.

"*C'est la guerre,*" he said.

"He should have a new name for his donkey," said Andrée. "He should use name Verdun."

They found a tinier village than Bethune where Bonny bought an omelet confiture and a bottle of wine. Andrée ate most of the omelet while he drank most of the wine. "*Non, non, non,*" she said, when the madame offered to show them her very best rooms.

They had many such adventures during my ten days' absence, before Bonny's clever wrangling had lifted him to the dignity of the colonel's staff car. The last time, returning through evening purple, Andrée stopped beside a low wall on the outskirts of the village and lifted up her smooth, young arms to Bonny. "Oh," That was all she said.

But Bonny, on the way back to camp, overhearing a couple of the men humming, "Mademoiselle from Armitières, parlez-vous," gave them two days' fatigue duty for dirty equipment and being unshaved.

"Are you going to England, Bonny?" I repeated the question.

He went to the window and stood looking out without answering. A five-nine drove into the hilltop above us, a pillar of sudden smoke, a shower of falling earth. Bonny dodged.

Strange, that. I'd seen him under terrific bombardment, gas, H.E. shrapnel like hail, and he'd never blinked an eye. These isolated bursts seemed to get him. "No, not England," he said, turning back into the room. "There's a mess back there. But I'd like a week."

"Take two, Bonny. I'll arrange it."

He grinned. "I'll tell you, Major Bob. We both know there is going to be a show on the line. The signs are plain. No, I'll not be so far away I can't get back when she breaks."

"Nonsense!" I said. "I don't want you around." There was a risk in these war friendships. Their very intensity courted heartbreak. I didn't want him around.

WELL, I was wrong. I thought I had everything figured out, but I hadn't. Bonny disappeared, but Andrée was at the Cheval Blanc, gay as a lark, every one of the following four afternoons. It was too deep for me.

The fifth night the enemy put on their show. As soon as it was dark our fellows up front began to put up their signal lights—red, blue, yellow, green, like a fireworks display. Beyond, under the moon, was a black murk. At exactly nine-ten with a frightful detonation, our whole line seemed to blow up. The ground trembled and up there a pall of black smoke hung like a fallen thundercloud. What good is courage?

I knew our turn was next; the S.O.S. from the infantry and the German bombardment came at the same moment. Everything came over: miniés, pineapples, a rain of five-nines, and each of them a volcano. Everywhere the ground burst open. A shell hit in the farmhouse garden and knocked me against the wall. The whole top of the knoll above us was torn off. The road was a pit. And in the midst of it I manned my eighteen-pounders with the gamest crew in the R.F.A.

I had the order to drop down to two thousand yards. I felt better when we got going, slowly at first, then faster and faster until those six guns were slugging like some gorgeous battering-ram machine—like the fists of Britain. A shell got a direct hit on our number six gun and—ah, well! One of them was Cary.

Infantrymen were drifting by us. Some young kid of a subaltern reformed a line of them on our hillside. I kept a relief-gun crew and sent the rest of our lads under the senior lieutenant to join them. They went back into it with a shout—into that. There is no real limit to men.

All down the lines for miles our unsilenced batteries were blazing away. "Drop to a thousand," came over the 'phones. So the enemy was in our line.

Something happened. I don't know what. I wasn't hit, but I just sat down and couldn't talk. And there was Bonny bending over me. "All right, old top? Give me the 106 fuze, eh? I'll take 'em, Major."

I was assisted back to the wreck of our farmhouse. I heard our guns going as I'd never heard guns going before. Open sights, direct fire, I knew. Bonny should have been a colonel. There was a faint cheer up front. Some one ran by the farmhouse shouting. "Lift! Lift!" So the Germans were going back, then.

It was a fine show. Only about fifteen hundred men paid the great price to see it—just a little side show compared to others.

The next morning was bright and blue. We were in the peace sector again. Except for ugly pits everywhere and considerable wreckage, nothing was changed. The village had been spared to a large extent, though its small clock-tower had been tumbled into the square and its window glass was smashed.

But where was Bonny? He'd vanished as surprisingly as he'd appeared. I thought he might at least have waited until morning. How did he know I was going to be all right? Andrée sent me a cordial and a cake.

A week slipped by, blue sky for days and nights under a horned moon. But I was tired of the war. If it only could have been a cricket war and ended after six months! But I was a different man now, seven hundred years old. Bonny seemed to stay young, though. Somehow I used to smile whenever I thought of Bonny.

That night I walked down to the village. I'd seen Andrée in the afternoon but I had to walk somewhere. I was worried. Where in the devil had Bonny gone? A counter demonstration to the German affair was brewing. I'd heard the talk.

The Cheval Blanc was empty, except for Madame who was arranging shining glasses in a row on the bar shelf. "Andrée?" she replied to my question. "*En haut,*" and she pointed upstairs.

Madame and I had a drink together and I was about to go, unsatisfied, some way or other. Some one came clattering down the stairway into the dark hall outside. "Madame!" The door pushed open and in boots, breeches and shirt open at the throat like a happy young polo player, Bonny burst in upon us. "Hello, Major Bob," he said without the least hesitation. "About time you paid your duty call. Come on up. I'll show you something pretty."

The old son of a gun! Madame had been terrified until she saw the grin spread across my face. Now she hovered over us and clucked like a hen with a new brood of chicks. I followed Bonny up two flights of dark stairs. "Andrée," he shouted. "Can I bring the Major up?"

I've been in a few good homes but never in one so happy as Bonny's. It breathed happiness when the curtains blew in with a night breeze. There were flowers and books on the table. Andrée's execrable crayon sketch of Bonny stood on the mantel. A flower marked their place in a book. And there was Andrée in a long blue thing with a white collar, like—like whatever is prettier than beautiful, like something your eyes can't leave. At least mine couldn't. And Bonny's didn't even try to.

She came and sat in his lap and lighted his cigaret. Then she hopped up to light mine. Then she hopped back to Bonny's lap, and—the lucky devil—I knew that whatever life had done to him—and it had done a lot—he was square with it now.

Bonny and I spoke briefly of the raid and of Cary. He was embarrassed when I mentioned his own work, and because Andrée patted his chin. If my back had been turned, she would have kissed him. I know.

"We go visiting to the sea when his another permission comes," she said. "Will it come soon, *mon Général Anglais?*"

WHEN Bonny went into the other room, looking for matches, she pulled her chair over and put her hand on my sleeve. "Will you make me a promise that nothing happen, *mon général?* Because—if it should happen to him—how do you say—too much—*vous savez?* You see, all this—" she waved to include the room—"all this is given to me like to say, '*Petite Andrée*, much is taken from you, but look what you get in return.' And I say 'good.' I say I will be gay and glad then. And I am. Can you not see for yourself?"

I said something. I don't know what.

"Yes," she went on. She couldn't keep the trill out of her voice. Happy? She'd never been so happy before this. "Yes, like a flower which grows up from rich sadness ground. *Vous comprenez?*—watered with tears. Only ours is a forever flower. No, I will not have him be even *blessé—blessé? Blessé?* How you say?"

I told her. "Wounded."

"*Non, non, non.* I want him not to be hurt at all. You promise?"

Bonny saved me. "Here!" he called from the doorway. "Are you flirting again, Andrée? I've always told her she liked the British tunic and not me, Major."

"Oh!" She threw up her hands. "That is what your sergeant calls—the bloomin' liar. *Comment?* Not a nice word? Oh, *pardon, général.* But you are verra nice. I am sure you keep your promise. I will set out one little liqueur."

Bonny watched her go. "You know—" he sat down in the chair she had left. "You know, Major, I haven't thought much about getting it. I rather expected it. I haven't cared. I'd bungled things pretty much."

He didn't say anything more. Pretty soon Andrée brought in the tray and we had a gay hour. Finally her poorly concealed yawns gave me a hint.

It was a beautiful night. I felt buoyed and exhilarated all the way back to camp. I was sorry Bonny's leave was up, but I was glad he was coming back. I missed him.

There were orders for me when I reached the farmhouse and the 'phones were buzzing all night long. The enemy had earned a penalty for disturbing the peace sector and a raid was on for late the following night.

Bonny was at my side all during the next day. We got a new gun in to replace our smashed one and a new subaltern filled the gap which Cary left. Bonny was blithe as only he could be.

Toward evening we made a flying visit to the Cheval Blanc, a glimpse of Andrée, a word with Madame. Leaving in the gathering darkness we stood aside to watch that village square fill and empty four times, silently except for the tread of boots or an occasional low command, once with Black Watch, once with Canadians, twice with veteran English lads. How many would see dawn? But we had to make a raid. Hadn't the Germans made one? What were a few more sticks upon this funeral pyre of Europe?

Bonny sat up with me in the farmhouse. I had the 'phones over my ears though we still had an hour or two. Our zero was twelve-forty. I think it was then he told me about the business in England. He'd been married, and badly. During his first visit in Flanders she had caught on with some pompous, profiteering official, immensely rich, and she'd asked Bonny to let her go. "I fixed it so she could bring action," he said. "I didn't care about my reputation particularly, but they were making an ugly business of it all when I heard last." He laughed. "I'm glad of it now. Otherwise there wouldn't have been Andrée. But if a breath of it reached her . . ."

Something was coming from headquarters. "You have that, Major? . . . Your best

[*Continued on page 180*]

Who Started the Charleston?

Like jazz, the newest dance craze is strictly a home-grown product. While it was sweeping the country like a prairie fire, one American girl, Bee Jackson, took it abroad to make her fortune

by Charles T. McGuirk

NOT over five American white women do the Charleston correctly, according to a professional instructor of stage dancing stars, and of these Bee Jackson is far and away the best. Children and Negroes take to the primitive steps of the eccentric dance like ducks to water while their elders are storming the doors of professional teachers to learn the modern version of a rhythmic movement as old as dancing itself.

IN THE ballroom of the Lido Venice in Palm Beach one night last winter a group of society people watched a young girl dancing. Their attitude was not the casual one of people being entertained. Rather, it was that of students eagerly studying the best example of something they very much wanted to learn.

The girl's slender figure flashed in the movements of the dance. Her feet fairly flew, spurning the floor in a sort of sand shuffle reminiscent of levee Negroes dancing. Her tapering legs twinkled past each other, to the moaning of the orchestra playing a weird chant against the beat while the tinsel of her scant costume rustled softly and her bobbed black hair rippled above the bandeau that sought to imprison it. Her blue eyes scintillated in the joy of the dance and she seemed unconscious of her audience.

The audience leaned forward, fascinated, seeking to identify a step in the bewildering rapidity of the girl's movements. Their feet tapped sympathetically and slid along the floor, the toes pointing toward each other, then swinging apart.

The tempo of the tune increased almost imperceptibly. The dancer's two arms swept to the right as her right leg crossed her left. She bent forward from the waist.

"Hey! Hey!" she shouted and her voice was electric.

Now her feet were following the invisible maze of a complicated barbaric figure. Her shouts, seemingly driven from her diaphragm, voiced triumph and youthful abandon.

The eyes of the guests glistened in sympathy. Girls whose bodies, sheathed in their scant evening gowns, resembled the young dancer's, followed her movements in pantomime, their interest wholly absorbed. Men smiled, their eyes alight with appreciation.

The orchestra crashed in a final chord and suddenly was still. The dancer rippled to immovability, seemed to wake and bowing swiftly ran from the floor.

The crowd was silent an instant and then burst into excited applause and a vain insistence that she come back. An encore would have spoiled the drama of her triumph. She was artist enough to realize it.

Besides, she was used to things like that. The sum she had demanded and received for her appearance there that night was of such proportions as to command the respect even of such a group as now demanded more from her.

Hovering, poised in her late "teens" before she made the fateful plunge from adolescence into the grown-up twenties, the world had already given her space in which to dance on its top. For she was none other than "Bee" Jackson, christened Beatrice but shortening her name as she shortened her skirts at the demand of admiring fans. At this tender age she was the acknowledged champion of the Charleston. Everyone knows that this dance slipped into prominence a little over two years ago and set America and the rest of the nations shuffling, swaying, and kicking against time to explosive cries of "Hey! Hey!"

But everyone does not know how the Charleston came into vogue, nor what Bee Jackson's connection with it is.

There she was that night a whirling figure brimful of youth, exhilarated with the strong heady wine of success. A swift career that shot her from the mediocrity of a chorus girl to the dizzying height of a celebrity was scarcely behind her. She had just returned from England and a triumphal season in London. Vaudeville managers were clamoring for her name on

[*Continued on page 163*]

BEE JACKSON rode into prominence on the crest of the wave of Charleston enthusiasm. After dancing her way to stardom through the hard schooling of the chorus, a lucrative stage career opened to the magic of her flying feet. She is now a leading exponent of the dance that she once had difficulty learning because she couldn't keep her balance.

FRANK F. DOLE, now in his sixty-sixth year, has been professionally devoted to dogs ever since he won his first bench-show prize with a bull terrier back in '84. He owns some famous kennels, writes and lectures on dogs, and attends some bench show nearly every other day. The Westminster Kennel Club's fiftieth annual show, held last year in Madison Square Garden, was the five thousandth at which Mr. Dole has officiated.

All His Days Are Dog Days

Frank F. Dole, veteran judge of five thousand bench shows, and dean of fanciers, reveals clever tricks of the trade, tells how dogs are judged on the point system, and recalls some favorite dog stories

by Earl Chapin May

STYLES in dogs change with the years. Newcomers in public favor have replaced the once-popular Pug, the Dachshund, the English Mastiff, and the St. Bernard. Each of these has had its vogue at some time or other in the forty years that Frank F. Dole has been breeding, raising, exhibiting, and judging dogs. He permits you to look behind the scenes in the dog show game and gives you some new reasons for admiring the appealing qualities of man's most faithful animal friend.

NEW YORK'S new Madison Square Garden at Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street resounds with canine vocalism; the vast basement is crowded with myriads of "the fancy" who have congregated to pay homage to the aristocracy of dogdom, to two thousand two hundred and sixty-one of the world's finest dogs entered at the Westminster Kennel Club's Fiftieth Annual Dog Show.

Mingling with the throng of fanciers, bowing to or exchanging greetings with exhibitors, handlers, judges, and plain spectators, a tall, heavy-set man goes from bench to bench, from exhibit to exhibit, from dog to dog, eyeing each with keen appraisal. His full, ruddy, smooth-shaven face radiates regard for all mankind, and mankind's friend, the dog. Frank F. Dole, the veteran "dog man," is doing his five-thousandth dog show. He is getting as much kick out of this biggest bench show in the world as he did forty years ago, when a show with a hundred entries was regarded as an important exhibition.

Dole has the dope on dogdom. He should have. He has been breeding, raising, handling, exhibiting, judging, and writing about dogs since that memorable day in March, 1884, when James Mortimer, "The Dean of the Dog World," awarded Dole his first bench show prize.

Dole, the son of a professional physical culture teacher and himself a famous football and track team trainer, had entered a red bull terrier at the initial bench show given by the New Haven Kennel Club.

The best bull terriers are pure white, but in that New Haven show there was a class for bull terriers other than white—and young Dole had entered a red one. Mortimer looked upon the off-colored dogs, peering over his glasses as was his custom, and finally declared, "they are all mutts, but I'll give it to the red one." Young Dole wanted to fight at this insult. But when he calmed down he found himself a professional dog fancier and breeder. He has been at it ever since. Dole has seen the dog show game in the United States grow from twenty shows in one year to five hundred shows per annum.

He can remember when the cash value of the dogs entered in American bench shows in any one year was five thousand dollars. At the present time there are approximately seven hundred and fifty thousand entries at the five hundred dog shows held in America, and the four hundred thousand different dogs thus placed on exhibition have a cash value of forty million dollars.

The American Kennel Club, which registers all dogs in this country, puts two hundred thousand new names on its books each year.

Frank Dole has had an active hand in the development of the American Bench Show since away back in 1879 when as a professional athlete he used to run a half mile in two minutes flat and in twelve months won twenty-two out of twenty-four walking races of from one to fifty miles distance. But it was the red bull terrier and the great James Mortimer that changed the course of Dole's life. He is one of the few men in this country who can clean the kennels, breed and raise the dogs, handle them and put them down for the bench shows, judge the dogs, and write with technical perfection and keen discernment about them. In his sixty-sixth year he owns some famous kennels in New Jersey, talks on dogs over the radio each week, and attends some kind of a dog show almost every other day in the year.

"The great and steady growth in the size of and attendance on bench shows in this country is the direct result of increasing and intelligent interest on the part of our people in mankind's best friend, the dog," says the widely experienced Dole. "The Westminster Kennel Club which held its fiftieth annual bench show in Madison Square Garden this spring (1926) is a unique organization in that it has but forty members, has not missed giving a bench show any year in the last half century and annually offers about fifteen thousand dollars in cash prizes, thus stimulating interest throughout the country and bettering all breeds of dogs. While hundreds of special class dog shows are held here and there each year it is a show of the Westminster Kennel Club type where from sixty to seventy different kinds of dogs are provided with classes and where there is an ample cash reward for the winners, that inspires active interest on the part of those who are investing their own time and money and improving dog strains."

It is a very exceptional dog indeed that can step out of its own class to win a special prize as the best dog of the show against competing entries representing all breeds. This greyhound has been so honored, not only once but many times. He is Champion Rosemont Liskeard Fortunatus, and is owned by the Rosemont Kennels of Philadelphia.

But there are three weaknesses of the current American bench show system that may give the shows a setback unless overcome or obviated, in Mr. Dole's opinion. The dog show game is suffering to some extent from the weakness of its friends, many of whom will sign a recommendation at the request of some candidate for judgeship, when that candidate is wholly unfit by training or personality to wear the ermine.

"No man should be permitted to judge dogs at any bench show unless he has had many years' experience in and around kennels and really has a genius for determining the points on which championships are based," declared the veteran dog man. "Several such judges have come out of England—which has done more for the development of the dog than any other country in the world. Among these experts from the other side was James Watson, author of a classic history of canines, *The Dog Book*. Although Watson came to us from England he was thoroughly Scotch. He had a marvelous memory and, because he was deaf, he watched the expressions of dogs and handlers in the show game much closer than the average judge did. If he saw anything going on that was not regular, he certainly could burn the offenders up with his vitriolic tongue. A tall, gaunt man, Watson was a tremendous stickler for form, both in athletics and show dogs. He used to keep his own dogs as much in their natural environment as possible.

"In this connection, I remember an experience of my own when walking one day in the outskirts of Philadelphia. I was met by a band of sheep guided by some magnificent collies and in charge of a shepherd. It struck me as highly unusual that such fine specimens of the show type should be driving sheep, and I thought it possible that their owner might not know their real worth as show dogs and would be willing to sell them merely on their basis as working dogs on his farm.

"With that end in view I approached the shepherd and made him an offer for the dogs.

" 'You'll have to see James Watson,' the shepherd said. 'He owns them, and I doubt that he wants to sell them.'

"I doubted it, too, and knew that if he did, it would be for a price representing their real worth in the show ring and not simply as shepherds. The dogs were all in magnificent coat. Later, in laughing about the experience with Watson, he said: 'I have found that a winner, either man or animal, must live the life for which nature intended him, doing the things it was intended he should do.'

"The James Mortimer who gave me my first prize as a dog show exhibitor was a native of Devonshire and a typical Englishman in appearance, with a good head, ruddy complexion, broad shoulders, and the general appearance of one able to do his bit. Like most Englishmen he had studied dogs from boyhood

In his German home, where the wire-haired Pinscher is known as the Schnauzer, he is generally seen trotting under the front axle of the butcher's wagon. Recently the breed has taken a strong hold on American fancy because it combines some of the qualities of the terrier, greyhound and watch-dog. This fine specimen, Medor Gedo von Falken, won first honors in a collection of nearly six hundred very good dogs.

and after he started judging in the late 'seventies, he was much in demand for shows in all parts of this country.

"In the early days of the show game, most of the fixtures were of four days' duration and were judged by a few men. As a result, Mortimer judged show after show in which many of the same dogs were in competition. He knew them all from head to tail and was a great man for discovering a local dog that would excel the circuit competitors in some of their weak points, and then putting the local entry as high as it could possibly go. Often we exhibitors would think the local dog was going too far, but when we started to kick, Mortimer would laugh heartily and say, 'You don't want to win all the time. Isn't it good for the game to have a new one come in and win once in a while?'

"James Mortimer used to get a lot of fun out of his work. He had a keen sense of humor and a dry manner behind which he could play many a joke. I remember well the fun he must have had with George Thomas and myself during our trip on the Western circuit one year. Among the dogs I was showing was an Irish terrier, 'Merle Brady,' owned by W. J. Comstock of Providence. George had 'Jack Briggs,' owned by John I. Taylor of Boston, and these two terriers were great rivals in the ring. The dogs were very evenly matched and the decision between them usually depended on their condition, the manner in which they had stood the trip between cities and a comparison of their coats. After the dogs had met a few times with varying results, Mortimer took me aside and said, 'Your dog was not so good today. He had a shade too much coat on the shoulders.'

"Naturally as a result of such advice, I took a bit off his shoulders and the next day he won. At the next meeting, however, the blue ribbon went to George, for 'Jack Briggs' had looked best to James Mortimer. After this defeat the judge would again point out a defect in 'Merle Brady,' which resulted in his winning next time. This occurred several times before I chanced to see Mortimer in earnest conversation with George after 'Merle Brady' had defeated 'Jack Briggs.' It then dawned on me that Mortimer was advising George just as he had been advising me, with the result that our dogs were alternating whenever they met. I compared notes with George and found this was the case and it was quite apparent that Mortimer had been having a lot of fun with us.

"James Mortimer had a way of putting an exhibitor in his place in a definite manner and keeping him there. I remember that once, in Detroit, the judges, owners, and handlers all stopped at the same hotel and ate at the same table. At one meal I arrived a bit late just as Mortimer was leaving, and the waiter, a Southern darky, asked 'Is dat old gentl'man de judge?'

"I replied in the affirmative and the waiter

Toby Morey is the name of Mr. Dole's own favorite Scottish Terrier. "I have owned all kinds of dogs," says Mr. Dole. "I have had Scottish Terriers in my kennels for twenty-five years, off and on, and I am convinced that there is no better household pet. Since it is the best of canine companions, I prefer it above all other dogs."

asked, 'Does he go 'round with you all on de trains?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And he judge your dawgs?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Huh! What chance hab de other fellow got?'

"I thought it was a good joke and spoke of it to Mortimer, but it proved expensive. Neither George nor I shared the prize money for several weeks to come.

"When some forty years ago I sold a bull terrier to a man named Taylor and he introduced me to a young Welshman, named Ben Lewis, who was to handle the dog, I didn't realize that I was then meeting the keen, clever chap who is now the oldest professional handler of dogs in this country. Ben Lewis knows as much about getting the most out of a dog as any man in the game. He has an uncanny faculty for making a dog show his best points while covering up those points that are not so good. Ben's long years of success have been due to his love for dogs, his willingness to stay up all night in a baggage car after a strenuous day in a show ring to nurse a sick dog, and his keenness of mind and absolute concentration on his dog and the judge while in the show ring. Lewis pays no attention to competitors. But he is nearly always smart enough to have his dog on the edge of the judging platform. And this is a very important matter.

Tricks of the Dog Show Game

"IN THE modern show ring the judging platform plays a big part. It is a low stand, big enough to accommodate posed dogs, but not large enough for them to move around. The judge ordinarily puts the dogs through their paces before setting them on the judging platform. When his charges have been run and walked to the satisfaction of the judges, Ben Lewis always makes a bee-line for the end of the platform and sets his dogs there. Then he has only eyes for his dog and the judge, keeping the former at attention while out of the corner of his eye he keeps sufficient tabs on the official so that when the latter looks in his direction his dog may appear on the alert.

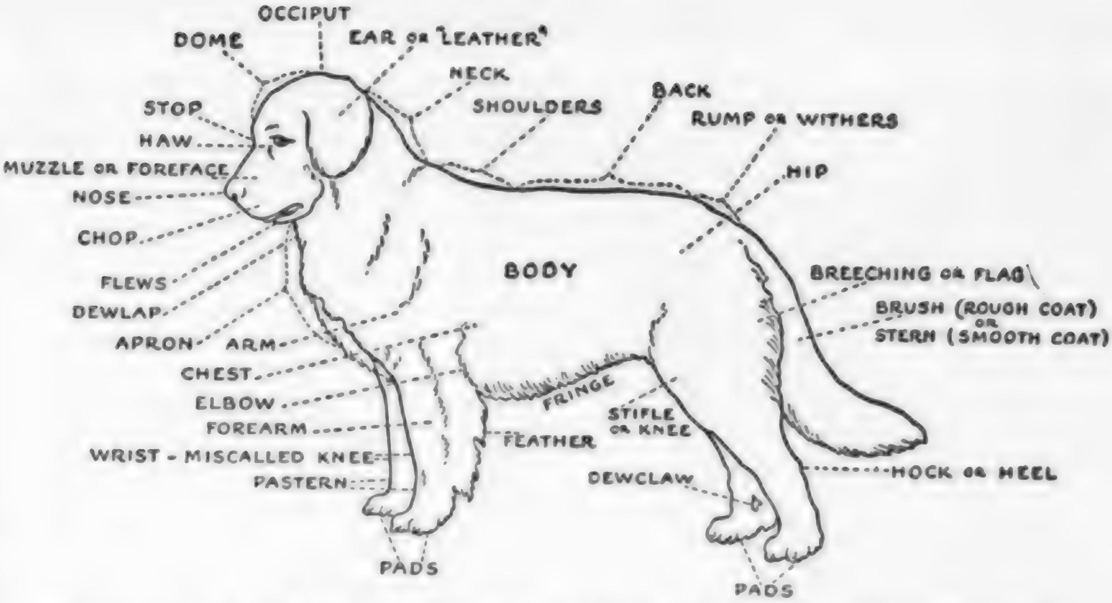
"A great many handlers who try to follow Lewis have not realized that there is no rule of thumb for showing dogs. Each dog is a separate individuality and must be so handled. Lewis recognizes this fact and respects the personality of each dog he handles.

"Naturally in all these years of showing, handling, and judging dogs on various kinds of bench shows, I have run across several tricks of the trade. One of the most famous old tricksters was Dan O'Shea, who used to come down from London, Ontario, and clean up on a Bedlington terrier, or terriers as we then thought. The Bedlington terrier is not quite so large as the Airedale of today, has a harsh, rough coat and a lamb-like head, with a tall, silky topknot. The Bedlington has never been particularly popular with dog fanciers but he was popular with Dan. After it was all over we discovered that Dan first won a prize by exhibiting this terrier as a male, then as a female, then as a novice, then as a puppy, trimming off a little of the hair after winning each prize.

"Dan thought it was an awful good joke on the rest of us when we finally caught him at it but he would not get off so easy now, as the owner of any dog which is faked for entrance at a modern bench show is pretty sure to be disqualified if the faking is discovered. The favorite trick, of course, is to get color effect by dyeing or bleaching, but not much of this sort of thing goes any more.

"There is nothing particularly mysterious about the methods followed by judges in determining the quality of dogs exhibited at bench shows. The judges watch for 'conformation before coloration,' which means that the color does not count so much as the form, except in a few breeds; 'presence,' which means the dog's general appearance or the expression of its personality, and 'style,' which means the way the dog carries itself. As most persons know, the principal points of a dog's head are the flews, or lower lips; the chops, between the lips and the nose; the nose itself; the muzzle or fore face, which is between the nose and the eye; the haw, which is the lower part of the eye; the stop, which is the depression usually found between the eyes and at the top of the nose; the dome, which runs from the eyes to the top of the head; the occiput, which is the very top of the head, and the ear or 'leather.'

"From the head backward there are, of course, the neck, shoulder, back, rump or withers, and the tail, which is referred to as a brush in the rough-coated dogs and as a stern in the smooth-coated dogs. The rear of the upper hind leg is known as the breeching or flag; the front of the upper hind leg is known as a stifle; the lower joint of the hind leg is the hock or heel; the dew-claw is on the inside of the hind leg just above the foot; the fringe is the hair on the lower part of the body; the feather, the hair on the back part of the fore legs, corresponding to the breeching or flag on the back part of the hind leg, and the fore leg itself is divided into the pastern, just above the foot; the wrist, sometimes miscalled the knee, just above the pastern; and above the wrist come, in succession, the forearm, elbow, and arm. The chest is just back of the arm. The dewlap is the flesh just below the jaws and the apron runs down the front from the dewlap almost to the fore leg. Having these points in mind, the judge must also decide whether the dog is truly fitted for the purpose for which his breed was originally developed.



If you want to be real doggie, the smart thing to do is to know your pets' points and be able to refer to them in the language used by the dog-show judges. The correct terminology is indicated in the diagram. When judging the relative merits of two or more dogs, comparison is made point by point. In some breeds it is obvious that certain characteristics are more important than in others—depending on the purpose for which the breed was originally developed.

"The Airedale, for example, is a cross between a black-and-tan terrier and a bull terrier and according to accepted practise must now have a strong muzzle, jaw, with ears that are generous without hanging, as do the hound's ears. He should have a good reach of neck, but one that shows no signs of throatiness. This neck should be smoothly set up on the shoulders, which slope well into the back. The legs should be perfectly straight, with an abundance of bone and muscle, and should be long enough so that there is no suggestion of shortness. They should further be in such proportion that the dog does not appear to be leggy. In coat, the Airedale must be well protected from the weather. The hair, therefore, should be hard and wiry and cover the dog all over, but should not be so long as to make the dog appear ragged. The head, ears, and lower legs should be tan, except for black patches on each side of his skull. The rest of the body should be black or dark grizzle. The coat should be bright and wavy. There is some question as to how large an Airedale dog should be. There is a good precedent for awarding high prizes to Airedales weighing as much as sixty pounds, although in the first standard it was specified that they must not exceed forty-five pounds.

"In a general way, similar traditions, rules, and specifications guide the judge in making decisions for or against other dogs at bench shows. As a matter of fact styles in dogs are changing constantly.

"The benign and massive St. Bernards, whose life-saving feats in the Swiss Alps have made them so famous, were at one time exceedingly popular in this country, both in and out of bench shows. The St. Bernard was the first breed to catch the fancy of American dog lovers to the extent of bringing big prices. The famous J. K. Emmet, earliest of our singing German comedians, paid five thousand dollars for an imported St. Bernard that costarred with him in his play, 'Fritz.' Long before that, General Lafayette sent some St. Bernards to friends in this country. Several St. Bernards were on exhibit at New York's first big show in 1877. The breed was still popular in bench shows in the early 'nineties when fifty or seventy St. Bernards were benched at the leading shows. In 1892 E. B. Sears of Boston paid six thousand nine hundred dollars for a St. Bernard, the famous 'Sir Bedivere,' brought over in a first-class stateroom on an Atlantic liner. But while some St. Bernards are still bred in this country they are rather a rare article.

"The English mastiffs, descended from the ancient Assyrian hunting dogs, were once exceedingly popular in England and over here, but are few and far between now. The English white terrier, a noble dog in its day, has become almost extinct, partly because, like most pure white dogs, it was much handicapped by deafness. The Pyrenean sheep-dog, another all-white animal, is well nigh extinct because it was bred in the mountains of Spain to defend flocks from bears and wolves, instead of to herd sheep, and when bears and wolves ceased to bother the sheep herders, the demand for the white Pyrenean sheep-dog disappeared.

"The Dachshund—part hound and part terrier—is still the favorite dog of Germany, because he is designed to crawl into badger holes and drag these fiercely fighting pests into the open. He is three dogs long and one dog high and so loosely covered that he is traditionally able to turn around in his own skin. But badgers do not bother us much in America and the Dachshund has little mental acumen or physical beauty to endear it to us—hence there are fewer Dachshunds here now.

"The good-natured pugs, not so many years ago our most popular lap dogs, dug their own graves with their teeth because they ate themselves out of pleasing figures and good natures, became old, asthmatic, and crabby before their time, and hence were largely relegated in favor of such breeds as the Belgian, or German shepherd or police dogs which became so popular, partly as a result of their extraordinary achievements on the battle fronts of the great World War."

Mr. Dole, doggiest of dog men, regards this passing canine pageant philosophically. "These German or Belgian shepherds are intelligent, alert, loyal, gentle, courageous, obedient, willing and devoted," he admits. "They are graceful, powerful, and beautifully modeled, but they are mildly akin to the wolves, hence they are exceedingly dangerous when neglected or turned adrift, or thrown on their own resources by being lost. Once they become chicken or sheep killers they cease to be an asset and become a menace. Although there are very many adherents of the police or shepherd dogs of the German or Belgian variety, I think the popularity of this particular type of dog is already on the wane.

"The English bulldogs which for hundreds of years typified unflinching courage and determination, which were originally intended to attack bulls and hence were bred with an undershot jaw and retreating nose so that they might hang onto the bull and breathe easily at the same time, have been bred for points so long that they have become grotesque.

The Latest Styles in Dogs

"IN THE place of these dogs that are passing on and that give promise of disappearing entirely we have other varieties springing into popularity. The wire-haired Pinscher, a square-built German product, is getting quite a hold on American fancy because it seems to combine the qualities of the terrier, greyhound, and watch-dog. This wire-haired Pinscher originated in the German states bordering on Switzerland and is there sometimes called the butcher's dog because it trots along under the front axle of the meat wagon and serves as an excellent watch-dog. It appears in a very much similar capacity with the farmer's wagon of that locality. A wire-haired Pinscher won the special for the best dog in the show at the third annual bench show given last fall by the Westbury Kennel Association held at Mr. J. S. Phipp's polo field at Westbury, Long Island. This imported 'Schnauzer,' as it is known at home, had to beat a collection of nearly six hundred very good dogs.

I think we will soon hear a great deal from the Kerry Blue terrier, an Irish kin to the wolfhound, noted for its sagaciousness and its ability to herd cattle, exterminate vermin, assist the hunter, and act as watchman. This Kerry Blue was given an official rating by the American Kennel Club less than two years ago. It seems to have a remarkable disposition. According to the Dublin Irish Blue Terrier Club's official statement a Blue terrier has been known to push children gently from the road to the foot path when they are not accompanied by adults and to accept without resentment a surprising amount of mauling from the little ones.

"This dog is both determined and tactful. A member of a club recently discovered a mouse in a large unused earthenware pot in which were a number of other utensils. When the Blue terrier was made acquainted with the situation he immediately proceeded with great calmness to lift each article out with his teeth until the mouse had no place to hide.

"The Boxer dog, which the Germans have developed since the war and which is so often seen leading the blind about the streets of Berlin and other German cities, is a bright and friendly chap who may become popular with our children in another decade, but my favorite is the Scottish terrier.

"I like the Scottish terrier because he is a sturdy little chap with unsurpassed intelligence, loyalty, and a conservatism that is truly Scotch. My wife is quite as much a lover of dogs as I am. We met at a Philadelphia Dog Show in March, 1888, were married in June of that year, and have spent our joined lives in the study and enjoyment of dogs. A dog nearly always knows when a human being likes dogs—so most dogs like us.

"We were a little surprised, therefore, when Peggy arrived at our home, duly ticketed as a high-class Scottish terrier, and then for three days sat in her corner coolly surveying us. At the end of the third day, having carefully studied us and made up her mind that we were quite as worth while as she was, she came to us unreservedly.

"Some time after Peggy decided to join in our family circle Mrs. Dole put a pot roast on the fire and went up-stairs to lie down. Peggy spent her time in the living-room—I have never believed that the kitchen was a place for a dog—but that day Peggy smelt something burning, investigated, rushed up-stairs, pulled and hauled at Mrs. Dole until her mistress was awakened in time to prevent the roast, and perhaps the house, from burning up.

"I lost my first Scottish terrier, Peggy's masculine predecessor, but found him three years later sitting at the feet of a shabbily dressed man. The terrier's tail had been docked, but I recognized my dog by certain marks that an old-time dog fancier would note automatically. The new owner, much more in need of grooming than the dog, pleaded for continued possession. 'The little dog has been with me, day and night, since I picked him up on the streets three years ago,' he testified. That was just like a Scottish terrier. I left the short-legged, long-faced, square-jawed little terrier with the new master who was so fond of him. I hadn't the heart to separate them.

The gentler sex in dogdom may well be proud of this distinguished specimen of Shepherd—Champion Giralda's Teuthilde von Hagenschiess. She has been judged the best dog in twenty-two shows, and is a splendid specimen of a breed that rapidly became popular in this country as the result of stories reporting the extraordinary achievements of police dogs on the battle fronts of the World War.

"Once a Scottish terrier becomes established in a home there is little danger of its getting lost. There are stories which would seem to give the Scottish terrier almost the same attributes as the homing pigeon. Lane, the English expert, in his book of dog anecdotes, gives several carefully authenticated cases. One experience was his own. He bought a Scottish terrier and took it with him on a trip through Scotland. During his stay in one town he went for a drive through the countryside. The Scottie seemed to want to go along so much that he let him run beside the carriage.

"They had gone little more than ten miles when the dog, on the outskirts of a town, stopped so long to investigate a badger hole that he lost sight of his master. It was not long before the latter missed his pet and started a search. It seemed futile and he decided the dog was lost, since the country was strange to the little fellow. Finally he gave it up and drove home along a different road. He had nearly reached his destination when he came to the crossing of four roads. Sitting in the middle, where he could command a view of each, was the little Scottie. People living along the road were interviewed, and Mr. Lane found the dog had returned along a different road than that he had taken in starting out. Those who had seen him go by on his way back to the four corners said: 'He wasn't losing any time about it.'

"I have owned all kinds of dogs. I have had Scottish terriers in my kennels for twenty-five years, off and on, and I am convinced that there is no better household pet than a Scottish terrier. The dog is man's natural companion. A dog is not happy unless it has human companionship. So, since the Scottish terrier is the best of canine companions, I prefer it above all other dogs.

"Ninety-nine per cent. of all dogs like to attend bench shows. They adore being groomed and admired. Except in rare cases they get along together in peace and harmony, and, because they are valued so highly by their owners and each bench show has its own veterinary inspection, there is little chance for communication of dog diseases at bench shows. The American Kennel Club requires freedom from distemper for six months prior to the appearance of any dog at a show. Which reminds me that a cold nose is not an unfailing sign of good doggy health. I have felt in the mouth of many a dog with a cold nose and found that dog running a temperature, and while seventy-five per cent. of all dogs have black mouths that does not necessarily mean that a black mouth denotes a thoroughbred. I've seen a mutt with an all-black mouth.

"NEXT to distemper, show dogs are apt to suffer more from the reprehensible ear-clipping practise, which I am greatly opposed to. A dog must be six months old before his ears are clipped and, while the operation is performed while the victim is under ether, it is followed by long and painful days during which the mutilated ears are fastened to forms so they will remain upright. The terriers are the greatest sufferers. The practise is inhuman. Dogs can be bred to small shapely ears. The advocates of ear clipping beg the question when they compare clipping to tail docking and hair plucking. Puppies' tails are docked when they are only a few days old. The mothers keep the wounds clean. Hair plucking is merely a painless combing operation.

"Although bench shows are growing bigger and more popular day by day there are many improvements needed in method and management. The 'mutt shows' held in connection with some high-class bench show may give kids and mongrels some fun and the shows some publicity—but as a rule, the mutt owners see and learn little from the pedigreed entries and as these mutts are frequently admitted without a veterinarian's examination they are a menace to the high-priced, well-cared-for dogs on legitimate exhibition. These mutt side shows should be suppressed.

"A visitor at a Western show recently had his face torn by a dog there on exhibition. This suggests the adoption of something like the German insurance system .under which dogs, exhibitors, and show officials are insured against accident for a fee amounting to about ten cents per dog, the fee being paid by the supervising Kennel Club.

"The American Kennel Club is urging exhibitors to give more time to preparation of bench shows. They are increasing so rapidly in numbers that they are apt to suffer, as far as the public is concerned, from carelessness in securing quarters, entries, sanitation, proper classification and competent judges. Puppy shows do not benefit dog breeders because a puppy has not reached its true show character—that may change materially before maturity.

"Outdoor shows, such as the Queensboro at Aqueduct Race Track near New York each spring, are to be commended.

"On the whole there is immense improvement in the dog-show game all along the line. I've spent a long life with and for pedigreed dogs and I have been rewarded for my devotion, financially and in many other ways. But the experience which I still regard as the high light of my life has to do with one R. H. Davis.

"I first knew Davis when, as a star half-back on the Lehigh University football team, he bucked the University of Pennsylvania eleven I was coaching in 1885. Later, he became widely known as Richard Harding Davis, gifted man of letters and devotee of dog shows. The literary gift was inherited from his mother. He became a dog fancier largely through his marriage to Miss Cecil Clark of Chicago, a fancier of pure-bred bull terriers.

"Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned from a European wedding journey he began showing Russian wolfhounds, Irish terriers, and a fine English bulldog he called 'Jimmie Jocks.' Mrs. Davis saw my 'Edgewood Cold Steel,' a bull terrier I had brought down from Canada. 'Cold Steel' was known among the rooters as 'The Kid.' She bought 'The Kid' after he had been beaten at a Philadelphia show and she paid a high price for him because she fell in love with him.

" 'The Kid' cleaned up on the circuit. One day I rather idly remarked 'and they say up in Canada that the Kid's grandmother was a black-and-tan terrier.' I forgot the remark—until Richard Harding Davis wrote and published a story in which 'The Kid,' the dogs against which he competed, the people of the dog-show game and the whole Kid tradition were pictured to the life. The only change in the story was that Davis made the Kid's mother, instead of his grandmother, a black-and-tan. The title of the tale was 'The Bar Sinister'—the greatest dog story ever written."

Samuel Merwin

SANDY BURR

SANDY BURR is a red-haired boy you can't help liking—a youngster brought up in the Middle West amid people and scenes as vividly real as the recollection of a lovely mother that Sandy carries in his heart. The baffled effort of a lonely boy to penetrate the mystery that obscures her whereabouts is what beckons Sandy to fare forth in a world where new experiences await him at every turn.

The story takes you into professional baseball circles, behind the scenes at the circus, into the exotic atmosphere of the motion-picture studios and through the ups and downs of fortune on a quaint Long Island duck farm. Bootleggers supply a colorful touch of drama, and of course there is a girl whose appearance on the scene complicates the completion of Sandy's pilgrimage.

Samuel Merwin's new serial novel begins next month—EVERYBODY'S for September—and will be completed in three generous instalments.

The Great Sham

by Edgar Wallace

A boastful gentleman jockey adds his bit to the exciting annals of the turf

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

COLONEL DESBORO was an easy-going man, and, for himself, did not greatly object to patched carpets, an odd-handled knife or two, and chintz covers that had faded and thinned through overmuch washing. He was an old man.

But he had no desire that Joan should go through life in an environment of patches and makeshifts.

"He's a very nice fellow, Martin, but—"

He shook his head.

The big "but" about The Great Sham of Sunna Lodge was put more definitely by Miss Aethel Morsel later in the day when Joan Desboro called at Matte Hall, a little too early for the club, but in nice time to absorb from experienced twenty-six the wisdom so vitally necessary to twenty-one and three months.

"Men," said Aethel, with an air of finality, "are naturally children. They boast and they lie and mean no harm by it. Children. . . . They never grow up."

She said this in the manner of one who had wrapped a clever thought in a gossamer of paradox.

The girl who was perched on the fender of Aethel Morsel's sitting-room sighed and knit her forehead in a tremendous frown.

She was more than pretty, even in the searching light of a March morning. Her figure was slim; every movement revealed a new and pleasing grace. But she was no philosopher, and her views about men were too concentrated to be of any use in a broad and general conspection of their merits.

To rich people like Aethel, philosophy comes as natural as purring to a cat, but with the poor, philosophy is a painful exercise. And the Desboros were so poor that they could not afford to hide the fact.

"Mark is a little difficult," she admitted reluctantly, "but I don't think you quite understand him, Aethel."

"He's American," said Aethel significantly, and when Joan murmured, "Canadian," she ignored the distinction.

"He's a boaster and, of course, quite impossible," said Aethel. "We don't even know that he has any money. And he's not County. We had better be very careful." She nodded ominously.

"Why?"

But the warning obliquely flung was not amplified, and there was really no reason why it should have been.

"Martin must be well off—he paid a thousand pounds for a horse," said Joan with some spirit.

A thousand pounds was an awful lot.

"Money for horses means nothing," said the practical Aethel. "Quite dreadful people buy horses. Of course, he must have money—he does no work. Papa says he is probably living on his capital, and that can only end in bankruptcy."

Not by candlelight or moonlight could Aethel Morsel be described as pretty. She had been "Ethel" in the baptismal register and "Ethel" she would have been to the end of her days but for the advent of Aelfred Burdenlast, a young man of considerable musical attainments, but with no especial gift for earning his daily bread. The association was of a transitory kind. He came, made love with a certain delicacy, was figuratively thrown onto the ashpit by Mr. Morsel and faded from human ken. Some say that he went to Hollywood and became a cinema star; certainly he came to no good. He left an additional vowel in Ethel's name, but otherwise he made no impression upon a heart which never again glowed to the music and banners of romance.

The Morsels were the Morsels of Braystone in the County of Westshire. There was another branch in Northumberland, but nobody knew anything about them; how they ever got to Northumberland is a mystery.

Arthur Persimmin Morsel was very rich, an owner of ten thousand acres, a deer forest, a trout stream, a tract of territory in Angola, a ranch in Canada, and a flat in or near Park Lane.

HE WAS a large pink man who rode to hounds with the greatest care and knew every gate and safety path in Westshire. He had never seen a live fox, except at the Zoological Gardens, for he was rather short-sighted. Nevertheless, his picture appeared in certain illustrated weeklies with great regularity as "Mr. Morsel, the well-known fox-hunter." Thus he was depicted on his horse and off, or else with a very black face-flashlight photographs produce that effect sometimes in a very white shirt and his pink jacket (which also photographed black) at the Annual Hunt Ball.

It is a copy-book axiom that riches do not necessarily bring content, and this was the case with Mr. Morsel. He was a hard bargainer, a shrewd buyer, and the sight of money flowing past his golden reservoir, untrapped by the many channels which maintained its height, made him a very unhappy man. And money came easily to him; his luck was phenomenal. He invariably returned from Monte Carlo with an addition to his capital; he never played at the Paddock (of which exclusive club he was one of the most respected—or at least one of the oldest members) without rising from the table a winner, though it was uncharitably suggested that he chose his table judiciously, preferring the society of callow and moneyed youth to the competition of hard-faced men to whom the playing of poker was a natural instinct.

And when he had a house-party at Matte Hall the male guests were chosen as carefully.

He once won four thousand pounds at a sitting from a youth named Jones and derived great satisfaction from his coup. For by so doing, as he said, he knocked the infernal nonsense out of the young cub.

All foolish young men were "young cubs" to Mr. Morsel, just as all gentlemen who never went beyond half-crown bridge were "old foxes."

Jones is a very usual name, sometimes borne by unusual people. Ferdie Jones, for example, was an unusual youth. He had been desperately in love with Aethel and had advanced the impossible suggestion that with the four thousand pounds left over from his patrimony he should turn Sunna Lodge into a poultry farm, marry Aethel, and live happily ever after.

Long days had passed since Aethel lost her heart to an impecunious violinist. She had acquired balance and a sense of what was due to wealth. Important people had looked wistfully at her, a rackety peer had once kissed her. She consulted her father about Ferdie. Mr. Morsel frowned at his cigar and invited Ferdie to spend a week-end at the Hall.

It was a fair game, if anything is fair when one player of écarté had only learned the game a few weeks before and the other could draw cards in his sleep.

So Ferdie Jones went away and Sunna Lodge appeared in the back page of the *Times* as:

> A desirable hunting box in a good hunting district. Two Packs. Company's water, only electric plant. A Bargain.

Once a week during the winter it was the usual thing to drop in at Matte Hall for tea. Nobody knew how the practice started, but Matte Hall on Thursday afternoon became sort of a country club.

The big oak-lined banqueting hall, with its huge fireplace piled with blazing logs in the colder weather, was crowded with people between the hours of five and six-thirty. They sat on the ancient settles or (if they were young and "rheumatics" was one of the missing words of their bright lexicons) they perched on the window-seats or leaned against the paneled walls, adding new luster to the polish.

And everybody talked at once.

"We got onto a new scent at Figgerty Farm—a vixen fox and she gave us a run for two and a half hours, my boy! Killed at Revelry Copse . . . went to earth near Crawford's place . . . he's a half-brother to Bachelor's Fancy—a fine leaper with legs as sound as a bell of brass—you can't do better than go to Critchford's. The breeches I bought there four years ago are like new."

They all talked at once—all except Mr. Mark Martin, who drifted from group to group, listening with a smile on his good-looking face.

Nobody took much notice of Mark. They were too polite to roast him, too satisfied with the possession of his guilty secret to pursue inquiries any further. And when he found an opening, as he sometimes did, they listened with extraordinary courtesy.

"You don't get hunting in this county that anyway approached the sport we have in Canada. I remember an old hunter of mine . . ."

They listened, not looking at one another, interjecting in the proper places a conventional expression of their surprise and wonder.

But everybody knew that he couldn't ride!

Whether Mark Martin was an American, a Canadian, or plain English, he was certainly an amiable man. His age was something under thirty, but not very far under, and it was he who purchased, from the agents of the departed Jones, Sunna Lodge, that desirable residence.

He was not "county" in the strict sense.

You could not be county unless you had an immediate interest in a family vault, or could claim part proprietorship in one of those commemorative tablets which adorn the walls of so many parish churches, and which usually start off with a coat of arms and end with:

"Also the wife of the above Sir Thos. Smithington, Kt."

But hunting breeds a sort of democracy. Stout men and women, hard-riding and wind-bitten (as they are described by local reporters) grow tenderly toward one another, in the common bond which unites all who go forth on horses to the destruction of *vulpes alopex*.

MR. MARTIN had a stable of horses in training and was a member of the hunt, and he had often appeared in the field, but generally on foot. Sometimes he would come to a meet in his expensive car, but never had he appeared on horseback. It was regrettable, he explained, but he had ricked an ankle, or he had bruised a knee, or he had one of those fearful headaches which made riding a positive torture.

He had also been photographed in hunting pink and his picture had appeared alongside of Mr. Morsel's. He had been photographed at the Hunt Ball sitting side by side with Lady Mary Seprals (that hard-riding, wind-bitten woman). But nobody had ever seen him riding a horse.

There was an occasion when he turned up at Highcliffe Point-to-Point wearing jockey's breeches and top-boots, and it had been announced, not only in the local newspaper but in those stately metropolitan organs devoted to the sport of kings, that he would ride his own horse, Ripple Along, in the Highcliffe Handicap.

But this time he had a sprained shoulder and with great regret handed over his mount to a professional rider, who won. Indeed, many of Mr. Martin's horses won races, though in other hands than his.

When it was given out that he would ride Lumber in the Hunt Gold Cup, people remembered the sprain and gave him another chance. But this time he cut his finger (and there was the hugely bandaged digit in proof). Some talk there was of asking him to resign from the hunt, but nothing came of it.

And then came the supreme bluff of The Great Sham. He entered Lumber in the Foxhunters' Cup at the Wolverston Races. The Fox-hunters Cup is to hunting people the blue ribbon of steeplechasing. It is the paramount and Olympic prize which brings the shires in full force to Wolverston.

Moreover, it was publicly announced that Lumber would be ridden by Mr. Martin himself. Colonel Desboro heard this news at first-hand and wriggled uncomfortable in the deep and none too comfortable armchair.

"What a weird beggar you are, Martin!" he said, becoming frank in his irritation. "Enter the horse by all means, but why tell people you're going to ride it?"

Mark looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't know. I thought I would," he said. He tapped his long riding-boots with his hunting-crop—he never went abroad without this evidence of his horsemanship. "I rather like to see fellows riding their own horse."

"But Mark, is it necessary you should ride at all?" broke in Joan. Her voice was troubled, and that frown of hers had become almost immovable in the past few days. "People are so horrid about—things."

His look of astonishment was badly simulated.

"And the Wolverston course wants an awful lot of riding, Mark. Captain Burnley, who won the race last year, told me there wasn't a course in England, not even the National course, that took so much out of a horse and a rider."

"In Canada—" began Mark.

"This isn't Canada," interrupted the colonel shortly. "This is Wolverston, and the Cup isn't a point-to-point affair. You'll have to compete against men like Ridley and Burnley and other fellows who are as good as the best professionals. I think your horse has a big chance; I was telling Joan just before you came, and I suppose in the end it will win. But why on earth commit yourself to the statement that you will ride?"

He glanced across at his daughter and signaled her to leave the room, and, when they were alone, he said, "I'm going to talk straight to you, Martin. Joan and you have developed rather a friendship in the past six months. What is there in it?"

The younger man eyed him steadily.

"There's a lot in it, Colonel," he said quietly. "I love Joan and I'm hoping that you will give her to me—one of these days."

Colonel Desboro filled his pipe with great deliberation.

"It comes down to a question of your prospects, my young friend," he said gruffly.

It required a physical and spiritual effort on his part to mention so mundane a subject as money, but he braced himself.

"You have an income, I suppose?"

Mark Martin nodded.

"I have three thousand a year," he said.

The colonel looked up quietly, in surprise, and fingered his chin.

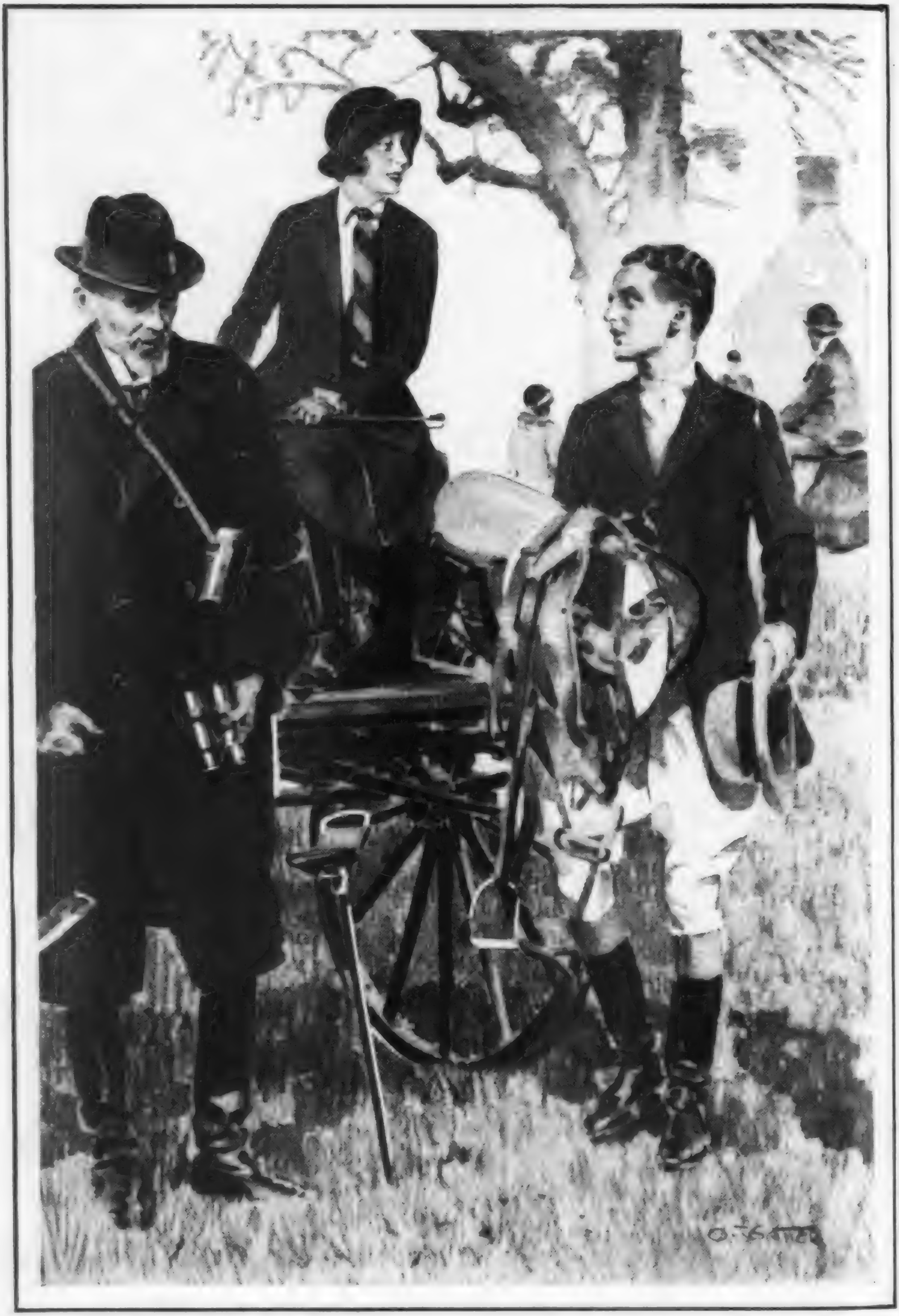
"That's a pretty good income," he admitted.

"So Mr. Morsel seems to think," replied the other gravely.

"Morsel? What has he to do with it?"

The young man studied the bone crook of his crop, as though he had only just discovered its use.

"He's been making inquiries about my position, fortunately through a friend of mine in



Joan did not see The Sham until after the second race, and then, with a groan, she noted that, although he was wearing his jockey breeches and boots, he walked with a limp.

London. He happens to be a commercial agent and inquiries of that character come to him."

The colonel sat upright, pipe in hand.

"The dickens he has!" he said softly. "Do you play cards, Martin?"

Mark Martin shook his head.

"No," he said, "I like an occasional gamble—but not on cards. Why do you ask, Colonel?"

But Colonel Desboro was too charitable to give expression to his thoughts. Instead, he asked, "Do you mind if I speak plainly to you, my friend?"

Mark shook his head, guessing what was coming.

"You are not really a very good rider, are you?"

GENTLY as the question was put, it was blunt enough and the young man resumed his study of the hunting-crop.

"I'm one of the best riders in Canada," he said doggedly, and the colonel smiled.

"We've all got our little weaknesses, my boy," he said kindly. "I remember when I was a kid I distressed my poor dear mother, who'd rather have died than tell a lie, by describing a dog fight that I hadn't seen!"

He waited.

"I've never seen a dog fight, either," said Mark simply. "If you want me to say that I am a bad rider, I'm afraid I must disappoint you. I'm really awfully good. And, Colonel, I'm very fond of Joan and everything, but I've not asked her to marry me—yet."

Colonel Desboro looked at him sharply.

"Is there any special reason?"

The other nodded.

"A very good reason. Nothing discreditable to me, but—well, I don't know. Would you mind very much if nothing was definitely settled until after the race for the Cup?"

Colonel Desboro considered this matter.

"No," he said slowly, "there is no desperate hurry. But why wait for the Fox-hunters' Cup?"

"Until after I've won it."

Mark was avoiding the questioning eyes of the older man.

"Till after you've won it, eh?" The colonel pursed his lips, and then— "All right, let it go at that. Jackson trains the horse, doesn't he?"

Mark nodded.

"I'll come over one morning and see you do an exercise gallop," said the colonel, not without malice, and had the satisfaction of seeing the young man start.

"I'd rather you didn't," he said. "I'm really fearfully nervous—that's my only weakness. If I knew anybody was looking on, I should feel terrible. It's a sort of stage-fright," he explained lamely. "I don't know whether you ever had it."

"I've never been on the stage." The colonel was unusually blunt that morning. "In fact, I've never pretended to be anything else but what I am. And I think other people would be happier if they followed my example."

"I must tell Morsel that," said Mark innocently, "for he is pretending that he has taken a violent liking to me."

Mr. Arthur Persimmin Morsel was a gentleman who had many of the attributes of the eagle. He could hover on extended pinions, and, to the uninitiated eye, appear to be motionless, when in reality he was planning a devastating swoop.

It was the news in the Westshire *Gazette* that made him hover a little more tensely:

> Lumber is a certain runner in the Fox-hunters' Cup. He will be ridden by his owner, Mr. Mark Martin, the wealthy young Canadian, who a year ago purchased Sunna Lodge, which has been unoccupied since Mr. Ferdinand Jones went abroad. Mr. Martin is an enthusiastic fox-hunter and is certain to take a lot of beating in the Cup.

Among the many channels which drained into the golden pit of Mr. Morsel was one labeled Westshire *Gazette*, of which he was the principal shareholder and chairman of directors. He rang up the editor, a civil and obliging man.

"Where did you get that paragraph about Martin?" he asked.

The editor begged him to wait one moment while he interviewed the chief reporter, who was also the chief subeditor and all the other subeditors there were. After a while he came back.

"It was written by Mr. Martin himself," he said.

Morsel smiled into his trim white mustache.

"I thought so," he said.

The training of Lumber for the Fox-hunters' Cup was taken in hand during the month of November.

Every morning Mr. Martin could be seen driving in the direction of his trainer's stables, and invariably he was attired in riding-breeches and most businesslike leggings. And every day, a few hours later, he would alight from his car at the end of the village and come walking briskly up the street, his boots splashed with mud.

And at that hour there were quite a number of people to be met in the village. Joan met him twice, Mr. Morsel saw him on several occasions and was rather amused.

To Aethel one evening: "What are you doing about the Cup week, my dear?"

It was usual to give a dinner on the eve of the races.

"You might ask the Desboros, and ask that fellow Martin over. And in case I forget it, I'd like you to put the Desboro girl next to this young cub."

"Good heavens, why?" asked Aethel.

Mr. Morsel was lighting a cigar and she had to wait till he stopped to breathe.

"A whim of mine."

"Is he really training his horse?" asked Aethel. "The vicar told me that he had seen him come in, his boots and breeches splashed with mud."

"He does that half-way between here and Jackson's place," said Mr. Morsel, without smiling. "Breaks off a twig, dips it into the nearest puddle and flicks it around. I've had a man watching him for a week."

"But has he been riding the horse?" insisted Aethel.

"He hasn't been near the horse," replied her father. "All the riding has been done by Jenkins, the stable-jockey."

"Is he mad?" demanded Aethel, who could find no other explanation.

"No, my dear—vanity, just vanity. Not a bad fellow apart from that infernal nonsense of his. I suppose these Americans like to be thought well of and cut a dash with their money. . . . Don't forget the dinner. Write pretty soon in case they make another engagement."

IT WAS the practice of Mr. Morsel to go to London once a week to a board meeting. He was methodical in his habits. He usually walked from Paddington Station through Hyde Park to Piccadilly, where his town car was waiting for him. This walk supplied the constitutional which was denied him by his early departure from Matte Hall. He knew Priggins' Riding-School very well and passed its green gates every morning he came to London. Indeed, he had a friendly feeling for Priggins' Riding-School, because over the office entrance by the side of the gate was a small sign supported on wrought iron brackets depicting a noble-looking fox-hunter in a beautifully fitting pink coat, jumping a huge fence with a confident smile on his handsome face. Once he had taken Aethel that way and had pointed out the curious resemblances between the handsome, smiling gentleman and himself.

He had turned into the short street which holds Priggins' establishment, when ahead of him saw a familiar figure. It was Mr. Mark Martin, and he was hurrying along, evidently having left the taxi which was turning as Mr. Morsel came into the street. He moved furtively, and with a nervous glance round disappeared through the green gates of the riding-school. Mr. Morsel's jaw dropped in astonishment, and then a curious gleam came to his eyes. He stopped opposite the open gates and looked into the sand-covered courtyard. It was empty. Without hesitation, he turned into the little office, and gathered that the gentleman in riding-breeches and highly polished boots who was writing a letter as he came in, was either Mr. Priggins himself or some one in authority. It proved to be the former.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Morsel," said Priggins respectfully, when the visitor had cautiously revealed himself, with a request that the object of his call should be treated confidentially, "I know your name very well, sir. I saw a photograph of you in *County Sport* the other day."

"Very likely, very likely," said Mr. Morsel, with a grand air of indifference. "Now I want you to tell me, Mr. Priggins, in the strictest confidence, do you know that young man who came into your yard a few minutes ago?"

There was a little window above the desk which commanded a view of the courtyard and Mr. Priggins had duly noted the arrival.

"Oh, he?" He chuckled as at a good joke. "He's a gentleman from the country—Martin by name."

"What does he do here?"

Again Mr. Priggins smiled.

"Well, to tell you the truth, he's rather a source of income to me, Mr. Morsel. He's been taking riding-lessons off and on for the past month, but I've never been able to get him out of the school."

A slow smile dawned on Mr. Morsel's pink face.

"A good rider, is he?" he asked, almost jovially.

"Good rider! If I could only get him to sit on a horse properly, I'd be happy! I've given up trying and have handed him over to one of my assistants. There are some people you can never teach to ride; they haven't the gift for it."

Morsel considered.

"Is it possible to get a peep at him?" he suggested.

Mr. Priggins nodded, took down a key from the broad-lined wall, and leading the way through a door, traversed a harness-room and conducted the inquirer up a steep and narrow flight of dark stairs. At the top he paused, his hand on a door.

"If you don't want him to know you're here, you'd better not speak," he said, and Mr. Morsel nodded.

The riding-master opened the door cautiously. They were on a small wooden balcony overlooking the school, which was a fairly large hall, its floor covered deep with peat moss. Riding at a jog-trot was Mr. Mark Martin. His back was toward the observer, but even if he had faced the other way it seemed doubtful whether he would have noticed anything but the extreme unsteadiness of the large roan horse he was riding. He swayed in the saddle like a drunken man, and bumped up and down at the psychologically wrong moments, in a manner which was curious to see. And all the time there was an exchange of instruction and protest between the rider and a sad young man in gaiters who directed the lesson.

"Keep your elbows down, sir. Your toes in, sir. Put your shoulders back, sir. . . . No, sir, don't hold him by the mane. Walk!"

"Can't walk! Beastly thing jolts—whoa, you brute! Am I doing any better today?"

Even the riding-instructor, inured as he was to the habit of praise, would not risk eternal destruction by answering in the affirmative. Mr. Morsel shook with laughter and his face grew purple.

"Now, sir, just try trotting again. Keep your elbows down by your side. Your hands up—that's right, sir. Now, sir. . . ."

The indignant horse broke into a steady trot. Mr. Mark Martin rolled like a ship in a heavy gale. He lost an iron and clutched at the mane. He slipped forward on the horse's withers; he pushed himself back on to the horse's quarters; and finally he slipped ungracefully from the horse's neck to the tanned floor.

"Good Lord—phew!"

A touch on Mr. Morsel's elbow and he withdrew through the door and down the stairs. A few minutes later he was walking through Hyde Park, swinging his umbrella, a beatific smile upon his face.

THE Cup is run for in the week following Christmas, and the countryside was still white with the recent snow that had fallen, when Mr. Morsel's party assembled.

And everybody (except one) was happy, for the very season was as a vintage wine, and Mark found himself, to his comfort, placed next to Joan Desboro. There was a whisper that Aethel's engagement to Lord Winderly was to be announced, but this proved to be premature, though His Lordship (who was a fawn-colored man with a heavy yellow mustache) was seated next to her and from time to time they looked at each other understandingly.

There was no talk but of the Wolverston races and the Cup. The redoutable Captain Burnley was there, an apple-faced man, who regarded all public meals as tiresome preliminaries to the consumption of old brandy; and Lady Mary, who had bought a new hunter at Tattersall's and had discovered unsuspected values in her purchase. The Reverend Walter Affelow, the famous hunting parson, who was famous rather for his prowess over a country than for his other Christian virtues; Gonnington-Drake, one of the leading lights of the Paddock Club; Boultby Malcolm, the hunting banker; and, facing Mark, Colonel Desboro, a very uneasy man, but not quite so uneasy as the nervous girl who sat at Mark's side.

"Oh, there'll be racing all right," said Burnley confidentially. "The course dries up easily and gets most of the sun that is going. I went round the track this morning. By Jove, those fences will take some jumping! A horse has only got to touch them and you're down . . . stiff as a park wall."

"The water kills them," said the Reverend Walter Affelow complacently. "After weather like this, the take-off will be like batter pudding."

"Riding yours?"

It was Mr. Morsel's careless inquiry that cut through the conversation.

Mark nodded with a smile.

"Yes, I shall be riding mine. What is more, I shall win. Don't any of you people miss Lumber! I went down to Wolverston yesterday and had a look at the Cup—it's a beauty! Of course, I've got dozens of 'em," he went on, and with one accord the whole table stopped talking. "But curiously enough, I've never had a gold cup."

"I don't remember seeing them on your sideboard," said the vicar.

"I've got a packing-case full of 'em. I haven't troubled to get them out," said Mark.

"How's the horse?" asked Burnley.

"Never better," replied Mark complacently, as he sipped his wine. "He gave me a wonderful ride this morning. I'm a little worried about the water jump, too, but I think I can get over that. The wretched people who bet at Wolverston would scream if you asked them for the odds to fifty pounds."

Everybody agreed as to this, for the poverty or parsimony of Wolverston bookmakers was notorious.

The girl by his side was groaning inwardly. She tried, ineffectually, to turn the conversation in another direction.

"I thought of keeping Lumber for the National," Mark rattled on. "One could win a fortune there."

"You can win a fortune at Wolverston," said Mr. Morsel slowly. "Come now, Martin, to oblige you I will turn bookmaker for your especial benefit."

There were eight people at that table who saw the fly thrown, and waited breathlessly for the fish to rise—and he rose nobly.

"By Jove, would you?" said Mark.

"He will be at least six to one against," said Morsel, "especially if you ride him yourself. Now I'll make you an offer: I'll lay you twelve thousand to two that Lumber doesn't win the Cup."

"I'll take you," said Mark, half rising from his seat.

"Wait a moment! This is the only condition—*that you are the rider*."

They saw the change that came to the younger man's face. The girl was looking at him appealingly and her heart sank as she saw the smile fade.

[*Continued on page 168*]

Henry Ford Discusses Human Flivvers

In Mr. Ford's youth an accident to a fellow workman convinced him of the failure of "hand-out" charity. The incident was the starting point for the methods he has since employed so conspicuously in his own plant

by Judge Henry Neil

JUDGE NEIL, himself distinguished internationally as an advocate of self-help instead of charity, found a sympathetic supporter in Henry Ford. Their talks developed Mr. Ford's belief that "trying to help men by handing them something is a failure. If a railroad had a bad piece of track where trains were wrecked every now and then, it wouldn't help matters to build a fine repair shop at this point to fix up the smashed cars. The thing to do would be to fix the track. Charity and philanthropy are repair shops. They do not remove the cause of human wrecks."

ONE day some forty years ago a slender young mechanic in the employ of a Michigan gas company was asked to contribute to a fund being raised for the aid of a widow and her children. Their bread winner, another employee of the gas company, had been killed in an accident while at work.

The young mechanic was rather a silent chap. He gave cheerfully to the fund, and said nothing, but he pondered a great deal over the incident.

"If ever I have a little shop of my own, and employ a few men," ran his thoughts, "I'll see to it that none of their families ever is forced to depend upon charity in case of an accident like this."

A good many years later I sat in a spacious, richly carpeted room, across a glossy office desk from that same man—a mechanic still at heart, but the employer of tens of thousands of other mechanics, and well along on his way to become the richest man in the world.

"Every one of our employees," he was telling me, "receives at least twice the usual wage for his work; and when one of them dies, his widow continues to receive a pay envelope until her children are old enough to go to work in their father's place.

"It isn't charity; it is only fulfilling that dream I had in the gas works; it is only putting my money to work in a useful way for the good of mankind. But the more money I spend in useful ways, the more money I make."

Then one of those queer coincidences happened that you see oftener on the stage than in real life. The door opened and into the paneled office came an official of the company. He laid a financial statement on the barren top of Henry Ford's desk.

"It looks as though the year's profits would be sixty million dollars," he said.

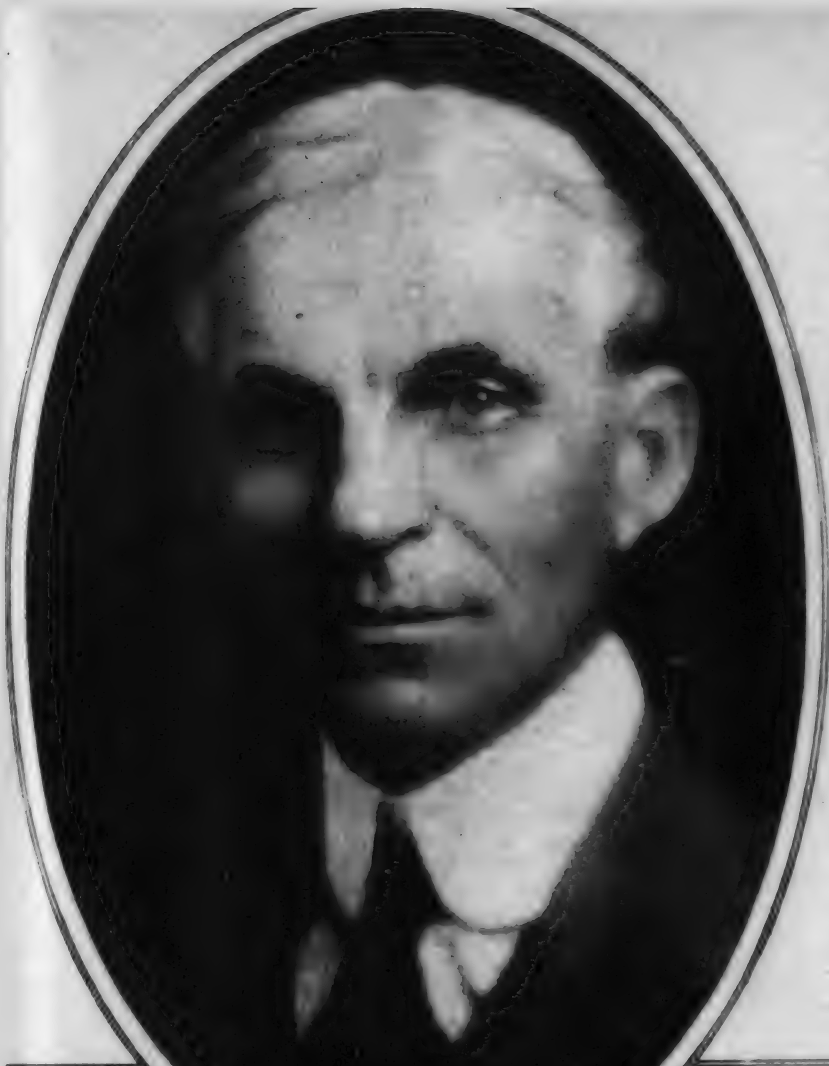
Henry Ford glanced at the sheet. There was something almost negligent in the way he did it. Then he raised his brows into those familiar quizzical wrinkles, smiled oddly across at me and remarked: "Well—that ought to please Couzens."

This was one of several such incidents that happened during the many hours I spent at various times with Henry Ford. They sum up his real thoughts about money and success.

Mr. Ford's chief disagreements with his associates have come because they were too much absorbed in making money for themselves and for him. The men who had their eyes exclusively on the almighty dollar have gradually been edged out of the Ford business into other walks of life. Mr. Ford does not consider his enterprises as money-making institutions. He thinks of them only as the source of things that people need. If he could run them without money he would rather do so. Money to him is neither the gas that propels the car nor the scenery it passes along the road. It is the oil in the crank case—necessary for lubrication; but not something you must keep thinking about all the time.

And Henry Ford is the only really happy millionaire I know.

[*Continued on page 159*]



HENRY FORD'S own career qualifies him to speak with conviction about helping men to help themselves. When he was a mechanic earning $2.50 a week, he worked nights for a jeweler to meet his room rent. The famous routing system now used in the Ford plant was the outcome of a youthful plan to make fifty-cent watches. He introduced the eight-hour day in a power plant where he went to learn something about electricity that could be applied to his gas-engine experiments. After working night and day for years on his idea for an inexpensive two-cylinder car, he found himself on the threshold of success only to be left, at thirty, with a wife and child, no capital and no job. Mr. Ford's present opinions were formed in the thick of the day's work at a bench long before he had leisure to indulge his present hobby for the restoration of early American landmarks.

IN THE course of their tour through twenty-five states, Richard A. Martinsen and Doone, his wife, experimented with every form of living condition and at one time or another tried out every sort of accommodation available to motor tourists. They have made three up-down-and-across continent tours by automobile. Last year they covered eight thousand miles between California and Maine.

The Motor Tourist Steps on the Gas

To the observing tourist behind the steering wheel it seems as if half the population were born gadabouts and the other half natural mechanics. Some wayside tales of the trials and humors of the Gipsy motorist

by Richard A. Martinsen

HORDES of motoring tourists hit the trails that the Martinsens took in their leisurely coast-to-coast tour. Between hunting the daily mechanic and the nightly camp, they have ample opportunity to see how the other half lives, observe human nature at its meanest and noblest, and go adventuring into scenic nooks and corners whenever the spirit moves. Along their favorite routes the amateur vies with the professional host in offering the uncertain hospitality of pay camps, municipal camps, farmhouses, and even roadside shacks or pup tents.

"HOW long you gonna be able to get away from the office this summer, George?" says the wife in millions of American homes this summer. Allowing for geographic variations the conversation continues something like this.

"Aw, I dunno. Pretty busy right now, Nell. Can't tell. Mebbe ten days. Mebbe two weeks."

"Oh, goody! Then we can drive to Santa Barbara!"

"Santy Barbara? Luvomike! That's three thousand miles . . . six thousand miles in two weeks. G'night!"

"Why, George! Six thousand miles in two weeks is only four hundred miles a day. What's that—to a car like ours? I've often heard you tell Tom Woolley: ''At little bearcat could eat up six hundred miles—easy!—between dawn and sundown.' Were you just boasting? And think of the money we'd save by camping out! Why, didn't you read the story about the fellow who said he bought a car and took his whole family across the continent cheaper than he could spend his vacation at home?"

"I chuckle hoarsely, Nell. 'At feller was the world's champion hypnotist; he even hypnotised himself! But let's see . . . If I could get *three* weeks off—'at'd only be three hundred miles per diem, including a nice stop-over in Santy Barbara. Not so bad. Not so bad! All the boys at the office have crossed the continent once, anyhow. Jim's been five times. 'N I always have had a craving to give the little bus a genuwine try-out."

At this point let us gently draw the curtain. Troy has fallen. In due course George and Nell will inaugurate their indolent vacation program of three hundred miles per diem—just as we did—plus an active hour to take up camp and another still more active hour to set it down again. George will be back in three weeks or so, a sadder and a wiser man. The pleasures of his first hectic argosying will have been seven-tenths anticipation. Three-tenths will be retrospect. But one must live and learn. He'll go again, hold resolutely to one hundred miles or less a day, and love it every minute. . . .

There's no escaping the A.M.D. (Annual Motor Dialogue). If you haven't had yours yet you'll get it all right, this summer, next spring, two, three or five springs hence, but eventually, sure as fate.

Twenty-five years ago motor travel was confined largely to the leisure class. It's just the opposite now. The leisure class has seen America first. It is at present assiduously engaged in seeing Newport, Bar Harbor, Canada, Mexico and other drouthless lands. Tom, Dick and Harriet—the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker—you and I and our neighbors in our teeming multitudes—have monopolized motor travel in these United States.

The thirty-second degree gas pioneer can no longer be identified by his externals. Try it and you'll get a brisk shock, as I did one evening last summer at the auto camp in Quincy, California—one of the best municipal camps in the country, by the way; it furnished free electric light, stoves, stove-wood ready split, tent frames, and a rare coziness. Dangling his lean shanks comfortably from the edge of the tent floor next to us was a leathery-faced individual of ancient vintage, drooping mustache, and gently twinkling eyes. He was the typical stay-at-home of the Sierra hinterland. His plump helpmate, bustling around behind him in her homely garb, heightened the impression of a comfortable permanency. Their car beside the tent was shrouded under a canvas drop. Obviously old-timer had drifted from some peaceful hamlet down the line for a change of surroundings, to stimulate his whittling.

"Where yuh from?" he greeted amiably.

"Los Angeles, this trip."

"Un-hunh. . . . Goin' far?"

"I'll say so! Up to Canada, then clear across the continent to Maine."

"Un-hunh. . . . Ef yuh'll get out yore map I'll show yuh the best routes."

Veteran Cross-Country Trappers

"GREAT SCOTT, man! You don't mean to say you've come from the east coast already? Why, the northern routes are scarcely open."

Old-timer grinned. "They ain't so bad. When I left Los Angeles a coupla months back, though, they was under a few feet of snow. I had to take the southern route to St. Loouie, then N'Yawk, an' up the line to Canady."

"Well, you sure are finishing up early."

"Oh, we ain't done just yet. We'll drift along to Los Angeles, see if anybody's robbed the house—then I've promised Martha to take her to Miami. She's curious about the boom they're havin' down thataway."

He was a landscape gardener, it developed, who purchased small, run-down estates, improved and resold them.

"Things grow jest as fast when I ain't there," he whimsically confided. "Why stick around?"

No less surprising than the ardent landscape gardener-voyageur was the female Columbus who whizzed by us several days later while we were loitering in a south Oregon town. She piloted a Ford. Every available inch of that sturdy flivver was crammed with children, cats and dogs. There were four of the former, one a mere babe-in-arms, and two each of the animal varieties. She plied from Oregon, through the Idaho desert, to Salt Lake City!

In the drug-store of an eastern Colorado town we bumped into the sweetest, kindliest pair of home folk you'd ever care to see. He was the acme of a mild-mannered grandpop. She was a shy, shrinking, tender Mother Machree. We fought down a mutual impulse to ask them to shelter us for a few days, it would have been so heavenly merely to bask in the reflected radiance of their innocence. Eventually, however, we succeeded in dragging ourselves from the place, gritted our teeth, and reembarked.

The road was infernal. We were jouncing along at thirty miles, entirely too fast for comfort, when a harsh siren demanded right of way. We pulled aside. A low-slung, high-powered sportster lurched by us in a cloud of dust. At the wheel hunched Father Machree, handling his monster with the bored nonchalance of a De Palma. Mother Machree leaned out, smiling, and waved a subtly derisive hand as they swept past.

If that bashful couple ever dropped below forty-five miles, it wasn't while they were within sight of us. They had come from New York State, according to their license, and intended to get back *pronto*.

It is too bad that no fixed set of rules can be evolved to guide the neophyte. Conditions change too rapidly. Touring, moreover, like seasickness and life, must be experienced to be understood. Hence, although our last excursion took us from Los Angeles to Portland, up the Pacific coast, thence diagonally east and south to the Missouri Ozarks, thence east and north again to Maine, and our mileage had topped the eight thousand notch before we called it a trip, I would hazard but two specific prophecies: the roads in no man's land—that broad slab north to Canada and south to Mexico, between St. Louis and Denver—where there isn't enough paving to shake a stick at, will prove a revelation to the urban motorite; and offers of fried chicken, chicken Maryland, chicken southern style, or just plain chicken, will haunt him from coast to coast.

Now East may be East and West, West; nevertheless the twain must meet somewhere. They do. The rialto of true cosmopolites is no longer Broadway, New York, but Broadway, Nebraska, Illinois, or Minnesota. The farmer ruminatively sucking a straw on his once sequestered doorstep is the real worldling of today. The highway furnishes him a liberal education. To many of him it is also a horn of plenty. If the "Rooms for Tourists," "Fresh Eggs, Milk, Butter," "Vegetables," "Fruit," and "Cider" signs strewn across the continent were placed end to end, they would reach from Capricorn to Gemini.

Despite all this, the farmer himself appears to be the greatest single victim of transcontinitis. En route from Oregon to Missouri we met what seemed to be the entire Mid-West, save only Kansas, larruping blithely coastward. Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio—who could be left to till the bonny corn, to shock the oats and wheat? Yet the Mid-West farms and cities we traversed were flourishing undimmed, both in the matter of acres under culvitation and local population.

Kansans are genuinely friendly to the itinerant tenderwheel, regarded by too many other

Cross-country motor travel is making more tolerant and broad-minded citizens out of thousands of Americans by giving them a sense of kinship with the country as a whole. The distance between these camps under pine-tree and palm means nothing to the leisurely tourist. Between these extremes he passes through states with individualities so distinct that crossing the line is like abruptly entering another country.

folk as a legitimate prey on whom there is no closed season. But Kansans are not long-distance motorists, nor do they take much stock in that form of gay frivolity. Thrice they sought to impress and put me to some useful work in the harvest fields. What earthly object could I have in hitting the road, thev curiously inquired, if I wasn't hunting a job? It was with difficulty I made them understand that I was running away from one.

"So that's it, hey!" snorted one grizzled citizen scornfully. "I've often wondered why so many thousand folks go flyin' about the country!"

The public attitude of that sovereign state, no doubt, finds its reflection in the roads. When I sought information of a veteran traveler before our first long trip, some years ago, he laughingly declared:

"Sonny, all roads may be divided into five general types: paved, graveled, graded, unimproved—and Kansas."

The summary holds good today. The two coasts largely monopolize the paving. Heading inland you strike successively the other zones—and finally Kansas. The explanation of Kansas roads has baffled our leading psychologists, not to mention three hundred frenzied Kansas Chambers of Commerce. Perhaps the richest state of the Union craves no help from tourist shekels. At all events Kansas roads appear to be plenty good enough for Kansas. The rest of the land, which gets such a kick out of poking fun at the overburdened farmer and his sun-scorched fields, can go soak its head.

Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Missouri are stepping right up in the front rank of good road states. Kansas with her ruts and gumbo hasn't, isn't, and apparently doesn't intend to. That's that. Fair enough. But why rub it in by prominently featured signs:

"*Speed Limit—45 miles.*"

As you ply from the cool, temperate shores of the blue Pacific, or vice versa, into a sweltering mid-continent and east, the porus tent offers the best chance of relief. Hotel rooms are prone to be stifling.

Motor camps, unfortunately, diminish both in quality and quantity as you proceed eastward, particularly from Colorado to Ohio. Pay camps in that Mid-Western stretch are relatively few; municipal camps too often scandalously dirty, primitive and unsheltered. The best solution is a roadside oat field, when the oats are in shock, or the yard of some little red school. This may not work out so well, however, if the tormented owner of the oat field or the school authorities get wind of you.

Grass-grown wilds or bosky dells would be ideal for camping. But in the Mid-West, alas, they make no specialty of such things. They specialize in flies. If not flies, then gnats. If not gnats, jiggers, perhaps, or ticks. There are mosquitoes too, of course, although those winged swordfish are a specialty of the Atlantic coast.

Pot-Luck at Tourist Camps

CHOOSING the camp at dusk, after a long day's travel, is altogether as fascinating a game as blind man's buff. There may be a dozen other camps within the radius of a mile. There may not. Anyhow, you're too dog-tired to investigate. The chances are you'll patronize the one in front of you—not infrequently to your vast sorrow. One evening at Modesto we strayed into what looked like a passably decent camping grove and paid our fee. The tent sites, it developed, bordered a turgid, muddy stream.

Odds and ends from previous camping parties lay ankle-deep, everywhere, in the dust. Flies were million and merciless. There were no washing facilities. The half-naked children and their parents encamped on one side of us, from all outward indications, had little need for them. Neither had the blue-denim wanderers, reconstructing a Ford on the other side. When the evening was sped, these latter citizens merely removed shoes and stockings, spread a blanket in the dust beneath their flivver, and called it a day. My first matutinal impression was a pair of huge, bare feet—each sole featuring a detailed map of the United States—shamelessly thrust out at me from under the hood of that machine. Decidedly a new use for Fords!

California has averagely the best camps; it is no longer necessary to pack a large equipment on the Pacific coast for that matter. Cabin camps, which offer all facilities, are thick as freckles and steadily augmenting; but from the incident foregoing it may be inferred that the Golden State has also some fearful ones. At Susanville tin cans—and worse—lay so thick across three acres of ground there was no room to pitch a tent without first shoveling clearance.

All in all the budding tenderwheel had best dismiss municipal camps entirely from his reckoning; with a few notable exceptions they are for one reason or another so unsatisfactory the self-respecting will patronize them only as a last resort. The two best municipal camps along the routes we've traveled recently are at Quincy, California, and Carthage, in the Missouri Ozarks. Quincy's advantages have already been described. Carthage offers a cook-house with a battery of gas-stoves, two eating pavilions of stone, sinks and running hot water, lights, and commodious shower rooms. An affable caretaker informed me he was hounding the supervisors for ice-water, and intended to get it, by gum!"

Many states have individualities so distinct that crossing the line is like abruptly entering another country. This is particularly true when you turn from the aromatic Oregon pineland into the flat, blistering saucer of the Idaho sage, again on quitting Idaho for the cool verdure of the Utah hills, and still again on leaving Utah for the arid wastes of southern Wyoming.

Rock Springs, Wyoming, has been a bustling coal town for twenty years. At first glance it struck us as nowise different from other desert towns, save that it was larger. Yet something was peculiarly missing. Suddenly the truth dawned. The town thermometers could never register a hundred in the shade because there was no shade. In all Rock Springs, in fact, there was no solitary shrub or tree.

"Why in the name of Beelzebub didn't the early settlers plant trees?" I asked a saturnine hotel man.

"No water."

"Well, why don't the wealthy citizens import them now—and irrigate?"

"No good. Feller tried it."

"What happened?"

"No soil. Trees died."

Even the hardy sage and mesquite find some stretches in southwestern Wyoming beyond them. After sampling their merciless desolation, it's a cinch any tenderwheel who hears the mournful cowboy wail, "Take all the world, but leave me my Wy-o-o-ming," will lustily rejoin: "You bet!"

A hundred and ten thousand cars carried visitors into the national parks last season. The value of the tourist trade to California alone is estimated at $500,000,000 a year. Motorists burned up the roads so briskly in

"Camp out with your own equipment," the experienced motor tourists advise, "provided you do not plan to average more than one hundred miles a day; otherwise, by all means travel light and patronize hotels if your pocketbook permits." Half the fun of the game is in taking pot luck with uncertain roadside accommodations. They make the search for the evening meal a daily adventure.

1925 it took sixty million tires to keep them going.

Half our Americans are natural-born tourists. The other half are natural mechanics or mechanics in a state of nature. In remarking that the motor industry is the largest in the United States, President Charles Clifton of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce recently failed to take that into consideration. He credited the industry with furnishing a livelihood for a scant 3,200,000 souls. Including the tourist trade and all mechanics, actual and alleged, the total is nearer triple that.

Fifty million Americans know how to drive cars, but scarcely one per cent knows how to get them started again once the darn things quit. It should be a capital offense for a tenderwheel to try and cross the continent without at least a reasonable understanding of the insides of his car. But it isn't. Accordingly the law of supply and demand functions briskly on. When the car quits he can always find somebody to tinker with it.

The Annual Motor Dialogue is closely paralleled throughout the land each spring by another A.M.D., the Annual Mechanical Decision, which goes something like this:

"The old farm, Miranda, ain't what she used to be."

"No, Silas. We lost money last year. With the price of corn still skiddin' down, I don't know what's goin' to become of us."

"Yeh, it's sure disheartenin'. Work my fingers to the bone an' don't get nowhere. I got a mind to switch to somethin' that *will* pay."

'Good lands, Silas! What you goin' to be?"

"An otterbile mechanic, by gravy!"

"But you don't know anything about otterbiles!"

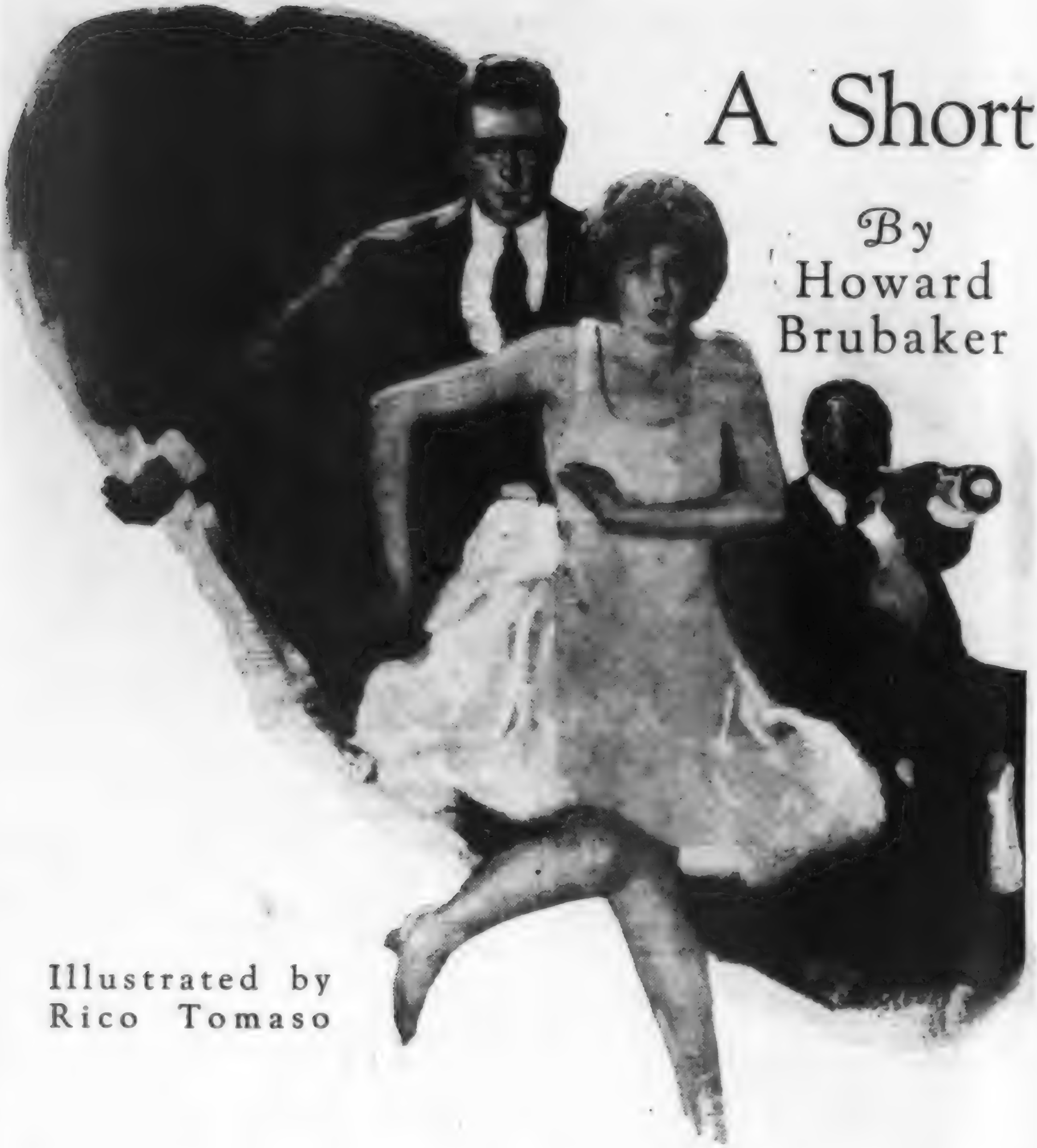
"Oh, that's all right. Neither does the birds which own them. Besides, I l'arn easy—and, Mirandy, you know I always was a good hand to swing a wrench."

So that summer a red gasoline pump springs up in front of Silas' old barn on the highway. On the barn itself appears the illuminating sign: "Garage." Shortly thereafter Silas begins to educate himself, and earn a comfortable living while he's doing it.

[*Continued on page 182*]

A Short

By
Howard
Brubaker



Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso

WHEN the tail-light of the motorcar had disappeared around a curve in the driveway Blake Harley turned to his young hostess; a dim white figure on the shadowy veranda.

"How do you like Mrs. Buford?"

"She's my husband's mother," Hazel replied, "and I love her."

Harley pretended not to have heard her answer.

"How do you like Mrs. Buford?"

"She's fine. Of course, she's dignified and proper and all that, but she's a square shooter. And she's been awfully good to me."

A little louder this time and more distinctly:

"How do you like Mrs. Buford? If you miss this one, you're out."

"What do you think this is, a night school?"

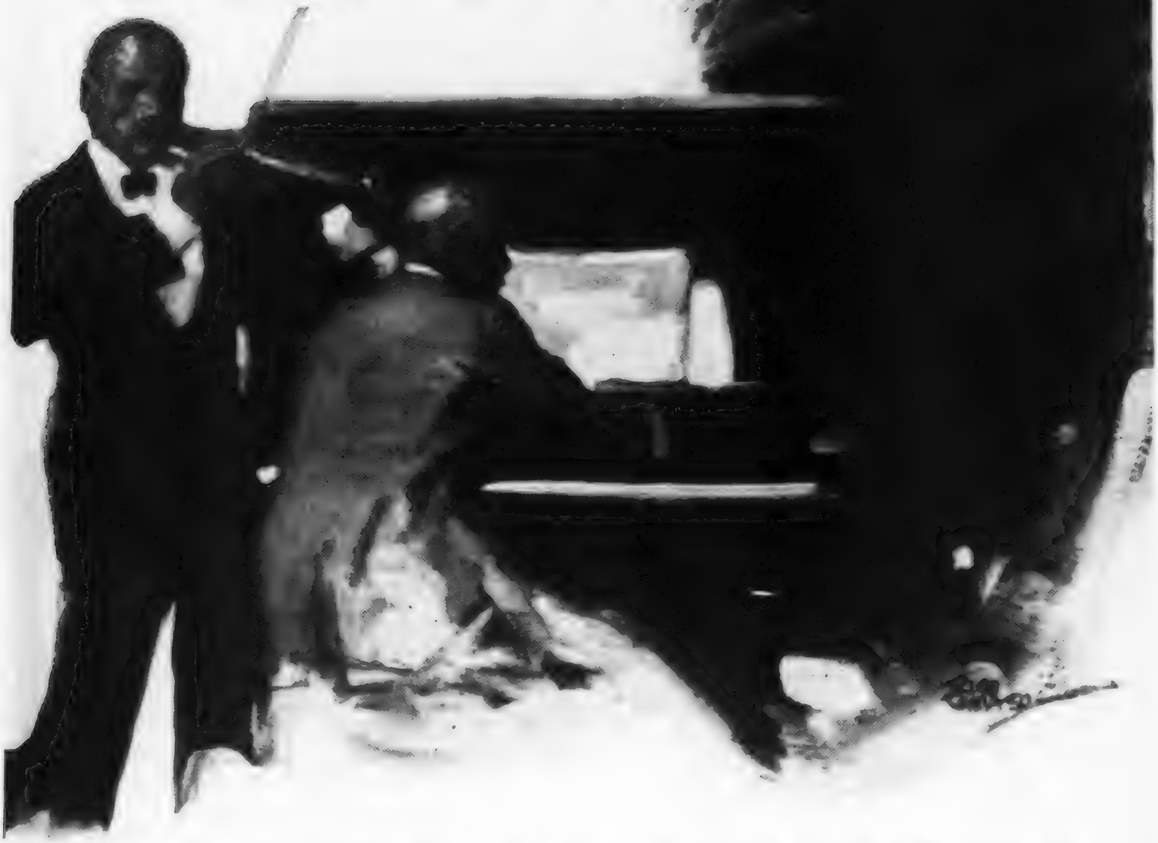
"I *thought* so," Harley said ambiguously.

"Well, it isn't. It's a dancing school and you promised to teach me the Charleston."

They put a record on the machine inside the open French windows and danced on the wide veranda, until Hazel knew as much about the Charleston as her teacher did, and a little more. Presently they sat down to cool off. It was a fragrant evening in late August and there were pools of moonlight and islands of shrubbery on the Buford lawn that rolled away to High Street.

"Some night!" said Harley. They agreed about this matter. The young woman felt

Wife and a Gay One



The story of a spirited girl who jazzed up a small-town aristocracy

that she had not acquitted herself quite handsomely in her last talk and she tried again.

"Pretty soft for li'l Hazel! A year ago I was a pale, skinny kid lugging a tray in Mother's boarding house in Gregory. Only one season in the sticks and look what I've got. I'm ten pounds heavier and I have a home grown complexion and the best husband ever constructed and a mother-in-law that will do anything for me and a nice bus to drive and a fine big house in a sweet little town."

"It's nice in Newtown all right," Harley conceded, "if you can't live in Gregory."

"You've come to the wrong house to peddle Gregory—I bit on that one once." Hazel was silent for the space of three cricket chirps. "Right this minute the mob is fighting to get on the cars down on Jackson Street and everything is hot and messy and the gang is crowding into the movies and the news kids are yelling, 'Yah, Gregs win!' I can almost hear the old trolley shrieking on the rails where it turns from Grant into Thirteenth. Bells ringing—cars honking—horrible racket!"

"Yes," said Harley, "and your little shell-like ear is aching for that racket this very minute. You can't high-hat your Uncle Dudley. I'm the original John W. Wiseguy."

Hazel properly ignored this ridiculous remark.

"I suppose they think they fixed it up pretty nifty out at Riverview Park, from what I read in the papers. I'll bet it's a sketch—all lit up like a birthday cake with hot dog and peanut smells and saxophone players dying in horrible agony all over the place and boobs dancing their legs off. That's a way to spend a hot summer night!"

"A bad case of homesickness, I'll say. They ought to let you go down to the city and get an eyeful once in a while."

"You talk as if they were my keepers. You'd think I was one of those—listen, Blake, poor father used to have a bathroom song, 'I'm only a bird in a gilded cage.' All right, you make a wise crack like that to James if you want to get tossed over into the lilacs."

"So friend husband feels a little touchy on that subject, huh? Well, I'll watch my step."

"Trouble with you fellows from the Class B cities you think we're dead ones out here because we don't spend all our nights juggling our feet and making comic on the piano."

"That's a hot one from you, too, Haze. Ted Jefferson told me your old nickname was little 'Twinkletoes' and he said you could beat the piano until it shrieked for mercy."

"I don't have to live in Gregory to annoy the piano. Come in and I'll tickle the baby grand for you right now."

"Before Mother and James come home from the hospital meeting?" asked the cynical Harley. "All right, I'm on."

HAZEL BUFORD lay awake that night hating Blake Harley. She hated him because he said things that were so outrageous and so true; because he knew what a stranger had no business to know; because he had forced her to make damaging admissions. She hated him because in speech and dress and manner he represented that ugly, big, noisy Gregory which she had kicked out of her life forever—and still loved passionately.

As the wife of James Buford, banker, and as the daughter-in-law of the little town's social arbiter, she was a part of all that was best in Newtown society and she longed for the gaiety of the firemen's ball, she wanted to gather the boarders around the piano and lure them to song, she wanted to run down to Riverview on the trolley with somebody like George Bamby, a brakeman on the G. & E. and dance holes in her stockings.

"Some social light!" she said to herself.

The air was clean and fragrant in Newtown and her nose itched for the soft-coal smoke of the railroad yards. She was getting to be one of the best woman golfers in the country club, but what she really wanted was to sit in the Gregory grandstand and kid the visiting baseball team.

"You poor fish!"—thus she addressed this perverse self. "You're hankering for people who are not worth James' little finger."

To which the perverse self replied:

"Why did they give me the pickle-eye when they came home from the meeting and found me doing jazz for Blake Harley? Why did he fold up so quickly and hand me one of those nasty grins out of the northeast corner of his eye? That boy is too wise for his own good—or mine. I wish he'd hurry and finish his business in Newtown, whatever it is, and beat it for that dear Gregory. I don't know whether I wish it or not. I don't know what I wish. I've got the blues."

Since she was still under the influence of jazz, she had to make a little song out of that:

I got the bloo—oos!
The blueblood Buford blues.

And so she giggled into her pillow and bounced out of her depression.

Next evening her mood sagged again. Nature had changed her mind overnight and there was a chill, rainy twilight. As Hazel waited for James to come home to dinner she could see through the splashed windows the blue spruces waving in the wet wind and the rhododendrons looking like bushes full of soggy sponges. To this city sparrow the country always seemed gloomy in the rain. She glanced at her wrist watch. Six. In Gregory people would be hurrying home on shining pavements, packing into cars smelling of wet rubber, laughing as tired people do when released from toil, the theaters blazing with invitations to foolishness.

At the Rathburn boarding house there would now be bustle and preparation and odors of impending dinner, the boarders coming home, Sopranna the colored waitress dropping things, Mother in a jam—Mother was always in a jam— "Lady" Buford was never in a jam.

By a simple mental process Hazel was back in the boarding house again. There were problems to solve, jobs for a skillful hand and nimble head. She was again the little captain of her little company of cook and waitress, of bachelor clerks and cops and traveling men. The boys wouldn't be going out much on a night like this. They'd hang around her piano and bellow their heads off—just as they did on that memorable night when James Buford of Newtown came and saw and was permanently conquered. Permanently? Sometimes Hazel wondered. Maybe the white lights of Gregory had dazzled him and made him run off the road.

James had seemed to love her then because she was so different from his environment; ever since he had been doing his kindly best to remake her in the image of his widowed mother, to groom her for the position she was to occupy. At thirty he would be the president, by inheritance, of the Farmers' Loan Bank. Some day this big house would be all their own. Life stretched out safe and spacious before her, and here she was aching for the sounds and smells of a second-rate boarding house in Gregory. She was on the citadel and she longed for the warm human life of the valley.

"I'm a hopeless low-brow—a low-brow on High Street. They know it, and they're trying to do me over. They want to make me old before my time—" She had to laugh at that one herself as she caught sight of the piquant face in the wide mirror over the fireplace. She knew she was really younger than the white, tired little drudge who had carried heavy trays and kicked open the service door. And if she was no raving beauty, she was pretty enough for all practical purposes.

"Probably Cinderella had her troubles, too, after she got into fast company. I'll bet she often wanted to crawl back in the ashes and have an old home week."

Thus Hazel spiritually bounced again, and now there was the sound of James' tires on the crushed stone, and she ran to meet him on feet that did a funny little caricature of a Charleston.

"Come in, ol' Jim-Jams! You're all wet."

There it was again. She had not meant to use that silly name. James responded warmly to her caress, but she caught a furtive look over her shoulder that meant: "Did Mother hear?" That stickler for dignity had always insisted that her son should be called, "James" even when he was a child.

" 'Scuse it, please. Wrong number."

"You can call me anything you like," said James, "as long as we're alone."

"Why did I pick on this guy to love?" Hazel asked the world. "But I did—and I do."

THE talk at dinner was mainly about the Hospital Fund Carnival, into which Mrs. Buford had thrown the full weight of her patronage. These festivities were to be held in early September in Maple Place, the funny short thoroughfare which ran from Main Street to the river. The householders there had given their consent; the block was to be cut off from the world for two days, lined with booths and shows and known as "Joytown on the banks of the Laughing Ladaga." Committees were hard at work and the affair promised to be a brilliant social and financial success.

Hazel's own part in the gaieties was not as yet clearly defined. She had promptly offered her services to the commissary department but without success.

"Oh, we shall need you for something much more important than that, dear," Mother Buford had replied. That, Hazel knew, was Mother's sweet, gentle way of saying, "This is not the time to display the family skeleton. Let the dead past bury its boarding house."

Hazel could never seem to remember to be ashamed of her humble background. Sometimes there had been awkward scenes. Once there had been an important literary lion in town for a lecture, and he had fallen naturally to Lady Buford's lot. He was top-lofty in speech and manner and to Hazel he seemed about nine-tenths bunk.

"Did you ever shoot big game?" this literary light had asked his younger hostess.

"I never did," she answered. "But I've shot biscuits, if that helps any."

This deflated the guest wholesomely, but Mother Buford was pained.

Tonight the young lady tried another line.

"I could do something about the dancing—organize a crowd of girls to dance in the street. I saw that done once in Gregory and it was lovely. They could pass the tambourine and get a lot of jack—I mean—" this in deference to Mother Buford who did not understand modern languages—"collect a good deal of money for the fund."

"That might be good, dear. We must consider it carefully. We mustn't rush into things."

"Easy does it," added James, who spoke in his dual rôle of husband of Hazel and treasurer of the Carnival.

"Always putting on the brakes and flashing the stoplight," was Hazel's angry thought. She knew what would happen next. Mother and husband would take the matter under advisement and hand down a decision. She had never known James to do a hasty or impulsive thing—except to fall in love with her in about twenty minutes, and maybe he regretted that rash act.

When the expected decision came the next morning after James had gone to work, Mrs. Buford was so sweet and tactful about it as to disarm the younger woman.

"Of course you may carry out this dancing play, dear, if you like—only—" ("I knew there was a catch in it some place," thought Hazel) "—only it will take a great deal of time and I don't see how I can do without your help. I have a thousand-and-one things to do in a week, and I'm not as strong as I used to be. I expected to lean pretty heavily upon you—but of course—"

In a free translation this meant that Hazel was to be a combination secretary, chauffeur, and maid-of-all-work, always working under that eagle eye. But since Mother Buford made such a personal matter of it Hazel could only say:

"All righty; I'll help you all I can. Maybe," she added, "we can make this Blake Harley do some of the dirty work. He seems to belong to the army of the unemployed."

"That reminds me—just how much do we know about Mr. Harley?"

"I don't know much. He's a good dancer and fun to talk to, but that's as far as I've got. Of course he knows Ted Jefferson in Gregory, but Ted knows all kinds of people so that doesn't mean anything. James seems to like him."

"Yes, James has some business transactions with him—I don't know just what. Of course we have to be agreeable, but I wonder whether I haven't encouraged him too much. It isn't as if we know all about him."

Again Hazel translated into English: "Go slow with this lad."

"Well, taking care of myself is one of the best things I do. I always had to be nice to the customers back home, but once in a while there would be somebody who couldn't understand kindness. Then I had to treat 'em rough."

"I know that, dear. This is no criticism of you. I was only thinking of our duty to our position."

"Duty to our position" was always a hard pill for Hazel to swallow. Here was a small town, not old as history counts age, not rich by city standards, not far from the cornfields in any direction. Yet it had hard social strata and Mrs. Buford belonged in the top layer.

It was not so hard to make allowances for her. Elderly people had "proud flesh." Hazel's own mother was full of assorted prides, and Heaven knew she had precious little to be upstage about. But it was different about James. He had been to college, he had traveled, he had been to the war. Young people ought to stand together against the common enemy. After all, Mother Buford had been drafted into accepting this marriage but James had been a volunteer.

HAZEL summed up her present position in this fashion. Mother Buford had a habit of running things and Hazel was one of the things. Mother Buford never shrank from a duty and Hazel was a duty.

This time the young woman scarcely bounced at all. She felt herself hedged in by forces that were too big for her, confined in a stuffy room. As she went about with James' mother helping in the petty details of the Carnival she took on the subdued color of her background. She no longer laughed so easily or broke so spontaneously into song. The only disease she had left was youth and that was an ailment that time would cure.

In such a situation Blake Harley was like a spark to gunpowder—and gunpowder can be extremely explosive when confined.

In one way or another she managed to see a good deal of Harley during that busy week. He made himself useful and agreeable to Mrs. Buford and her lieutenants and that cautious lady set aside her prejudices for the good of the cause.

He rode about town with Hazel in her car, together they brought supplies and decorations, borrowed furnishings from citizens, traced errant carpenters to their lairs, bullied reluctant electricians. They went out into the country to get flowers and fruit; their duties took them to the country club where they combined pleasure with business and had a set of tennis, a swim, and another try at the Charleston.

Harley was a lively, nimble-witted, nimble-footed youth with polished shoes and polished hair. He was distinctly good looking, though Hazel felt that he had not taken his face outdoors enough in the daytime and that his hands showed the lack of exercise. He spoke her language, sang her songs, and laughed at her jokes. Her spiritual need was to entertain and to be entertained and Blake Harley filled the bill. She was thirsty for life and if there wasn't any life on tap she would take a substitute.

"I'll have some fun," she said to herself, "if I have to patronize a fun-runner."

Her reticences gradually broke down under this intimacy. He was so "wise" that it seemed absurd to try to keep things from him.

"All rested up and nothing to do," she told him in one of these confidential moments. "The only job I have is to count the laundry."

"You'll be a short-stout if you're not careful. But how can you stand these tank-town people? There's no kick in a barrel of them."

"The people here are awfully nice, really. The trouble is there are no surprises left in 'em. I know how many miles Will Clinton can get to the gallon and how Herbert Stanley got Havana on his five-tube set, and how wonderful the Deerforth's oil-burning furnace and Mrs. Wellington's new baby is. And as for the witticisms — nit-witticisms I mean. Honestly, Blake, I've smiled until my face ached.

"There's another crowd in town—they seem to me to have lots more fun, but I can't play with 'em. They aren't decorous enough—that's the big word in our family—decorous."

"I get you—you're a decorous girl."

They chuckled together over this morsel of wit.

"Not so worse, hey, Hazel? Good thing to have a wisecracker around isn't it?"

"Polly wants a wisecracker."

"I bet you sometimes wish you were back in the free-and-easy boarding house days."

Hazel evaded this question skillfully.

"Those days were free, but, believe me, they were not easy."

"And these are easy but not free." Harley threw the weight of his intellect into this matter and presently evolved: "Out of the frying-pan into the ice box."

"Well maybe I don't get all the breaks, but James makes up for everything. There's one model husband."

"Sure he is—but not a 1926 model."

"That isn't fair, Blake."

"Then I'll take it back. The customer is always right. We strive to please. Anyway I guess friend James can play a mean tune on the adding machine."

"Other people's money. The bank isn't

his yet. Of course he has some property of his own." Hazel realized afterwards that Blake had managed somehow to acquire a lot of information about Buford affairs without giving out any about Harley affairs. Garrulous enough on all other subjects he was tight-lipped about the business that had brought him to Newtown. Not that she cared—unless he was throwing the hooks into James.

She made one attempt to get light on this subject from James.

"What is Blake Harley doing here? I can't pry a word out of him. He didn't come to Newtown to run errands for us perfect ladies."

"Well—it's rather a confidential matter just now."

"Anything in it for Mr. Bu'ful?"

"I'm not sure yet; I'm looking into it carefully."

"If it's such a good thing, you ought to let the little woman in on it."

"Not yet, but soon. Blake and I agreed to keep it dark for the present. It has to be settled one way or the other next Monday, so you won't have long to wait."

Hazel had an uneasy feeling that she was involved in a game which she did not understand. Maybe Blake was using their friendship for business purposes. Or, was it James who was using it? He had not registered the slightest objection to her playing around with Blake Harley. She ought to have liked that token of perfect trust and yet she didn't—at least not quite. He might, she thought, have put in one little kick.

Was this some sort of game of wits and if so who was getting the worst of it? Blake seemed so cynical and sophisticated; he had such keen wits that one suspected him of living by them. Yet it was an axiom in Newtown that in business matters they didn't make them any shrewder or wiser than James.

Another thought thrust itself forward. Monday! Who fixed the time limit? All the stock peddlers that had ever infested the Rathburn home had done that. Ted Jefferson, who works in a Gregory bank, had once made that clear to her as follows:

"Remember, this, Little Twinkletoes. If it's a high-class investment, it'll wait till you get ready for it. You never have to decide by Thursday noon."

MUSIC and dancing, colored lights and flowers, bright costumes, food and drink, decorated booths, games of skill and chance, moonlight glittering on the Laughing Ladaga—with such ingredients as these Latin peoples would have stirred up a boiling pot of gaiety. But these hardworking Nordics had forgotten how to play. Through a partly cloudy Friday and a fair and warmer Saturday the Carnival had walked its sedate way. There had not been as much fun as the occasion demanded, and what was worse, the receipts at James' temporary office at the entrance—in private life, William H. Bamby's flour and feed store—had not been up to expectations.

On such occasions as this, people are supposed to lose their reason, to buy things they do not want at prices which they cannot afford, but the Joytown public had remained sadly level-headed and calculating. The show had a kind of meretricious bedside cheerfulness. Perhaps the fact that Newtown's fair daughters (and some who were only fairly fair) were dressed in nurses' costumes, and that the young men, including Blake Harley, were in the white suits of internes contributed to this unfortunate illusion. The patient was "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances," and that is a terrible thing to say about a carnival of joy.

Hazel had done her desperate best throughout the two days of revelry. Not being attached to any booth or department, she had put in her services wherever they seemed most sorely needed. An angel of mercy in her nurse's costume, she had acted as barker for a fake side-show, she had peddled gimcracks from a pushcart, and she had personally separated many solid citizens from dimes at Miss Josie Deerforth's roulette wheel, where the prizes were so poor that it was almost a misfortune to win. When the commissary department had cracked under the strain, Hazel, ignoring the family skeleton, had jumped into the breach, organized the service and carried loaded trays with a professional skill that no young High Street society matron should possess.

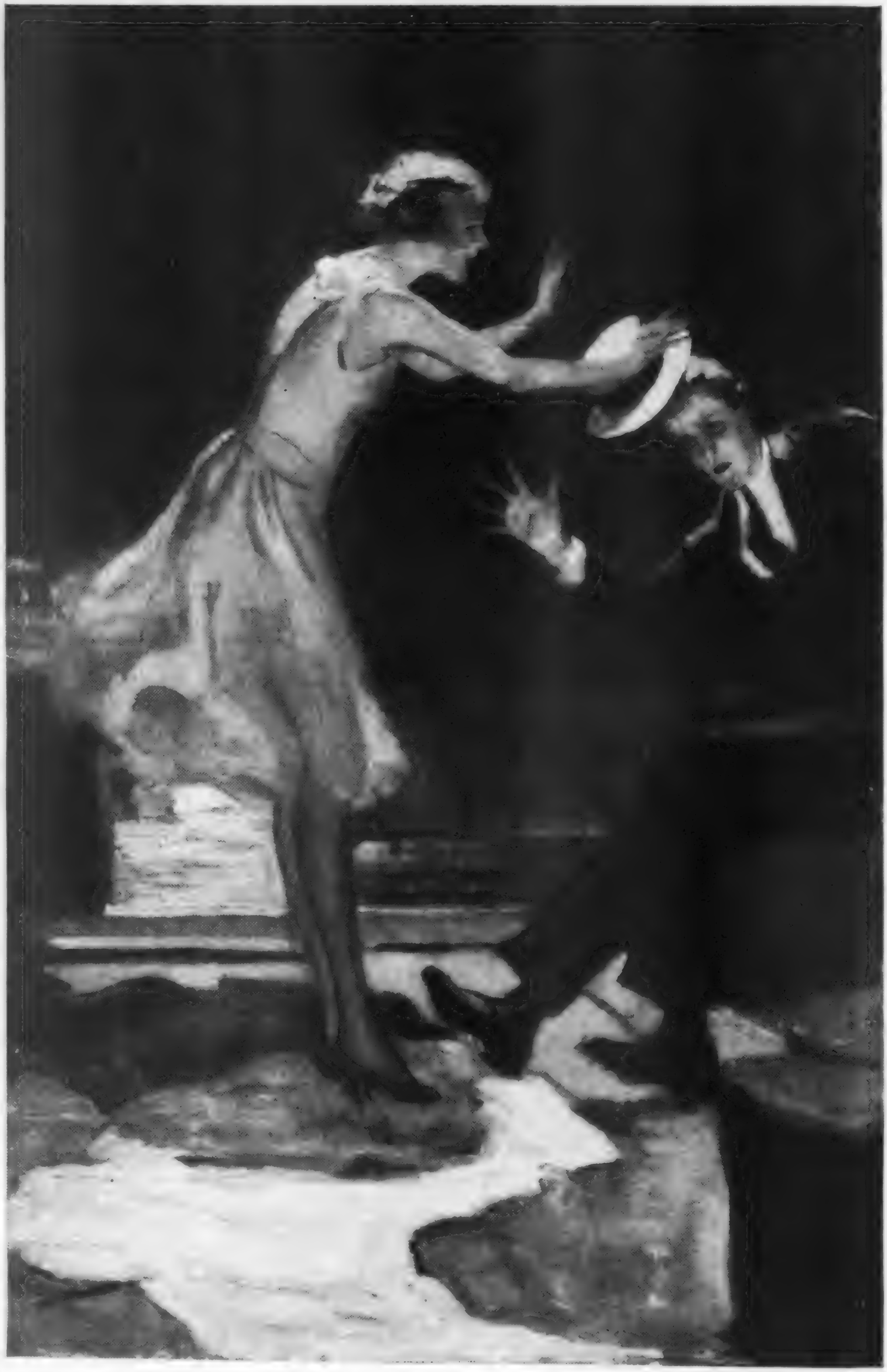
Now it was Saturday night and the last hungry Newtowner had been fed. The street of the miniature village was crowded. Now, if ever, Joytown must be infected with recklessness. This was the last chance to stick a philanthropic hand into the public pocket. In this desperate situation, Hazel turned for help to Harley.

"Blake, we've got to do something. We Greggies must stand together. This party is all wet. Nobody is having any fun; nobody is loosening up. Where will the poor sick people get off?"

"All right, partner. What'll we do?"

"Dance," said Hazel. "We've got to shake our feet until we get the gang waked up. First let's see if we can throw some pep into the Tuneful Trio."

The jazz dispensers thus self-styled had been captured in darkest Gregory and imported at great expense. Perhaps they had done their best under the trying circumstances, but their racial exuberance had been dulled by two days' contact with the rhythmically inferior white race. They were now going through their



"We were built for each other," said Harley. "You know that as well as I do." The next job was pleasant and easy. Hazel gave him a hearty push, and into the river he went.

paces sadly and mechanically and the little open-air dancing floor, admission ten cents, was sparsely populated.

"Give us a hot one now," said Hazel to Bim Jackson, the peerless leader. "My gen'lman friend and I are going to do a Charleston and if you play another funeral march, I'll have my gang throw you in the river."

Mr. Jackson was delighted at this insult.

"Yes'm. I'll wake 'em up. We'll give you a good hot one. Yes'm. Tha's our middle name."

As the Tuneful Trio blared into "Nobody Knows What a Red-hot Mama Will Do," Hazel and Blake Harley started off with a bang. The other dancers, suddenly aware that something unusual was afoot, formed a circle and watched. The young man at the gate was deluged with newcomers' dimes.

Of the intricacies of this new form of barbarism, Hazel knew nothing whatever, but she had learned its fundamental principles—if one can call them principles—and she had an amazing instinct for rhythm. The dance began by being a laudable experiment and it grew by what it fed on. Gradually the dusky Gregorians lost their reason and as they played better, the pair danced better, and vice versa. Bim Jackson put the official seal of his approval upon the performance, his exact words being, "Hot Dawg!"

Rhythm did something liberating to Hazel's soul. It was as if a stuffy room were thrown open, as if something too tight was suddenly loosened, as if a thirst were being quenched. There was joy in this dance and freedom and something, too, of the tonic quality of rebellion.

"I feel nice and lawless," she told her dancing companion.

"Mother-in-lawless," the wisecracker replied.

THE queer, puzzling tempo of the Charleston was a challenge to her; she threw her whole body into the job, arms and legs and shoulders, and under her expert management even the strange, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, grotesque postures became somehow graceful. She and Blake were doing this dance—what they knew of it—expertly and amusingly and the crowd was swaying and clapping with the time.

When it came to an end, the customers demanded more.

Hazel turned to a flapper friend, Sibyl Meredith.

"Got any complexion with you, Sibyl? Do you carry a spare?"

There was a brief period of general facial repairs and uplift.

"Don't jeer, boys," said the irresistible Mr. Harley, "the poor girls are dying."

Hazel wanted to do an encore, but something told her that it was the psychological moment to stop.

"No, that'll be all about the Charleston. From now on we'll do the Joytown."

As the Tuneful Trio crashed into a fox-trot, she surrendered herself to the arms of Herb Stanley while Blake carried off Sibyl Meredith. Thus far Hazel's idea was working beautifully; the new dance had started something. The little pine floor, now the center of the night life of Joytown was crowded, overcrowded. The time came when Hazel could carry out her cherished plan. Like a merry monarch she now decreed: "Let there be dancing in the streets."

"You move your gang over here," she told Jim Jackson, "and toot that saxophone as if you were in the ball park." She chased all the younger dancing set out into the roadway. There was an agonizing moment when she could not be sure whether the innovation would succeed or fail; but her guess proved to be a shrewd one. The young dancers spread the disease and the larger public caught the infection. Before the astonishing evening was over the whole street from Bamby's to the boat-house was filled with dancers. Rhythm had broken the ice, as a regiment marching in step will wreck a bridge.

For all her gay abandon Hazel was constantly planning and managing. The level little head was working as rapidly as the twinkling feet. She steered the Tuneful Trio back through the ages, through the two-steps and waltzes of a bygone day to the schottishe, the minuet, and the Boston, the lancers and the rowdy old barn-dances. The portly Mr. Deerforth, who had not seen his own feet since the Spanish-American war, waltzed with Mother Buford and scored an immense hit.

"You're not," he said to Harley in this hour of triumph, "the only pebble on the beach."

When the harvest was ripe for the sickle Hazel rushed into the office to James, the chained watchdog of the Joytown treasury.

"Give me the official lid," she cried. "I think we can shake 'em down for a hatful now."

Other girls were provided with other hats and the intoxicated public fell an easy prey to these lovely blackmailers. All contributions were emptied into the "official lid" and carried in triumph to the treasurer.

"This is marvelous!" James dumped the silver out upon the table.

"Wait till you see what's coming from the booths. The poor fish are buying right and left. Josie Deerforth's gambling hell is doing such a thriving business that she had to send down to the five-and-ten for another quart of jewelry."

"This is all your doings, Hazel. You've put this over."

"A short wife and a gay one," she laughed. "Couldn't you come out and shake your own feet a little?"

" 'Fraid not. I've got a good deal on my hands tonight." There was a line of worry on James' forehead that she had never seen before.

"What a rectangular person!" she thought as she hurried away. She referred not to her husband but to a stranger who studied an art calendar on the wall and did not come forward to be introduced—a square-shouldered, square-headed, square-toed man.

"Doesn't James ever dance?" asked Blake Harley later.

"Sure; but not tonight. He's got a lot of double-entering to do."

"He ought to let me help."

"I'll bet you'd be a wow at bookkeeping. You'd keep a night-book instead of a day-book."

"And," said Harley, "a fast and loose-leaf ledger."

THE time inevitably came when the clock in the town hall struck twelve. That would be only midnight in Gregory but in Newtown it was Sunday morning and the end of revelry. At the stroke Joytown melted away like Cinderella's magnificence, leaving only Maple Place and a lot of tired people packing up the remnants. Hazel and Blake Harley had the last dance together and its end found them near the dock. By common consent they stepped around the little boat-house on the wooden platform overhanging the water.

Standing there in the cool moonlight by the sparkling river Hazel felt relaxed and peaceful and happy, conscious of a job well done, grateful to her dancing partner for his help.

"Well, Blake, we certainly built a fire under that party!"

It was a fact well known to Hazel that her friend had been leaning somewhat upon artificial aid to gaiety during the evening. He now removed something from his hip and offered it to his fair companion.

"A li'l drink wouldn't do us any good," he said.

"No hooch for mine, thanks. That's a thing I don't need in my business."

"How come?" asked Harley between two gurgles. "Is this a meeting of the W.C.T.U.?"

"No, but I have a hunch that every family is entitled to just so much. Father got ours."

"I s'pose he came home and beat up the folks, like you read in the prohibition dope."

"Nothing like that. But he sold the high chair out from under li'l Haze. Laugh *that* off."

"I'm thinking some of cutting it out myself," said Blake, nonsuiting the action to the word.

"Bad business. How'd you like the job of reforming me—pleasant and easy work, no experience required?"

"Not any. I'm not uplifting this season. The elevator is out of order."

Harley dropped his empty flask into the Laughing Ladaga.

"Little Twinkletoes," he said earnestly, "you are a perfect wonder."

"Well, you're some jazz baby yourself."

"I don't mean just your dancing—I mean you."

"You've been a fine sidekick, Blake. I could never have got by without you."

"Maybe you'd like to do me a little favor."

"Anything within reason."

"James and I have a deal on. He's about to put his name on the dotted line, and you must sign, too."

"Why drag *me* in?"

"James hasn't got all it takes, but you know he's got some perfectly good property to mortgage. That needs the signature of the missus. Just a formality, of course; I ought to have let James spill it—but you've been such a good pal of mine. It's going to be a big thing for friend husband."

"What's the idea?"

"I don't suppose you care for all the dull details—"

"If I've got to sign something, I'd better know. I might be buying a set of books, if I'm not careful. The world's best literature in eighty-seven volumes. Limp calf or something."

"No kidding; this is good. Well, the fact is I discovered some time ago that there are valuable oil lands in Arkansas which belong by rights to the Buford family and James is entitled to a fat share. This thing is so big that it will make everybody rich—including little Willie. Of course it will take a piece of change to put it through and—"

"Blake Harley, do you mean to say you're pulling the inheritance game? Well, if this isn't like old home week! Why, father bit on that one before I was born. That's another reason why we had to buy our coal by the pail. If this isn't a scream! Don't tell me there's a Spanish prisoner in yours."

"You've got me all wrong, Hazel. You didn't wait till I was through. I wasn't trying to put anything over on you. I know a wise guy when I see one."

"Oh, I get you," said Hazel calmly. "Just a little game of us two to gyp my only husband. And where would *I* come in?"

"You won't come in—you'll go out. You won't be separated from James's jack; you don't even need to part with that bus you like so much. All that will travel along with the new firm."

"Now, how in the world," thought Hazel, "did I ever get myself into a jam like this?" She gradually became conscious of Harley's words again—"Florida"—"A million dollars in real estate"—"A week from now we'll be parking our educated dogs on a house-boat instead of a boat-house." Her ears were functioning more clearly now.

"We were just built for each other—you know that as well as I do. There's nothing between us but a measly little marriage license."

"Only one?" There was a honey sweetness in Hazel's tone that, to one who knew her better would have been a warning that something cataclysmic and utterly devastating was about to happen.

"Well—two, if you want all the statistics."

The next job was pleasant and easy work for a healthy girl who had spent her years carrying trays and golf-clubs. She swiftly placed one accomplished foot where it would do the most good and gave Harley a hearty push. He clutched wildly at the insubstantial moonlight and fell into the river with a most delicious splash.

"That," thought Hazel as she rounded the boat-house to the shore, "will give the Ladaga something to laugh about."

WHEN she entered the seat of government of Joytown she was appalled to find that she had walked into an ovation. The place was permeated with executive committee and an air of triumph. The returns were in and the right party had won by a landslide. James was sitting in the receipt of customs, taking in the funds from the booths and shows, methodically counting money and entering sums on a card index. He looked white and tired but he worked swiftly and efficiently while the chatter swirled around him. "Like a rock in a babbling brook," thought Hazel. "And yet he was falling for one of the oldest con games in history!"

The good ladies made it clear that Hazel had brought victory out of defeat. She was showered with thanks and congratulations.

"And where is that adorable Mr. Harley," asked the gushing Mae Bentley.

"I don't know. He slipped off somewhere." Almost audibly Hazel added, "I'll say he did."

To James she whispered as she threw a light cloak over her nurse's costume.

"Mother is all in. I'll take her home in the car and come back for you."

"Don't bother about me, dear. The walk will do me good."

"No, listen; let's take a little run down the river road and blow our brains out."

"Righto! I'll try to be ready when you get back."

Hazel hurried away with Mother Buford to escape from these painful congratulations but the older woman proved to be even more distressing.

"We owe everything to you and to Mr. Harley. I'm afraid I wasn't quite fair to that young man. I thought you were seeing too much of him. James didn't seem to mind, but I suppose I was a little jealous on his behalf. I'm old-fashioned and I can't change. Please forgive me."

This apology was almost more than Hazel could bear, but Mother Buford must be protected from the truth, even at the cost of hypocrisy.

"That's all right. No harm done."

"We must have him in to dinner tomorrow."

"Well," Hazel laughed, "we could lock up the solid silver and—"

This well-intentioned pleasantry missed its mark.

"I deserve that," said Mrs. Buford solemnly, "but I shall not interfere in your affairs again."

At the door Hazel drowned her mother-in-law's apology in the roar of the motor and drove away hurriedly, feeling as if she had just set fire to a home for crippled children.

She found James putting the Joytown treasury to bed in the flour and feed store safe. This gave her a few minutes of reprieve as one who finds the dentist still occupied with another patient. Perversely she played with the dangerous thought. "What he doesn't know won't hurt him." By this time Blake Harley would have sneaked back to the hotel, shed his wet clothes and taken a stiff drink. Of course he would take the early morning train back to Gregory. James would never see him again. Why not keep quiet about the whole business? And all the time she knew very well that she would do nothing of the sort.

As they sped out through the quiet streets, Hazel decided to tell him about the personal matter first. That would settle something that needed to be settled. It was about time to find out whether James was a husband or only a collector of revenue.

Now they were winding along the river road and she brought the car to a halt at a favorite spot of theirs where the Ladaga, fringed with white birches, lay beneath them in a wide silvery arc. There she told him the truth about Blake Harley.

"We picked a bad one, James. I thought he was such a nice playmate and it all seemed so innocent and happy I got a lot of jazz out of my system and helped the show—and then he spoiled everything."

"You mean he got fresh?"

"Well, he wanted me to elope with him and beat it for Florida, if you call *that* fresh."

There was a moment of deathly silence. Hazel heard the bark of a dog far away across the river.

"Let's see now; what had I better do?"

It was agonizing to find him so cool and calculating.

"There's nothing for you to do." Hazel's voice was like sharp, cold steel. "You were busy with your precious bookkeeping and I didn't want to bother you, so I pushed him into the river." It took quite a number of earnest words to convince James that she meant this

[*Continued on page 155*]

Moonlight

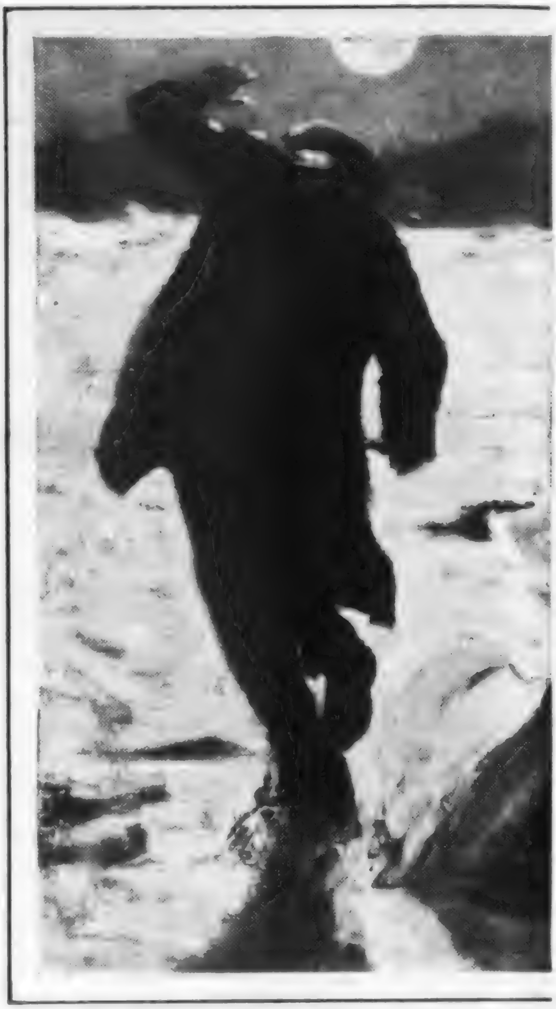
A Complete Novelette

By

Reginald Wright Kauffman

A chance adventure in a gay cabaret opens the glamorous trail of romance

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford



They fought over mounds of ice. The guide flung

HERE y'are!" announced the taxi driver.

Chris extricated his six-feet-one of bone and muscle from the cramped confinement to which they were so unaccustomed. Queer place, New York, but his couple of hours in it had presented nothing queerer than this: that Aunt Hester should be lodged in such quarters as he now saw before him. Above the doorway of a brownstone house incongruous lights spelled its name,

THE HUDSON HUNT

whereas Miss Cobb's eminently spinster letters had always been headed by a simple number.

"Is this—"

But the driver pointed. There were the indubitable figures: black numerals on a white plaque. Chris paid his fare.

What followed he saw as he slowly turned. A low-swung runabout had dashed to the curb, its driver, the sole occupant, descending and making for the brownstone steps. At that instant another figure detached itself from the March evening's shadows: the motorist's head was bent, but the other man's was up—and he arranged a collision.

"G'out o' my way!"

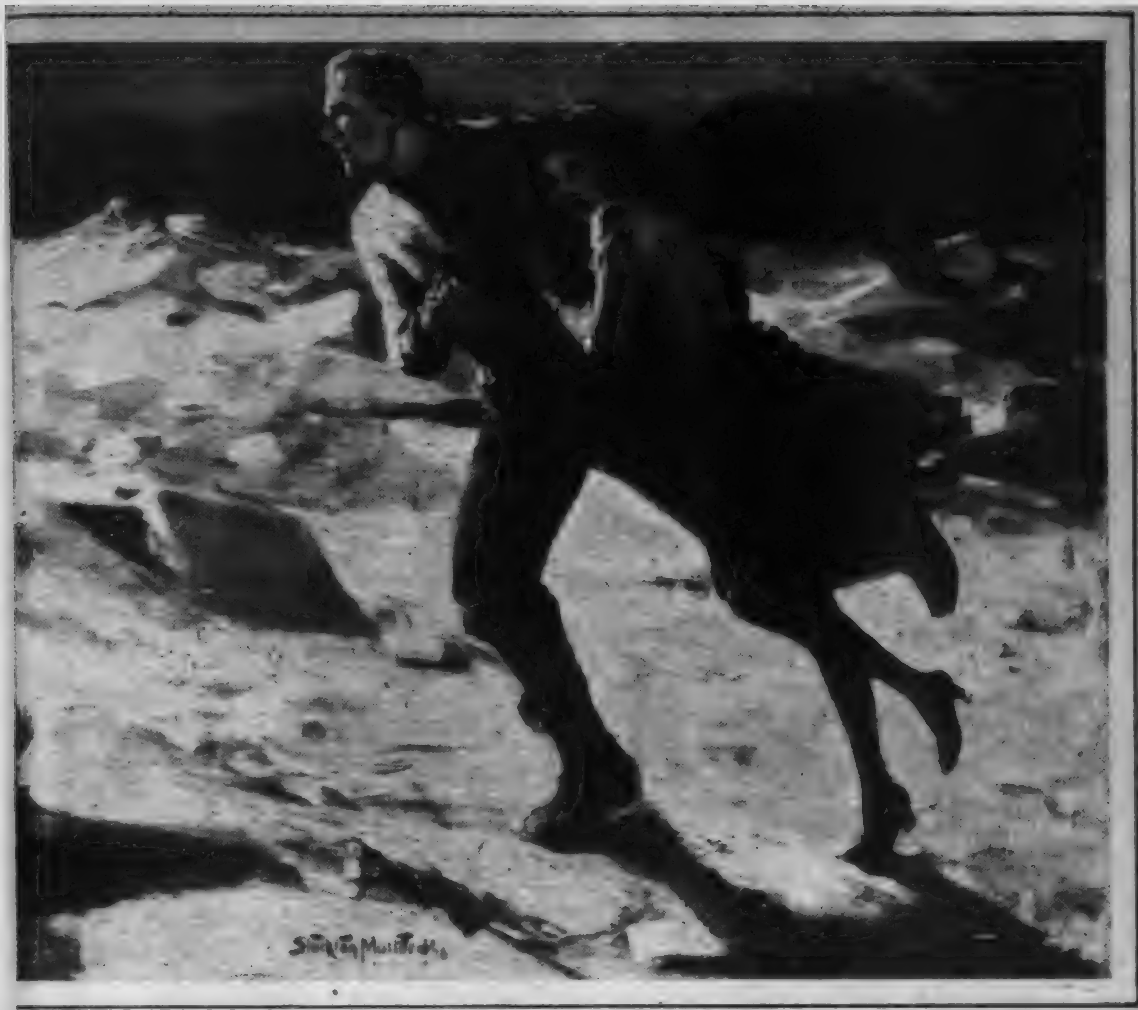
"You don't own the sidewalk!"

Chris had a glimpse of the second fellow's face, swarthy and handsome—of teeth agleam in a cruel smile. Then this creature of the shades launched the full force of a straight-arm punch. Its unwarned victim had not had time so much as to raise his hands; it landed squarely between his eyes. He reeled backward; he tried to regain balance, but a swift left hook to the chin finished the business. He crumpled to the slush-covered pavement just as Chris reached him—and as his wanton assailant disappeared around the near-by corner.

"Hurt?" asked Chris.

The taxi had gone. Two or three pedestrians were hurrying up. The motorist was struggling to his feet: an open overcoat showed evening-clothes the worse for the combat; a glance

Copyright, 1926, by Reginald Wright Kauffman.



up his hand and cried a warning; his words were engulfed by a rending explosion. The ice broke!

higher revealed a little brown mustache, brown eyes, and a battered face contorted by anger.

"Go to Hell!" gasped the vanquished man and lurched toward his car. Plainly *he* must go home and remake his toilet.

Queer place, indeed! Chris shrugged his broad shoulders and ascended the steps.

No need to ring. At his approach, a servant aping an English Eighteenth Century hound-master — powdered wig, red jacket, knee-breeches and high boots—opened the door and began divesting the guest of his outer garments.

An ordinary hall. To the left, through dark plush curtains, a murmur of talk, a clatter of dishes.

"Where's the office?"

"We don't have one," purled the flunkey, as one who would say they were above all that.

"Well, I've an appointment with Miss Cobb," said Chris.

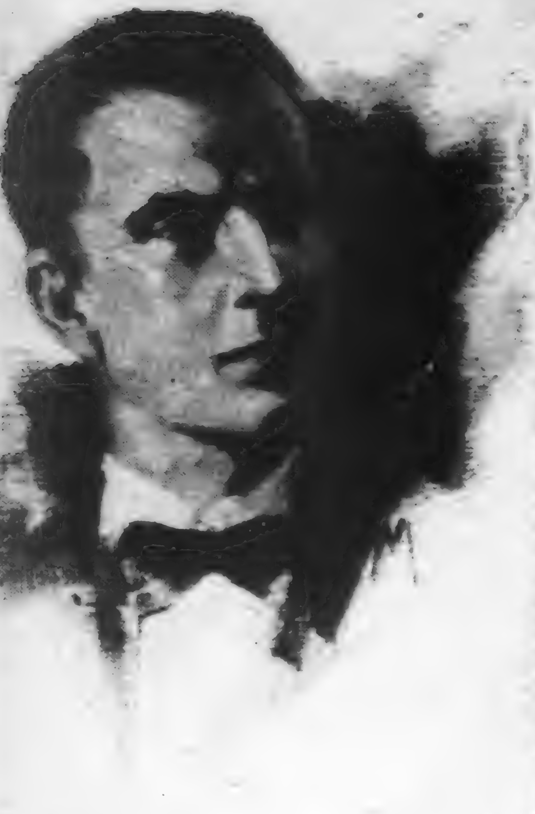
He was gently propelled toward the curtains and there taken in tow by another thing in tight pants.

The room was large, hot and already crowded. Heavily shaded lamps furnished just enough illumination for some forty people at small tables, mostly in couples that looked into each other's eyes through cigaret smoke. Decidedly, Aunt Hester had progressed.

"Table this way, sir."

Chris couldn't detect his relative. An orchestra of three pieces played not badly, but everything else carried on the note of sham. The seated women were sham ladies, their companions blatant imitation of gentlemen about town; the waiters too noisy and too knowing. The ceiling was so painted as to ape an evening sky whence pale stars blinked, and low upon one wall hung some Madison Avenue interior decorator's conception of the hunter's moon.

TOWARD that orb the absurd guide led a flame-cheeked Chris, prowler of the real woods, through the real lunar light of many an autumn. They crossed a cleared spot, threaded a jungle of bowed heads, grinding jaws, hunched shoulders. When Chris shirked those false heavens, his gaze became entangled in an underbrush of thin male legs, black-trousered, and of champagne-stockinged calves made so muscular by over-dancing as to be sexless. A relief to be shown a table, even if it was too



Chris, tall and strong, was a prowler of the woods and not accustomed to New York.

near a side door and beside a synthetic cypress-tree with tailored branches.

"The Moonlight Dinner, sir?"

"No!—I'm waiting for Miss Cobb. Will you just tell—"

"Very good, sir. Name please?"

"Armstead." Chris produced a tip.

"Thank you, sir. When the lady turns up, I'll bring her right here." The waiter considered the coin—exactly sufficient to guarantee its donor; prohibition agents gave either too little or too much. "A cocktail while you're waiting, sir?"

Only 7:15. Armstead's eagerness to borrow a certain sum from his aunt had hurried him too soon from his own hotel. He drank his resinous cocktail slowly, watching those plush curtains.

The head waiter, who flaunted ridiculously conservative side-whiskers, was holding there a conversation with two newcomers—probably cabaret performers. As if to enhance the room's unreality, they were got up as Gipsies. The girl's face was invisible, but her long cloak, brushed aside by an awkward Ganymede, discovered a brief skirt of reds and yellows. The man carried a voluminous coat over his arm, wore a black velvet jacket and, about his slim waist, a crimson sash. He was swarthy and handsome; he was—yes, no doubt about it, he was the fellow that had attacked the motorist!

Armstead's gray eyes followed the pair. When they were seated at a table behind his, he shifted his chair the better to see them.

"They're *real* Gipsies!" he said into his glass.

He spoke of them in the plural—soon, in spite of cogent reasons not to, he was thinking of the girl alone. What *was* the fellow's connection with her? His Gipsy eyes roved over her Gipsy face and breast in an air of both proprietorship and appraisal—the blackguard!

That girl—

She was so seated that her profile presented itself to Armstead's moody regard, the spurious moon shining fraudulently between the couple. She had a face that was the olive oval of a Madonna in Murillo's second Seville period, yet disfigured not only by make-up, disfigured also by some purpose beneath which smoldered something sullen, perhaps fearful—the body of a sylph, yet (at least when, with arms and bust, she illustrated some topic under discussion) exhibiting the movements of a nymph of Pan. Darkness was her theme—brunette from hair to burnt-umber finger-tips: Chris couldn't make out her eyes, but everything else about her that was not red was brown.

It wouldn't do; the future vice-president of the Pittstown Stove Company staring at a Gipsy girl! Armstead looked away.

"Not much choice, though," he presently grunted.

Nor was there. On that one cleared bit of flooring, two serious dancers pretended to be gay. At the left of Chris, a young man, obviously a bond-hawker trying to resemble a member of the Stock Exchange, sat cheek-by-cheek with a woman considerably his senior, who travestied the current "Follies" type: Armstead had seen it in the Sunday newspapers. Directly ahead was a girl alone, seemingly in Armstead's own plight, waiting some tardy host and angry about it; she was turned away, but an enormously high heeled slipper tapped the floor revealingly.

Where was Miss Hester Cobb? No; still too early. The orchestra grew silent.

"I *did!*"

It was a tense whisper, but uttered in a fatally carrying mezzo-soprano. It was that Gipsy girl's.

Armstead looked quickly back. Her lithe body, all atremble, was bent across the table. Gorgeous—but her companion drew away before the fierceness of her face.

"And I'd do it again. Now—"

He of the velvet coat frowned a warning. The remainder of her speech was lost to the eavesdropper.

Still, he could see. A nymph! A tigress! Against the red edge of her low-cut bodice, her breasts beat until the brown skin above glowed pink. Her sensitive lips tightened into a straight line of vermilion; she made, with one dark little fist, the movement of a knife-blow.

She laughed—Chris didn't like that laugh. Her suddenly roving gaze, black with emotion, caught Armstead's. As quickly—and as if to mock his espionage—the dark fingers that had just threatened death went up to the now smiling lips that had just spat hate. She tossed back her bobbed black curls—and to Armstead she tossed the kiss of a bacchante.

"Oh, damn!" said Armstead.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem to Manhattan, there are those who reach maturity ten hours from that Babylon without visiting it—and not all farmers, either. Thus Chris. To be sure, he had once or twice been brought here, a mere boy, by his parents, as long as when there was a Hoffman House, but that hardly counted. Never, since his people died, had he come here. Troy—he knew Troy. Albany, too, and Schenectady. Not New York. Ordinary life in Pittstown wasn't narrowing, but life behind the paying-teller's window of Pittstown's Fiduciary Trust Company—well, whenever he got a vacation, he'd preferred to pass it in the cheaper parts of the White Mountains—killing things in the Catskills—fishing in the rough waters of Maine's Casco Bay, even on his week-ends, his motorcycle usually took him into the Adirondacks.

"These people'd call me a fool," thought Armstead.

He didn't look it. A mirror on the nearest wall reflected a strong face with keen eyes, the high cheek-bones and firm mouth of the essentially at-home-anywhere American type.

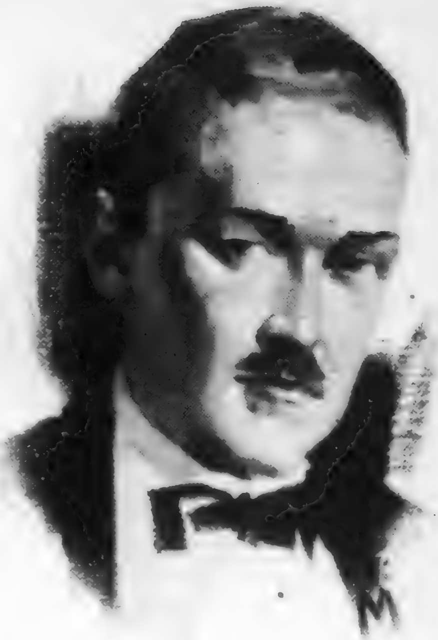
"Still," he thought, "this girl wouldn't have done *that* to old Fenwick."

At Aunt Hester's demand, old Fenwick had vouchsafed the job from which Armstead worked up to that of paying-teller, and now—why, just because Chris had cashed a bad check for a convincing, but vanishing stranger, old Fenwick discharged Armstead.

"Only I *know* I've been a fool," said he, "and Fenwick doesn't know *he* has. Show 'em!"

He would be vice-president of the Pittstown Stove Manufacturing Company—so substantial Horace Slaymaker promised—as soon as he invested ten thousand dollars in it. And he would have the lacking eight thousand—he already had two thousand of his own—as soon as he convinced Aunt Hester.

In the New England way, his mother's maiden sister had budded early, but bloomed late. For a half-century she lived over the Vermont line, in the house where first she saw light. Everybody, except her Bennington broker, thought her poor until, at fifty, she appeared to have been making shrewd investments since '95. Six months ago, one of her hebdomadal letters informed her "dear Christopher" that she had moved to New York, there to pass her declining years—which he gathered were to be far more sprightly than her rising five decades—where she "could be in close touch with the market."



Harold, with a little brown mustache, was a regular man about town.

Something *to* this relative—a lot! Armstead hadn't half finished telling Fenwick what he thought of him before he thought of Aunt Hester—saw that the simple way to "show old Fenwick" was to represent to Miss Cobb the special advantages of putting eight thousand of her active dollars into the Pittstown Stove Company.

Arriving New York five. Like to see you.

This was his telegram. Brief. Businesslike.

Dine my place 7:30.

That was her reply, which, if not enthusiastic, might be affectionate and was certainly as practical as his own message.

Well, here *he* was! Where was she?

He didn't like that girl!

Armstead couldn't devote much time to his cocktail; if it contained any of the ingredients of a genuine cocktail, they were so diluted that the dose was no more palatable than harmful. He welcomed interruption.

It came when the music—probably in response to some prearranged signal—began again and, by change in quality, ordered a cessation of clatter and chatter. To anticipatory "Oh's," the light went out: remained only the false planets of the fictitious sky. Chris heard rather than saw a general head-turning in his direction—in the direction of that tawdry moon behind him.

Slowly the orchestra was playing the plaintive "Marquitta," then popular from Paris and Madrid to Seattle and Hollywood, nor unknown in Pittstown:

Je mourrai, s'il faut, pour t'avoir, Marquitta—
Mon Malheur, Marquitta, C'est toi!

They played it with infinite tenderness, as softly as songs dream-heard—played it through once, and stopped for a dozen heart-beats.

A hand, in the semidarkness, touched Armstead's right shoulder—a woman's hand. The orchestra recommenced.

Five minutes ago, Armstead would have moved away; not now. He had been thrown a kiss, however mocking; the music wrought upon him; there was something in that touch of vivid fingers—well, no use being rude. He had never had much time for women—hard work at the trust-company, hard play in the woods—

Without budging his shoulder, but gradually raising the gaze that had, at the hand's descent, fallen, he could just make out beside him a pair of slim feet and ankles; legs shapely beyond any observed upon his entrance here; short, wide skirts, a supple waist. He saw, even better, arms that were no pipe-stems like those of most of the women guests, slender, but well-rounded and wholly feminine—the beautifully free, firm curve of the breasts—the pulsing throat: yes, the dark face, with its upturned chin, of the Gipsy girl, her head thrown back to the trunk of that false cypress-tree, the ringlets of her bobbed hair stark against the fallacious moon.

The midnight and moonlight,
The ribbon of road bright,
The wayside, the hillside at rest—

Not singing: speaking—but speaking, to the orchestra's obbligato, with a flow of notes that were pure music. Armstead caught his breath.

That silly moon—somehow for a moment no longer silly—was rising, and, by a trick of the lights, turning an honest yellow in the higher heavens. Its illumination poured over the seated man and the girl standing beside him, while her voice crept through the cigaret-smoke like a breath from the pine-forests of the Aroöstook that Chris used to know. She had made, as yet, no gesture—exhibited none of the grotesqueries of the parlor elocutionist—but, syllable by witching syllable, the new ballad unfolded its petals to the already old melody, sensuous, moving.

His eyes rise to my eyes;
Mine bathe him, they baptize
His heart as he lies on my breast.

Armstead was looking up, the Gipsy down. The mocking smile with which she had once before taunted him fluttered her vermilion lips; she bent her beautiful, savage face.

Was she daring him too— His heart leaped. Somebody laughed, nervously.

At once the stifling tenderness in Armstead's breast, sharing its ambush, an anger, an outraged pride, as savage as the girl's dusky smile. She *would* ridicule him, would she? Here in this damned light? Before all these people?

He flung his right arm around her waist. His left hand buried itself under the curls at the back of her neck. He jammed her taunting face against his face, her mouth to his.

She fought. Because she fought, his anger raged the more. Or was it anger? Anyhow, she was helpless—

Guffaws—he didn't care—so much the better. An overturned chair; the Gipsy man—what of it?

AS ARMSTEAD held her lips with his own—as he tightened his grip upon her—he felt a quiver run through that encircled body. Her eyes, which had been half-veiled, closed now as if all consciousness were going; a stifled little sound that was part moan and part sigh died behind her teeth. He forgot his indignation—forgot that room of grinning shadows—forgot her advancing companion. She, he told himself, was no common Gipsy; she was the Romany of poetry and song, the most wonderful woman he had ever seen. For, during one brief breath, she was alive again, and Armstead was sure that she returned his kiss.

A breath? It had all happened in less than a breath, and with his forgetfulness came its ending. He had eased his hold—she, changed again, whirled from it. Hatred blazed at him, but she retreated no farther. With one raised hand, she conquered the laughter of the audience, with one repeated order she checked the swarthy man's advance:

"No, *jude! Nakelo* again. I say no, *krolestoo cyganskie!*"

Whereat she banished all that had happened by a disdainful toss of her head. Armstead sat covered with confusion; the girl marvelously resumed her story—and her hold upon her hearers.

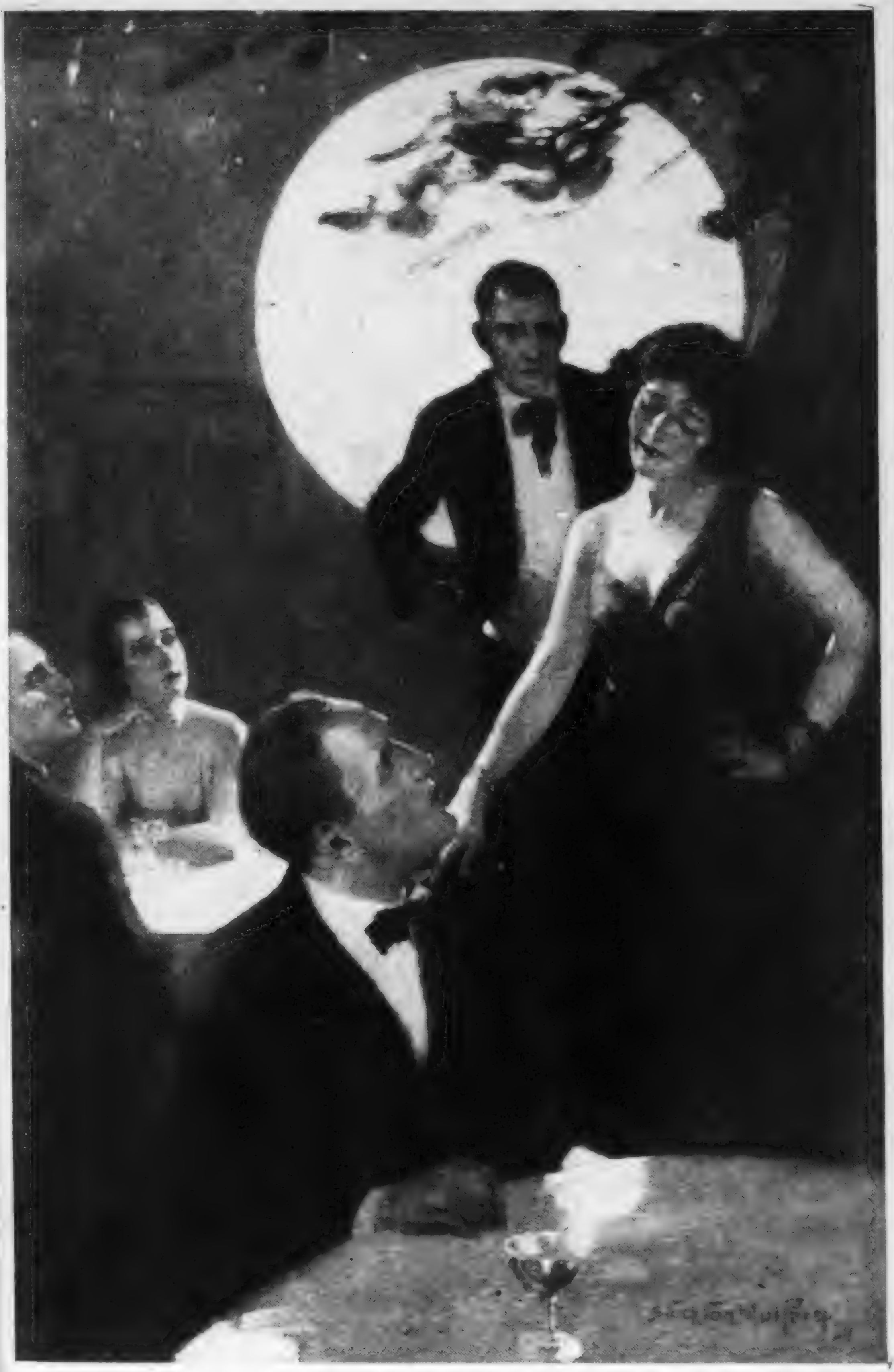
A footfall, a low call—

He was frightfully ashamed—had never been so frightfully ashamed of himself. Not for what he had done—her fault that. But for the public show of—well, of his anger. He—

The music had not paused, but here the lyric theme of the ballad ceased. The Gipsy girl of the verses lost her Romany lover to another houri of the tribe; the chill of jealousy cut across those liquid sounds:

Her teeth gleam, her eyes beam—

Marvelous, how she could do it—after that frightful episode. Armstead, not at once



Armstead was looking up, the Gipsy down. The mocking smile with which she had once before taunted him was on her lips. She bent her head. She was daring him.

daring to look at her, looked at the fellow in the velvet coat; but *he* was looking at his friend so intently that Chris had to follow the gaze: the reciter sidled between the tables—drew near the heedless back of the woman whom he had guessed to be waiting a late host.

While I mourn, she smiles scorn;
She laughs when my lips warn—
Nor sees how I fondle my knife.

Then, with a fervor that sent a genuine shiver through the length of the room, came the climax. The words told of the stealthy crawl to the false lover's tent now shared by the sleeping Delilah, and this was illustrated by bending over that attendant guest: the seated woman started, but—evidently recognizing in what went on one of those familiar approaches of entertainers to patrons common at a cabaret—immediately settled back, shrugging, in her chair.

The moonlight—her bared breast—

The Gipsy's clenched hand rose. It came down with that very movement of a knife-blow which Chris had surprised in the watched conversation of a few minutes since. People gasped; the supposed victim laughed nervously; the reciter returned to her place beside Armstead and laid her hand again upon his shoulder exactly as if here he were as incapable of insult as a newel-post.

Gitanos outside thrum guitars:
My blade red, and they dead
Upon my betrayed bed—
I go back to the moonlight and stars!

The music stopped at last. In the instant between that hush which is the sincerest applause and its mere translation into sound, the lights went up—whereupon several things bewildering to Armstead happened almost simultaneously.

Through the plush curtains, the head waiter had obsequiously shown a fresh arrival, who seemed to have been held in the hall until the way in was again illuminated and was now holding out an apologetic hand to the waiting lady. He was a young man in evening clothes, a rather handsome and hurried young man with a wisp of a mustache on his pale face, and a scowl on it, too—not to mention a bad bruise between the eyes and some scattered pieces of court-plaster: in a word, though refurbished, certainly that young man whom Armstead had lately seen knocked down before the front steps of the house.

THIS first. However, only a glance at him was then possible—Armstead had at once to jerk his head around toward the Gipsy girl. She had been standing here, motionless, limp, exhausted. Now her hand tightened upon his shoulder with a strength that made him wince.

"Is anything—anything wrong?" he stammered.

She flung herself away, hands outspread. Her back toward the rest of the company, she muttered a quick word to her fellow Gipsy. Released by her fingers, a bright object fell to the floor.

Armstead stooped to recover it. Hard to find—he had to grope for it. Where the— Oh, he had it now: a gold chain bearing a gold sphere perhaps an inch and a half in diameter.

He rose. The table toward which he looked was empty. There were the recloaked Gipsies, making for the lesser exit—hurriedly.

"Hi!" he called—and started after them.

That seemed to spur their speed. They didn't look back. The man clutched the girl's arm and pushed her through the doorway. Chris followed down a brief hall giving upon a badly lighted side street across which swept upon him a blast of blinding snow. There was a line of automobiles here—one of them was already in motion—a red scarf fluttered from its closing window.

"That—that lady," he gasped to the chauffeurs leaning against the house-wall, "she dropped a locket—"

"Well, you're too late on the job with it," grinned the nearest jehu; the cab had rounded a corner.

"Did you hear the address she gave?"

"Nope. Did you, Chauncey?"

Chauncey said she didn't give none. "Private car. The man guinea drove it himself. Aw, jus' turn in the t'ing to the head waiter. The jane'll come back for it t'morrow. He'll see she gets it a'right; he's as square a guy as they is on this part o' the West Side."

Fresh air was dusting Armstead's music-muddled brain. "The West— Isn't this *East* Fifty-ninth Street?"

It wasn't. Chris had wool-gatheringly given his own driver the wrong address—asked for West Fifty-ninth, and to West Fifty-ninth dutifully been taken. He remembered now—Aunt Hester had plainly written "East."

Had it been possible to make phonographic transcription of Armstead's shortly succeeding thoughts, the record's major portion would have run somewhat as follows:

"Eight thousand dollars!—Vice-President!—Crazy!—

"Aunt Hester'll be, to . .

"Fake place, fake patrons. *Damn!* Hired Gipsy entertainer. Serves me right. . . .

"Aunt Hester; vice-presidency. Pay for that cocktail. Hat and coat. Fake whiskers? Thanks, tip, taxi— Eight thousand . . . *Ever* there? . . . More like Aunt Hester, here.—Vice-pres— What?—I'm her nephew!—Tired waiting?—Gone?—Eight thousand gone! —*Where's* she gone?—Night with a friend in—

Vice-presidency—Long Island?—Ten tomorrow? Eight . . . DAMN!"

Enough to make a man forget Gipsies and lockets—enough to give anybody a bad night; and Aunt Hester Cobb, when he did finally run her to earth next day, refused to give him anything at all—except a sight-seeing tour. She began by turning up her long nose because he himself had not turned up last evening. She went on by wanting to know, in a shrill voice, why he hadn't realized his mistake as soon as he found that the West Side address covered a common cabaret. Impossible to approach the subject of the loan—must wait a softened mood.

So he let her show him Manhattan: subway, "L," and bus dashes from end to end and back again—top of the Woolworth Building—into the Carnegie Library—through the Metropolitan Museum. They went down to a shouting Stock Exchange and up to a little less vociferous Zoo. And they lunched at a department store.

CHRIS could tramp the Maine woods—he could not stand more of this. He blurted out his business proposition—as badly as possible. And the proposition was sniffingly refused.

"Horace Slaymaker's stove works at six per cent.? When seventy-five per cent. of my stocks pay seven—some eight? Christopher, you're your father over again! You'll never know anything about finance. Now, come and have dinner at my hotel and go to the Philharmonic, and then take the morning train back to your place in George Fenwick's trust company, where you belong."

It will be observed that Chris had not mentioned the detail of leaving Mr. Fenwick's employ. It seemed unnecessary to make that mention now. Aunt Hester was due for a nap; he said good afternoon. As soon as the subway had engulfed her, he said something stronger.

Snowing again—or slushing. Armstead thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pockets.

"Gee, I forgot this!"

In his excited departure from the cabaret, he had slipped into one of those pockets both the golden sphere dropped by the wild woman and all memory of it. He drew it out. A touch at a spring swung it open. Each half held a miniature: a young chap with light hair and mustache—an even younger woman whose blond loveliness was lessened in Armstead's modern eyes by her mandolin sleeves of 1894.

How had these fair gentlefolk come into the hands of that dark Gipsy? The thing had a chain attached to it—but the chain was broken. It had not been around the cabaret entertainer's neck.

"Dollars to doughnuts it don't belong to *her!*"

He wouldnt' turn it in at the Hudson Hunt, then—didn't want to see the place again anyhow: cause of all his trouble. That recitation's pretended knife blow: had that covered a theft?

Close by was one of the uptown offices of a newspaper:

Want Ads. Rec'd Here.

"Advertise it," said Armstead. "Then mebbie it'll get back to its real owner."

He went in under the sign and saw a frantic man behind the counter trying to take care of several persons in front of it. There were pencils on strings and advertisement forms. Chris began laborious composition.

FOUND: A gold locket at—

A motor-wagon had dashed up and stopped outside. A whistling boy staggered in and dumped, face upward upon the counter, an armful of copies of the latest edition of the newspaper, their ink still damp. A "streamer" across the first page jerked at Armstead's attention; the picture beneath held it:

"WHERE IS THE GIRL
THIS BELONGS TO?"

"Now then," said the clerk, free at last.

But Chris had discarded his literary efforts. "Are these papers for sale?"

"Think they're free?"

Armstead bought one and hurried out. At the nearest news stand he got a copy of every afternoon newspaper published in New York. Once returned to his hotel, he read each line printed concerning that sensational event which had been made public in time for this edition: the disappearance of Katherine Kessel.

> "Army of the lost—young and beautiful heiress . . . as if the earth had swallowed her."

"They're all beautiful heiresses," Chris reflected, "soon as something happens to 'em."

But, if it looked precipitate, this—in a "box" at midcolumn—looked also like business:

> $10,000 REWARD!
> The above sum will be paid for information definitely locating the present whereabouts of Katherine Kessel, if alive, and leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for her disappearance or death . . .

The signatories were "Barton Cadwalader; L. B. Everts, M. D.; Joseph Vandusen Tayne, 3rd —Trustees of the Estate of the late James R. Kessel."

But Armstead's interest? The missing girl had worn at the time of her disappearance—she always wore—a curious gold spheroid locket, forerunner of today's spherical watches, wherein were miniatures of her parents. This rare bit of work had been photographed at an art exhibition, and that photograph was here reproduced; the locket was the same—the pictures were the same—the trinket was the very trinket dropped by the volcanic Gipsy girl and at this moment reposing on Armstead's hotel bed. He needed eight thousand dollars for the thing he wanted most in life—and here were ten thousand offered:

"I don't think I'll dine with Aunt Hester!"

Unfortunately, since the death, seven years since, of her father and mother in a motor accident, Katherine Kessel had not visited a photographer. There were snap-shots published that might have been anybody, and several likenesses of a chubby girl of ten—eleven—twelve; some of the same person turned angular with her early 'teens: nothing adequate. But the police description sufficed Chris negatively:

> "Age: 21. Height: 5 feet 5 inches.
> Weight: 126 lbs. Hair: Golden.
> Eyes blue, nose straight, complexion light—very fair—pronounced blonde—"

No, that wasn't the Gipsy girl of the cabaret.

> "—Small triangular scar under left ear. Retiring disposition, quiet manner—"

That wasn't the cabaret girl at all! Could it be the other girl—the one forced to play a passive part in the ballad's drama? But this was impossible! What if he hadn't seen *her* face—didn't know whether she was as blond as this description depicted Katherine Kessel or as brunette as the Gipsy? Other guests had seen her. A kidnaped woman isn't sent out to cabarets. If it came to that, a woman of twenty-one with reasons for running away—supposing such reasons could exist in the present case—would scarcely pass an evening at so public a place as the Hudson Hunt.

> "—When last seen she wore dark-blue tailor-made suit; mink boa; cloche-shaped dark blue felt hat; Paris imprint (Fouchet et Cie. Rue de la Paix) within; champagne-colored stockings, silk, and black suède shoes."

"But that cabaret girl's the end of the string," said Chris. She had made a fool of him— The instant of surrender? A mere feint to free herself and get on with her theft! He mocked the romance that she had wakened in him— "*She's* the end of the string to my eight thousand—to my ten thousand dollars."

HE READ along. It came to this:

Katherine Kessel's home was at Lyons, in Wayne County, where she lived quietly in the house of Dr. Everts and next door to Joseph Tayne, the two bachelors of that elderly trio who were at once her joint guardians and the trustees of the large estate left by her father, all of which—she had meanwhile been granted a modest allowance—was to revert to her at her marriage or, failing marriage before that date, upon her attaining the age of thirty. Three days ago, accompanied by the doctor and Tayne, she had arrived in New York for certain eleventh-hour shopping connected with her approaching wedding. Yesterday was her birthday: she was just twenty-one, and for that evening a little dinner in her honor had been scheduled by Barton Cadwalader, the guardian and trustee resident in Manhattan, at which, of course, Cadwalader's nephew, her fiance, Howard H. Tectonius—the marriage was set for a fortnight hence—would be the second most important guest. She was in her usual serene spirits.

Yesterday afternoon she had a late rendezvous with her dressmaker. Tectonius, as previously arranged, called at her hotel and walked with her down Fifth Avenue; they talked happily of the approaching wedding and parted at the dressmaker's shop. Its proprietor, interviewed just before today's afternoon newspapers went to press, dilated—unaverse to advertisement—upon trousseau details and Miss Kessel's expressed satisfaction therewith: it was he that supplied the description of her street clothes, observed by his assistants as she put them on again. Making an appointment to return on the morrow, she left his establishment at 5:45 P.M., from which moment all trace of Katherine Kessel was lost.

By ten o'clock that evening her guardians had telephoned vainly to all her few New York friends and then to all the hospitals. At eleven, private detectives were consulted. This morning the thoroughly alarmed guardians called in the police: publicity and the reward offer followed. She had no known enemies; her shopping being done through estate charge accounts, she carried little money. Everts, Tayne, and Caldwalader, not to mention the frantic Tectonius, unanimously declared that she possessed every reason to be satisfied with her lot: foul play of some sort was the only theory they advanced.

Chris consulted a directory. Barton Cadwalader lived at the Cardigan Club.

"Gone out," said the doorman of the Cardigan Club.

"Where?" asked Armstead.

The doorman grinned. "About five hundred an' one reporters 've been askin' me that for the last half-hour." Armstead's tip, however, was as effective as most tips in an institution where the house rule against tipping is the sole rule never violated: "He's at police headquarters."

That Gipsy witch herself could not be more anxious to avoid the police than was Chris. Just now, anyhow. He had read about the false frankness of reward offers. "For information *definitely* locating"—he had none. He did not propose to hand what he did have to somebody else so that the somebody else could earn his ten thousand—not unless there was no other way.

He looked up the fiance's address and found the apartment house in which Tectonius lived—found another doorman.

"Gone out."

"Where?" Armstead guessed the answer and reduced the tip accordingly.

And the answer was what Chris feared: "Said he was goin' to police headquarters."

Of course Chris could wait. But in the meantime— In the meantime, he would, after all, revisit the Hudson Hunt.

NOBODY else did, at such an hour. He had to ring this time, and it was not a flunkey, in powdered wig that answered; it was a scrubwoman, rubbing wet hands on a soiled apron: boss wasn't in—staff hadn't arrived—only Jim.

"Call Jim," said Chris.

"*Jim!*"

A shuffle behind the plush curtains. Armstead went into a room of tables that, uncovered, revealed cheap wood and slovenly workmanship. Chairs were piled on them. The entire system of make-believe was suspended, and the imitation moon hung sickly from the spurious sky. In this limbo a coatless person pottered; the head waiter, he of the respectable side-whiskers.

Chris had brought plenty of money with him to New York and recognized the present need of liberality; but he felt also the need of parsimony as to his own plans. He wanted to buy information, not give it.

"You remember"—he flushed painfully—"that girl who did a recitation here last night—that Gipsy girl?"

Jim remembered.

"Well," said Chris, "I liked her looks." That was horribly true, anyhow.

Jim's looks became less respectable. "Yessir."

"Where does she live?"

The head waiter hurriedly pocketed what had been given him: otherwise, it might be reclaimed. "I don't know where she lives."

"Then who does? Isn't she— Do you mean she's not one of your regular entertainers?"

"That's what I mean: reg'lars all come later." At last temporarily out of his professional character, the servant ceased to be a machine; even his speech altered. "That pair—or she did—told me they wanted to do a stunt, an' the boss wasn't around, an' they gave me somethin', so I fixed up the orchestry an' said to go ahead s'long as it wasn't no rough stuff. No, I never seen that pair before, an' I been here ever since this place opened up."

"But *I'd* like to see the girl again."

Jim was unruffled: to a waiter on or off duty, even the desire of a clean-cut young man for a hoyden Gipsy lacks startling qualities: "I don't believe you will—not soon, anyhow. Spring's comin', an' you know how them Gipsies get a move on them. She ain't at where she lives, wherever it is. Why, while I was hackin' her lobster at that servin'-table close by, I heard—" The garçon in Jim rose again and choked the gossip—"you see, you can't help overhearin' sometimes, sir, even if you know you ain't meant to like that time there, an' if you know you ain't, why the more—"

"Yes, yes! What did you hear?"

"Why, jus' about beatin' it. The fellow, he said somethin' about some other girl bein' safe where she'd been left, but how he'd got to collect her—"

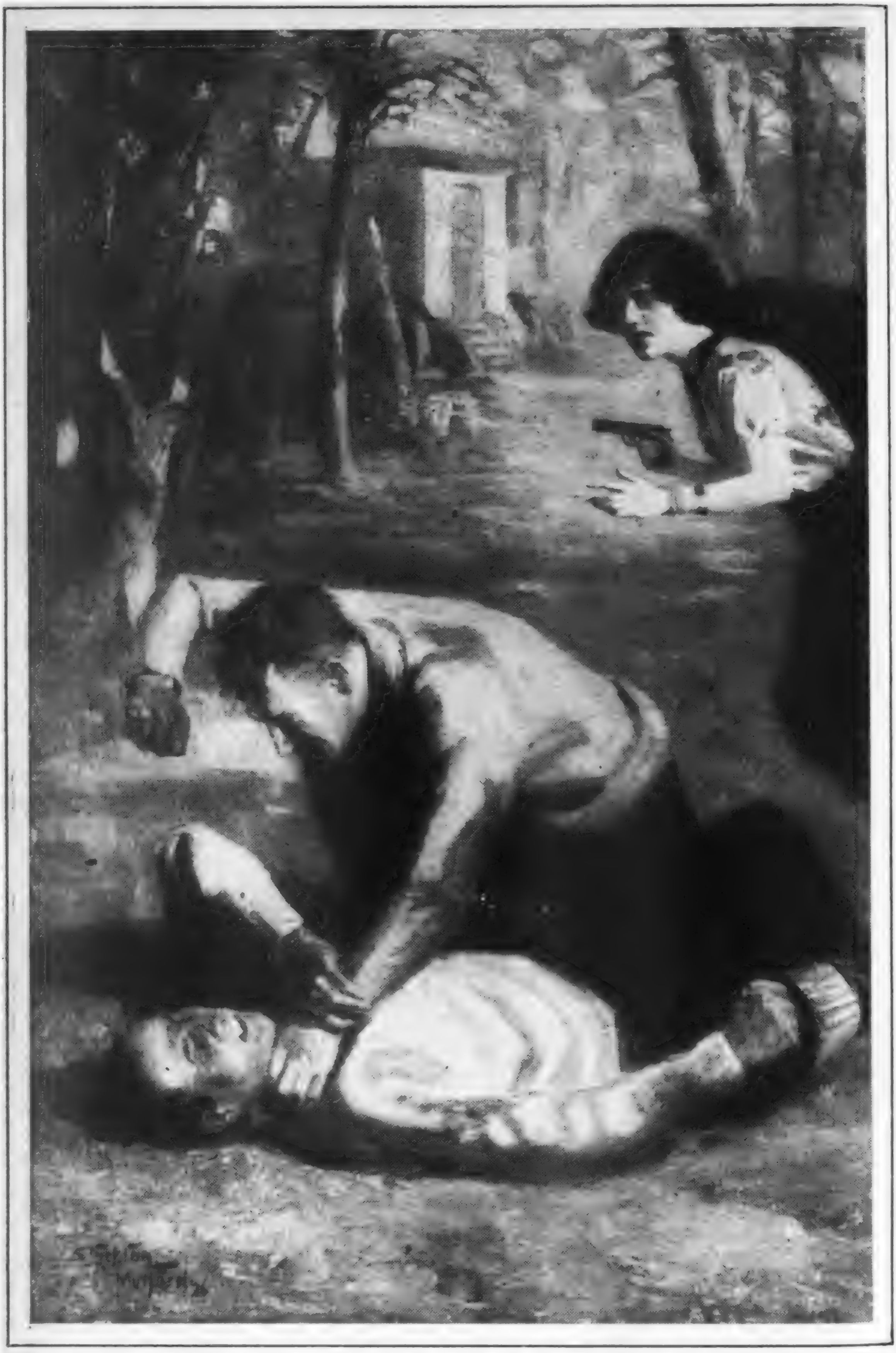
"Beating it *where?*"

"Havre de Grace. It's a place in Maryland. You know. Where the races—"

Crazy: Armstead had been *crazy* to waste time trying to deliver what information he possessed to guardian or fiance! He was well ahead of the police, but the trail cooled hourly: the thing to do was to follow to its conclusion the clue he had come across—wring the truth (revenge in this course, too!) out of his dusky seductress—perhaps even rescue a captive from that red-sashed thug who owned her—and then, having got all the goods, to claim—when it could not be refused—the reward. Within the hour, he was aboard an express for Philadelphia, at which city, the time-table told him, he must change cars for Havre de Grace.

Scarcely an exciting metropolis just now, Chris decided when he saw that town, situated near the point where the Susquehanna swirls into the Chesapeake—no races; of course, the shad-fishers not yet at work: indeed, despite thawing weather the wide waters were still full of ice, and one trainman told another that the river was still froze clear acrost, a few miles up. Nevertheless, Armstead breathed more freely: here he was nearing the realities of forest and stream. New York dispatches to the Baltimore morning papers declared the police puzzled by the Kessel case: he was maintaining his lead, and somewhere out there among these pine-clad hills, along the open road or Romany-trail, must be a Gipsy caravan, a woman in trouble, and a mocking girl—

Rough country: to make ready for it, he visited one of those slopshops which still announced their wares as miraculous left-overs from the war—bought and put on cap and sweater, woolen socks and walking-boots, hesitated over an army-automatic and was lost. "Getting near spring," he suggested.



Armstead got his man: together they smashed into the clearing's ooze. He was on top . . . he was underneath. . . . Whenever a fist wrenched free it shot into its enemy's face.

The Polack proprietor of the American military establishment thought not very.

"Oh," said Chris, "I'll bet you've had Gipsies around here already."

"Den you'll lose yer mawnie."

But the Polack had an American son, and the son had red hair—always a token of intelligence. He followed a somewhat puzzled Chris outside; blue eyes were knowingly upraised under white lashes: "Say, mister, are you lookin' fer Gipsies?"

It had to be admitted.

"Well, I'm fer business. There's a Hoot Gibson picture at the Star tonight. Will you gimme the price?"

Chris produced a half-dollar. "This do?"

"Honest to Gawd?" The alert young eyes blinked incredulity.

"If *you're* honest to *me*." Armstead smiled slightly with his straight lips and broadly with his gray eyes.

"Cross my heart." The transaction was effected. "Well, then, if they haven't went, an' I don't believe they have, 'cause their wash was all out on the bushes yesterd'y, they're 'bout eighteen mile' up the Delta road, but back from it in that field jus' ahint the old slate-mines. I was out for a hike with Pud Schlothauser an' seen 'em—an', comin' back, we seen another o' their auto*mo*biles with a Gipsy-man drivin' it."

That money was earned! "Any women with him?"

"A Gipsy-woman was sittin' aside him. The curtains was up 'round the car: I couldn't see inside."

"What did the girl—I mean, what did the man look like?"

"Why—like a Gipsy." Extreme youth limits even red hair: beyond that "like a Gipsy" there was no progress.

AT HALF-PAST six o'clock that evening, Armstead lay, amid spring snow and autumn leaves, atop a thickly wooded knoll and peered through underbrush to a Gipsy camp in the little clearing beneath. He was wet and cold, his lean face blue; his eyes ached: he had been lying here for hours without a sight of that for which he watched.

Overhead, the sky smoldered with the sunset's afterglow: to the west, an angry crimson; eastward, pink-tinted green, where the cloudless dome caught back reflected light from the river here invisible, and where pale Mercury climbed to Heaven. Against the whole hoop of the horizon rose hills white with snow or black with jagged pine: no evidence of any house—of any human being, except in this muddied meadow.

A touring-car, caked with clay from side-curtains to wheel-rims, but displaying a New York license-tag, stood at one end of the open space. At the other had been parked three automobiles that were like traveling cottages; a very superior Romany caravan, red and orange with green decorations, wisps of lace veiling the tiny windows, and fragrant wood-smoke curling from the chimneys and whipped by the mild breeze. Over the roof of one van four sturdy children clambered with a glee and agility alike simian; above a fire kindled in the middle of the clearing two old women, crimson kerchiefs circling their gray heads, tended a kettle from which odors of food rose to the expanding nostrils of the hungry spy.

Armstead blew upon his woolen mittens. He glared at the encampment:

"Aw, toy along! Don't mind me!"

He had stolen here for either of two things: if he detected any sign of a captive's whereabouts, he would mature plans for rescue; if no such tokens appeared, he would watch for chance of an interview with the Gipsy-girl alone—his rebel heart leaped at the thought of this wind in her hair—and try to frighten from her the necessary information. Well, signs of captivity seemed unlikely to materialize; now he even began to doubt the opportunity for the alternative.

But he waited on: the reward he could forget—not the unhappy woman whose plight occasioned it. The kettle was carried into one of those wheeled houses; the youngsters scampered after it; the improvised compound was deserted: still Chris kept his post. From the nearest vehicle came a fiddler's sounds—shuffle of feet—men's laughter: Chris bit his swollen lips and remained immobile in his hiding-place.

At last, however, he was rewarded. A figure emerged from the central van, and that van had theretofore given forth no hint of occupancy except for the wisps of smoke from its chimney. The figure closed the door, descended the lowered steps, looked furtively about him: a man now in a purple sweater—that darkly handsome Romany of the Hudson Hunt. He stretched long arms; then set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the Susquehanna.

Not until the fellow had quite disappeared did Armstead budge, when he rose and, with all the trained hunter's caution, descended the knoll's further side. He made for the river-road—peeped up it through screening bushes: yes, there went the Gipsy chief, swinging lithe limbs in the direction of Delta as if upon some determined mission.

Again Chris watched him out of sight. This accomplished, the spy turned into the highway and pursued it to the point where a faint track led southward. Into that he made his way and so was soon passing through the wanderer's camp like any ordinary pedestrian.

The sun's last glow had gone, but a full moon hung in the mauve sky, washing the compound in ocher radiance, lending magic to the meadow, an elfin air to those gaudy vans. Armstead recalled that false moon of the Manhattan cabaret and the tricks it had played with him. Here, anyhow, reigned reality!

His approach was unchallenged. He ascended the movable steps of the central van and softly tried its door-knob.

Locked!

Had the chief secured it upon his exit? He might have done so; there had been an instant—Chris now remembered—when the Romany's straight back was turned. Armstead rapped upon a panel.

Some soft sound answered—soft, but startled: like a movement of fright. Then nothing more.

From the next wagon, that fiddle sang. It ought to deaden noises from this spot to the rest of the caravan. Armstead took off his gloves—made sure his automatic was handy. Without further warning, he put his shoulder to the door.

IT BROKE open at his second shove. He lurched after it into a tiny room—a room like one in a doll's house.

The picture of it flashed upon him: an air of cleanliness—lace-curtained windows—lithographs upon the wooden walls—a diminutive stove—a bunk. No importance, all this—but a candle burned on a small table, and across that table peered at him a dusky face known all too well: the cabaret Gipsy-girl's.

Her head was stretched forward, as he had often seen the head of some wild animal suddenly confronted by its human foe, her black locks tossed back. Doubtless her eyes could not recognize him, for he had stopped short of the circle of light, but they were dark with alarm; her outflung hands were clenched. She pursed vermilion lips.

This much he received as in the click of a camera's shutter. The next stroke of time and she blew out the light.

Armstead guessed her strategy. He banged fast the shattered door—leaned against it. Her, making for that means of exit, he caught in his ready arms.

"Let me go!" she gasped.

Once before he had held her so—and he could not forget it now. Her supple body struggled against his tight embrace. He felt the hot blast of her breath upon his cheek—felt also the lure of her fierce youth bred to the open road—but he sternly resolved to feel only indignation. He hated himself that he should be conscious of the baser sensation—but he tightened his hold of her flaming loveliness.

"We'll see about that."

"No!—Let me go!"

Was he always to connect this witch with the witching moon? Yellow moonlight filtered through the filmy curtains, and his keen gaze, rapidly adapting itself thereto, traversed her enraged face as that nocturnal stream flowed over it framed by the short curls of her perfumed hair. Shadowy brow, angered eyes, bright lips drawn back from white teeth—

She was about to cry for help! He clapped a hand across her mouth.

"If you don't make any noise," he promised, holding her to him with one arm, "you won't get hurt."

But *he* would—he was: those white teeth that had been so good to look at sank into his muffling hand.

"You damned wild-cat!"

Gone from him now all that weakness for which he had upbraided himself; came in its stead only rage—and not alone the rage of physical pain. He shook her. He tossed her from him across that doll's-house room so violently that she struck the table; and he watched her, panting, lean against its frail support—watched her with no twinge of remorse. He drew his automatic:

"See it? It's for use—believe *me*. Yell your black head off if you want to—and I'll shoot the first one of your tribe that lays a finger on me!"

Plainly she realized that he meant his threat, and something not unlike admiration swept her dark face. But something else followed: he had taken one warning step into the moonlight, and now, for the first time since his entrance here, she could really see him—his tall form, his broad shoulders, his tense face carved like an Indian's.

"You!" she whispered. "It's—I thought you were a—were one of those men from Delta. Why, you're the man that—" Then a new consternation engulfed her. "*Who* are you? What are you doing in this place?"

"You'll find out soon enough." The truth was that he scarcely heard her. He sucked his wound with frost-swollen lips and spat its blood upon the van floor. He would make her fright a not too quickly ended torture. "Let's say I want my fortune told. You tell fortunes, don't you?"

Wasn't she sure of her identification? The shadow of some debate twisted her mouth. "Me?" Whatever the argument, it ended; as if they wanted to keep him harmlessly occupied until her lover's return, that mouth formed the smile of the trained seeress. "True child of Pharaoh—have the seventh rib under my heart."

She pressed her side beneath the thus clearly drawn outline of her left breast. Armstead tried to keep his eyes upon her face, for, her facility to the contrary notwithstanding, he seemed to catch in her voice that formalism which always indicates a gulf between speech and thought.

"Sit down!"

There stood a stool behind the table. He pointed. Shrugging supple shoulders, she obeyed.

"Give me," she said, "your hand."

"The one you bit? Never mind that candle; you can see all you'll need by this moonlight." Armstead laughed shortly: his great stroke was coming. Still he held his gaze on her daring face; she raised it, across the table, toward his own, frankly provocative. He seated himself opposite her; when her slim fingers touched him ever so lightly, he did not find it hard to brace his soul against the thrill they launched.

"You must cross my palm." She murmured the familiar formula.

Now!

"I'm going to cross it with gold instead of silver." His free hand pocketed its pistol and whipped out Katherine Kessel's locket: he waved it before his barbaric vis-à-vis.

And there he indeed scored. For what he held became—as he had meant it should—more threatening than the automatic. The Gipsy's face contorted; just under the staring eyes twin patches of white appeared beneath the dusky skin and spread downward as if all the blood in her body were being drained back to her heart. She had started; her mouth gaped. She tried to speak—couldn't.

"Will this do?" he taunted.

SHE gathered herself together like a tigress. Then—it all seemed one movement—she made a swift, dark clutch that was half a blow.

"No, you don't!" He had been ready for something of this sort: he drew back. He had the trinket safe.

"Where—where'd you get—" Her whisper lapsed to silence.

"Never mind where."

She began again. "That restaurant—"

"I tell you, never mind where I got it. You had it. The question is: where did *you* get it?"

The Gipsy put forth her best effort at self-control. Upon that hand of his which she still held he could feel her fingers contract in the endeavor. She tried to make a mask of her emotions, and tried to erase by new speech the effect of her recent self-betrayal.

"Never saw it."

"Cut out the innocence stuff." His laughter was harsh, and yet—ever sorry for a loser—he was aware of a pusillanimous pity for her: he must throttle that, even if he became unnecessarily severe. "I know all about it—or nearly all."

Again she said, but in a different tone: "Who are you?"

"Cut it out, I tell you. You've given yourself away. 'That restaurant!' You remember me well enough: I'm the fellow you kissed in the Hudson Hunt."

That was uttered before he thought. His cheeks burned at it.

And hers? Relief followed hard by a resolution to make now the most of what had happened then! Through the closed window came music afloat on the yellow moonlight. In the next van that miserable fiddle was playing "Marquitta." She bent yet nearer; she released the hand she had been thoughtlessly holding; calculating, yet awkwardly and as if they were forced, her nimble fingers began to creep up his arm.

"You come after me 'cause that? The pretty gen'man means he wan' kiss me again?"

"No!" It was a lie, and he knew it, but he flung himself away. "I came here," he said, more calmly from that safer distance, "to get Katherine Kessel—if she's alive. And if she isn't, then to get *the person responsible for her death.*"

He had stood up. As if he struck her, she cowered before him. She covered her face. Through her brown fingers came the quavered inquiry:

"Detective?"

That term was correct enough. "Yes," said he.

Another blast of terror wrenched at her. She fought it—gave ground—rose—came around the table to him, her sable head hanging, her voice very low:

"If I tell you—" Her legs, encased in incongruously bright stockings, bent under her.

Her face was hidden now, but the contrast was poignant between that trembling frame and the brilliantly colored clothes that covered it; seen thus, she presented the icon of a creature broken and fear-ridden. He had won, it said—and because he had won he could at last afford to be sorry for her. Oh, a mere Gipsy and at least accessory to the low crime of kidnapping! How could he, himself outside the law, pledge the law to any bargain with her? Yet he wanted to: heaven had not cast him for a brutal rôle. He was about to touch her bowed black head: he halted short of that, but he muttered:

"If there is anything—if there are circumstances that make your part in this look easier—"

Her stifled cry short-circuited his sentence. "There are! Oh, yes!"

Either her legs gave way completely, or she voluntarily sank to her knees. Gipsy-wise, she began to kiss his hands, and he could feel that the palms of her hands, holding his, were damp with the sweat of fright.

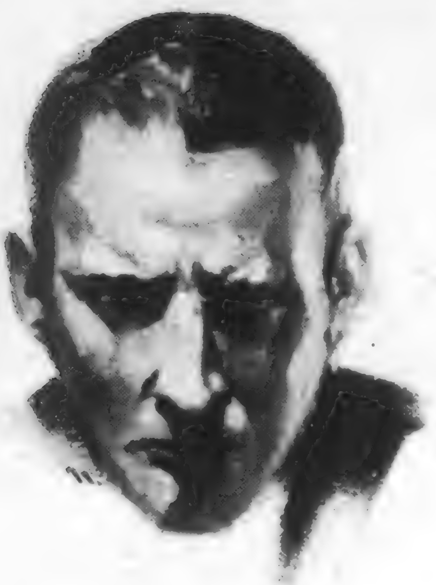
"I can't promise you anything—"

"Understand—Ellena understand. Only, if I tell you everyt'ing, pretty gen'man give me chance to get away?"

"I'll—" Armstead remembered the major motive of his quest: "Where's that girl?"

"Here."

"She's not—not dead?"



Hasul was the good-looking king of the Gipsies.

Those black curls shook out an emphatic negative. "Locked up."

"*Where?*"

The Gipsy rose quickly. She stood close to him—so close that her dusky cheeks almost touched him. A slow smile revealed her teeth, white and even.

"You give Ellena that chance run away?" The repeated question lapped his ears in little waves of contralto.

HIS first reaction ran violently counter to this change. Then in that same awkward, hesitant way that he had noted before her arms mounted; her fingers twined about the lapels of his coat. In the next van, that crazy fiddle had begun "Marquitta" again—or had it never ceased? The words she had fitted to the tune stole through his brain:

The midnight and moonlight,
The ribbon of road bright,
The wayside, the hillside at rest—

This moonlight made her a thing of living gold. Her arms, he noted for the first time, were bare and braceleted: the bracelets tinkled softly. He felt— It couldn't be love he felt. Absurd to think so. For a woman who must be— Armstead did not know *what* it was.

He tried to net her in a regard altogether judicial. When he spoke it was not with his usual play of tone, but upon a single note:

"I tell you I can't promise for the law—"

"For yourself, though? You promise for yourself, eh?"

What would have been his answer, had it depended on that instant? A few hours later, when opportunity came to consider this, he was destined to run away from the problem. Now, as events befell, decision was forged by the woman's over-zeal. If the Devil's miscalculation with St. Anthony lay in producing more than one temptress at a time, it is equally true that many a seductress fails because she goes too far too soon; while yet a pair of possible replies fought each other in Armstead's throat, he saw the girl force upon herself some redetermination. She pushed her lips to his, but that had sufficed: that betrayal of effort. Tricked again he would not be. He shoved her from him:

"Before I make any dicker, you've got to show me you deserve the get-away—and before *that*, you've got to turn over Miss Kessel or else tell me where she is."

Ellena—if this was her name—glowered at him. She could not fail to read his expression of even physical repulsion, and her own expression underwent a series of electric changes as evident to him, and as incomprehensible: she was unbelieving—she was raging—she was desperate—she was resigned. Her thoughts—whatever they were—raced:

"No good tell now. Mees Kessel guarded—Hasul back any minute." She had leaped into physical action, into flying gestures. He reflected bitterly upon her Gipsy lightness that could banish shame at his refusal—that probably had never felt it. The bracelets clinked on her wrists. "Tonight I go on watch: I bring this girl to you. Midnight." Ellena dragged him to the nearer window—pulled aside its curtain—pointed across that knoll on which he had kept vigil to a bald hill rising perhaps a half-mile southeast. "You meet me there. I have Mees Kessel then. She tell you Ellena not to blame; then you give me money enough to run 'way!"

Could he believe her? He thought not. Yet he knew he was without legal standing here; for any forcible seizure he would need help from whatever authorities Delta might provide. At all events, he had found out that the kidnapped girl was in this camp: no reason to doubt this much, anyhow. Besides, even if the Gipsy were lying to the very detail of Katherine Kessel's presence here, her confession, true or false, was sufficient basis for a warrant: arrest would produce the facts—and for that production Chris would alone be responsible.

Yet doubts assailed him. Suppose—

And then fortuitous circumstance decided the issue.

The music had stopped at last. Into that silence always so deep upon the echo of dying sound, there came, from outside, a movement setting his hunter's sense alert. It was as faint as an unfelt breeze that nevertheless ripples a forest pool: it was a distant, but approaching, footstep from the direction of the Susquehanna.

Ellena clutched him. "Hasul!"

"Who?"

"The *kordestoo cyganskie*—the king!"—The Gipsy chief was returning.

Armstead, on his own part, did some rapid thinking: no harm in a test of this girl's promise. Even were she lying, she would be in his power. On the other hand, he was as yet an unauthorized trespasser here: although he had boasted of pistol-play, anything of the sort, just now, would put him in an awkward position before the law. He found himself longing for a fair fight with the handsome brigand of the New York café, but he knew the fight must wait.

"That hill?"

She nodded. "Twelve o'clock."

As suddenly as that it was over. He opened the door and jumped. The compound was still empty. Bending low, he scurried across it and up the nearest knoll. Its thicket received him just as a backward glance showed the unheeding Hasul swing into the camp.

At ten o'clock, Armstead was in Delta, gorging on such food as its sole hotel, at that untoward hour, grudgingly, almost suspiciously, provided—wondering, too, whether he had not better, after all, call assistance from whatever officers of the law lived here—and finally deciding to play one more lone hand alone.

At eleven, he was tramping the even yet moonlit ribbon of the river-road, across which stark shadows of the bordering pines fell like barriers of ebony.

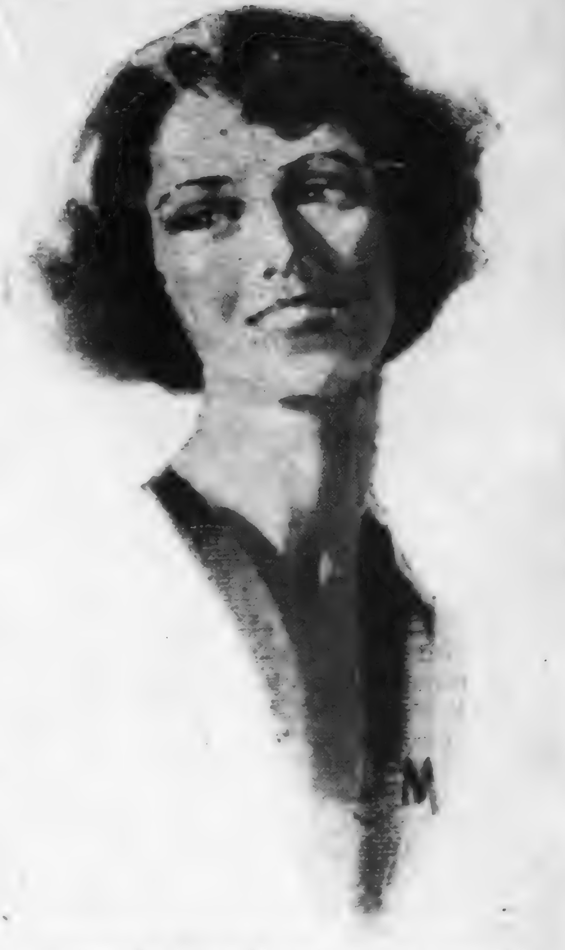
At eleven-thirty, he passed that path which led into the Gipsy-camp.

Should he reconnoiter?

He struck into the woods—reached the crest of the hillock where he had spent the afternoon—parted its underbrush and looked out. The compound lay quiet; the camp-fire was dead; not so much as a sentinel was in view, and the windows of the vans were blind. Only from the nearest vehicle came a mutter of speech—guttural sounds in an alien tongue—in some variant of the occult language of those people, forever strangers, who first appeared in Western Europe in 1417: a mystery then to Albertus Krantzius, to Crusius, even to Andreas Presbyter, and whose origin and speech have remained a mystery to the scholars of every succeeding generation.

Nothing to gain here—nothing to do but keep the rendezvous. Chris refound the river-road.

He sought the illuminated dial of his watch: 11:50—too soon to condemn her. His bitten hand throbbed. He sat down on a heap of rubble—five safe yards from the crest of the hill. He strained his eyes, but nothing of any living creature was to be seen—his ears, but heard nothing except the drip of thawing ice. A slight breeze blew in the wrong direction, and the lightless caravan was invisible.



Ellena, the Gipsy girl, was the most beautiful girl Chris had ever seen.

Upon the faint horizon of peaked pines, the moon sank lower; somehow its waning light set singing in his head the music of "Marquitta." New York was far away—Pittstown. Close came the memory of her arms about him.

Armstead protested. Even in that embrace something lacked. He ought to hate the feelings she inspired—if only because she inspired them. He would hate them! He tried to recall the little he had read of her race, amid the little that had been written—read during a boyish enthusiasm for "The Romany Rye":

The Chaltsmide children of Hagar's wilderness-born Ishmael, according to the twelfth-century Klagenfurt Manuscript, "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them"—according to even earlier tradition, Egyptians doomed for their refusal of shelter during the Holy Flight from Herod. They were the Komodromoi of 554 A. D. Of them Friar Simon, writing of Crete—somewhere about 1300, wasn't it?—wrote also:

[*Continued on page 147*]

Why We Get on Each Other's Nerves

Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle has made a special study of the friction and misunderstanding that arise from conflicting temperaments. She tells how self-knowledge helps to smooth the rough corners of human contacts

by Nina Purdy

OUR weakness for laying the blame for our discontent at some one else's door is illustrated by a true story of a husband and wife. The wife's version of the trouble runs: "When I embroider he resents it. When I play the piano he bangs the typewriter. To have any freedom I pretend to have severe headaches and shut myself in my room." The husband reports: "When I want to read my paper she persists in getting out her embroidery and she always chatters when she embroiders. When I have typing to do she is sure to go to the piano and begin to sing. The only comfort I can enjoy of an evening is when she gets a headache and goes to her room. She has no consideration."

HAVE you ever thought of the common bond between strap-hangers in a crowded subway train engrossed in their evening papers and the members of a village sewing-circle? Between the audiences that pack our theaters and earnest students of social science? A bond uniting illiterate peoples with the most cultured?

There is such a bond and it is the vital interest each one of us has in our human relationships.

Not that we know anything about them. Our intense concern in the affairs of our neighbors is more likely to be grounded on our own flounderings and weaknesses. For, according to the findings of modern psychology, our relationships are largely a mixture of misunderstandings, frictions, and gropings.

What can we do to mend them?

This is the question people conscious of the problem are asking. It is the question the majority of us should ask instead of falling back on such futile complaints as "So and So gets on my nerves," or "If only B— and I didn't rub each other the wrong way, I'd get a raise in salary."

It is the question I took to Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle, one of our most authoritative clinical psychologists and psychiatrists.

Doctor Hinkle is the first woman who ever held a position as public health officer. She was appointed city physician of San Francisco, her native town, in 1900. She is a graduate of Cooper Medical College in San Francisco, now the medical department of Leland Stanford University. That is where she became interested in the treatment of mental ills. Then, for years, she was the only physician in New York practicing psychotherapy. During this period she organized the psychotherapeutic clinic at Cornell, the first in any American medical college. Also during this period she became interested in the works of Freud. In 1909 she went to Europe to study, spending some time at Zurich with Jung, the famous Swiss psychoanalyst, a former associate of Freud. She has translated Jung into English, and she is the author of "The Recreating of the Individual," a psychoanalytic study of individuals from the standpoint of their psychological type and a summary of their potentialities for greater development.

It was the illuminative quality and clarity of this book that sent me eagerly to her.

"What can self-applied analytic psychology do for the average person? How can it benefit every-day human relationships?" I asked.

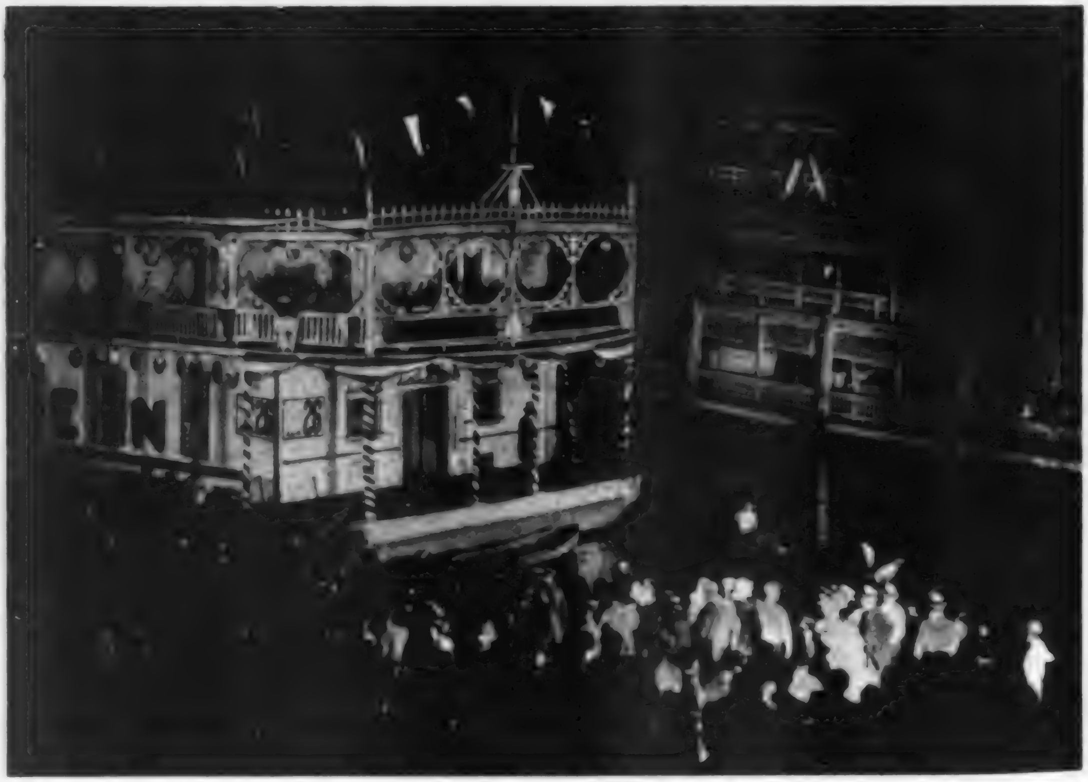
Doctor Hinkle is a small woman of decided feminine charm; a charm tempered and strengthened by an alertness and directness sheathed in dignity. In her deep blue eyes are both the detachment of the scientist and a warmth of spirit that bespeaks understanding and interest in human beings. She answered me simply, frankly.

"To begin with, people must realize that honesty in human relationships is almost unknown.

[*Continued on page 171*]

DR. BEATRICE M. HINKLE is a specialist in the treatment of mental ills. For years she was the only physician in New York practicing psychotherapy and she was the organizer of the first psychotherapeutic clinic in an American Medical College (Cornell). Dr. Hinkle has translated into English the works of the famous Swiss psychoanalyst, Jung, and is the author of an authoritative and popular book on psychoanalysis, "The Recreating of the Individual."

CAPTAIN BILLY BRYANT is actor-manager-proprietor of one of the show-boats that ply the waters of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and their tributaries. The show-boat invariably ties up at the smallest towns and hamlets. Three-fourths of the population of the big cities along the rivers have never seen one.



Showboat Days and Nights

The last of the picturesque floating theaters still ply our inland waters. Boats like Captain Billy Bryant's bring the favorite old melodramas and vaudeville to river-bottom audiences that have never seen a city theater

by George W. Piddington

HUNDREDS of communities so small that they cannot support even a motion picture house, depend on the semi-annual visit of the showboat for their outside entertainment. Everybody from captain to Negro fireman does a turn before the footlights and ushers or sells candy between the acts. A steam calliope furnishes music, and the "great heart dramas" of another day never fail to supply dramatic thrills.

WE HAD timed our arrival well. As we stepped aboard the early morning ferry across the Ohio River, and as the first rays of the sun added a burnished gold to the coffee mud color of the water, a faint white speck, the showboat, nosed its way around a bend far up the winding river.

A bell tinkled faintly in the pilot-house above us. Protestingly, the ancient, squeaky side-wheeler backed out from the shore into the rushing waters of the river and started plowing its way across to Constance, Kentucky, where Captain Billy Bryant's showboat was to tie up for the night's performance. As we leaned against the wooden rail a gentle river breeze fanned our faces, bringing with it the eternal fresh-water smell of the Ohio.

Pulling our eyes away from the white speck that had enlarged into a boat, still a small boat, we gazed at the current rushing past the prow of the ferry, and then lifted our eyes to the beautiful shore we were slowly approaching. We saw a gradual incline, starting at the water's edge, growing up into a rolling hill, verdant with green, that rolled back into more hills. A glance up and down the river revealed the same rolling hills on the Kentucky side, clothed in a heavy carpet of green, with the river meandering its way down the valley between the Kentucky and Ohio shores.

In front of us, where the sidewheeler was about to land, was a road. It seemed to have its beginning in the back swirls of the water, from there over the gravel bed of the levee up the gradual incline of the hill. At the top of the incline could be seen a rambling brown house. In the rear of the house were the roofs of a few buildings.

Up there was the town. It was only a house and a few stores, but all the boat needs is a place alongside of a bank or levee to tie up to, and the people will come from miles around. Showboats play hundreds of villages hardly the size of Constance, communities not large enough to support even a small picture house. In fact, the showboats plying up and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and their tributaries provide the only source of theatrical amusement to thousands of people, many of whom have never seen a picture show. "And a showboat," I had been told, "is not a museum, an arcade or a catchpenny affair, but a regular honest-to-goodness theater, built on a boat."

The boat I was to visit, *Bryant's*, was one of ten showboats on the rivers. They range in size from the *Princess*, the smallest, measuring eighty by thirty feet, to the *Cotton Blossom*, the largest, with a measurement of a hundred and eighty-four by fifty feet. Included in this list is the *Water Queen*, used recently by a picture company as a scene for a film, the *Golden Rod*, *New Sensation*, *America*, *Columbia*, *Majestic*, and *Emerson's*.

The boat now nearing the shore was a large, boxlike structure, about a hundred and thirty-five feet in length and thirty-five in width. The box superstructure housing the theater was a story and a half in height from the deck; this in turn being two feet above the water line. It was painted in a gleaming coat of white, with immense red and black letters on the side of the theater informing the world that it was "Bryant's." The motive power came from a pushboat in the rear, a small converted river steamer with the regulation two funnels.

On the texas of the showboat, exactly in the center, was the cupola-shaped pilot-house, from which the captain and his pilot waved their hands at us. The texas, be it known, is the upper structure of any river boat and it ordinarily contains the officers' cabins, etc., as well as the pilot-house. The entire front of the showboat was decorated with electric lights, set in a flashily colored proscenium arch, shaped almost as one sees it when sitting in a theater.

Above the lower deck, which we could see was a small lobby or foyer, was a roofed porch, leading back into the living quarters of the captain and his family. In the windows were screens, cretonne curtains, a glimpse of a canary in one window and a fern in the other: altogether very homey appearing.

Behind the Scenes on a Showboat

THE white-headed pilot, with skill gained from years of such work, soon had the boats' sides against the levee, and strong ropes were stretched to near-by trees. A gangplank was shoved from the prow of the showboat and I walked on board, to be warmly greeted by Captain Bryant. All showboat owners are captains, a custom dating back to the very origin of the floating theaters.

We found the eight-foot space from the prow to the superstructure of the theater, in the front of the boat, to be a miniature lobby, with a regulation box office on one side of the foyer leading in to the theater proper. On the other side was a small office, containing a desk, typewriter, and pictures of early showboats. The captain led us past the little office, toward the theater, and turned up a narrow stairway. Following him we found ourselves climbing out to the second deck, with a fenced-in passageway running around the boat. We strode down the passageway, getting a fleeting glimpse across the sunlit river into Ohio, then the captain stopped at a neat little stateroom, our quarters.

Two berths, one above the other, one chair, and an old-fashioned washstand comprised the furniture—all the small room could hold. I deposited my bags and stood talking to the captain. He was a man of about thirty-eight years of age, of medium height, stockily built, dressed in an old army shirt and a pair of trousers much the worse for wear. His face and arms were sun and wind tanned.

Captain Bryant knows the rivers and the showboat game well, having been brought up in it by his father, one of the early pioneers. As actor-manager he has been successful and has established a large following up and down the rivers. A good actor and a good manager is a combination seldom found in one man, especially in the showboat world, where there are many kinds of storms to weather.

Following him to the rear of the boat, a brief glimpse of the stage and the auditorium was visible through the window as we passed by. We descended stairs to find ourselves in a wide space in the rear of the stage and were introduced to the boat family, a cordial group of actors, typical of all the boats.

There was the captain's father, gray-haired veteran, still playing "bit" parts. The captain's mother, a lovable soul, with the grace and poise of a tragedienne. The captain's wife, the heroine, and looking the part. A tall, gaunt, ministerial appearing man who played the "heavy," villain parts; his wife, fated to playing comic old ladies. The leading man and his wife. The pianist, who also doubled calliope. Five others, mostly man and wife—life on a showboat is too lonesome for a single man or woman. The captain explained that he carried a big cast, other boats getting along with anywhere from six to ten in the company. On a small cast boat actors have to double several parts, or they rearrange the play so that one character does the work of several.

There is an anecdote of one boat that attempted to perform "East Lynne" with a cast of six. The actors doubled so many parts, made so many changes of costumes and so many appearances on the stage that they lost track of their cues.

We moved from the showboat back to the pushboat, where on the lower deck breakfast was waiting for us. Here we met the balance of the crew, the veteran pilot, the engineer, his helper, and a negro fireman. We all sat down, family style, to an excellent breakfast. Most of the boats feed well, a necessity to keep the people satisfied and to prevent them from jumping to other boats. The oil-water smell from the engine near by mingled with the savory odors of ham and eggs.

After breakfast a couple of the men got out their fishing-lines, the main diversion of the showboat troupers. A fisherman would think showboat life a paradise on earth, with nothing to do all day but fish. Others went swimming or went up the hill for the mail to what little there was of the village of Constance.

THE advance man landed back about this time, pausing for a short visit to explain his duties. He told how he hopped ahead of the boat in a car, billing the country for miles around, putting up banners, passing bills—all saying "At the River Landing Tonight, Bryant's Showboat, Presenting the Great Heart Drama, 'To the Poorhouse or Over the Hill'." Or if he were a week ahead they would be "Coming" bills. How well the country is billed by the advance agent tells the story of how big the house is each night.

Then, with the captain's aid, we explored the two boats, from the stern of the pushboat, with its rugged paddlewheel, to the semi-flat nose of the showboat. On the pushboat we saw the powerful engine on the lower deck, in the rear of the dining-room. A powerful engine and paddlewheel is a necessity when coming upriver against the always rushing currents. Here also was the electric-light plant, furnishing lights for the theater, stage, lobby, and staterooms.

On the upper deck we were shown the comfortable, though small staterooms of the actors, with their trunks open, costumes hanging up on nails and hooks, make-up on the shelves, a combination dressing-room and living-room. This is one phase of the life that attracts the actors; when they move on to the boat their trunk is set, if they intend to stay all season, and doesn't have to be packed or moved around after every performance.

A large cabin up front was set aside as a "greenroom" and lounging-room, a comfortable sort of place where the men can smoke, the ladies sew, and where they can all talk. One touch of modernism was a radio set.

From the pushboat we stepped back on to the showboat, the stern of which was right against the prow of the pushboat and lashed to it with cables. We entered a small room at the rear of the stage. This was used to store small properties, and as a waiting-room for the actors between their scenes. A trapdoor in the floor, when lifted, gave us a view of the hull of the boat, used for storing scenery. At this time it had a drug-store set, elaborate for a showboat, used in "The Fortune Hunter," the play to be given on the return trip up-river.

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

Before the evening performance the pianist crawls out near the pilot-house and presently you hear the piercing blare of the steam calliope as "My Old Kentucky Home" goes echoing among the hills. The curtain doesn't go up until the last patron has taken a seat for which he paid from forty cents to a dollar. Then the calliope player goes back to direct his two-man orchestra of piano and drums.

Captain Bryant explained. "We play practically the same towns on our return trip, and of course almost to the same crowds. So going down the river we have to use one play and another one coming back. Going down we are using 'Over the Hill,' a heavy drama. Coming back we will use the lighter play, using as much music as we can."

At each end of the room were short steps leading to the stage. We followed Captain Bryant up one of these steps, to discover we were in a dark and gloomy room, with the all-pervading musty smell of painted scenery common to small stages. The gloom lasted only a second, for the captain flooded the stage with light from the electric lights on the borders above us. Then you could see that the stage ran the width of the theater, with windows on each side looking out upon the landing and the river, respectively.

The stage itself was about twenty-two feet in depth. With the curtain down, it looked like a box-shaped room. The scenery consisted of several roll curtains—curtains that roll up and unroll when let down. The ropes controlling the drops were fastened to stanchions on one wall of the theater. A set of flat scenery was standing at the rear. This proved to be reversible, one side representing a house interior, the other, a plain, bare room, supposed to be the "poor house." This scenery, as well as some of the roll drops, was the work of the leading man, an amateur artist. Little furniture and few "props" were visible. Lack of space requires economy in the use of these.

The captain, exerting some strength, pulled at a rope, rolling up the unwieldy front drop, exposing to our view, beyond the footlights, the auditorium, with the daylight flooding through the windows of each side; windows wide open, bringing in the blended freshness of land and water of a summer morning.

Before us was a replica of a small town opera house, with a small balcony in the rear, and a row of tiny boxes ranged along each side of the theater, beginning about halfway down the house and continuing right up to the footlights of the stage. Below us was the orchestra pit, containing a small upright piano and a set of drums. Surrounding the pit was a brass railing. In back of the pit were the rows of seats, folding opera chairs, rising in a gradual slope to the rear.

"Seats about nine hundred," the captain was saying, "and most of the time we sure jam them in. My father built up a big name in the early days of the boats and I have kept it up, so we have a big following. Naturally, I think I know a lot about the game. All the rest of the showboatmen think they know a lot, too; it's no child's game. But some day some New Yorker, some guy not fed up on the traditions, will come down here on the rivers with a boat and show us all up."

Where the Boats Come From

WE WALKED to the front of the boat, through the theater, to the stairs in back of the office. We climbed to the second deck, continuing up a ladder to the texas. Here we found the calliope, worked by compressed air, one of the big advertising features of the boats. A nightly concert is given, the tones carrying for miles up and down the river, even back into the country, if it is flat enough. Here also was the pilot-house, glass enclosed on four sides.

The big steering-wheel was missing; in its place was a cord running back to the engine-room in the pushboat. The pilot directed the course by signals, even effecting the difficult landings by signals to the engineer, who ran the paddlewheel forward or astern accordingly.

The grizzled pilot, veteran of many battles with the rivers, lay on a cushioned seat, resting after the trip down-river. The jumps, mostly short, are made in the early mornings, but occasionally it becomes necessary to make a night jump. This was the case the night before since the boat had showed up-river past Cincinnati and had to drop down past the city in order to get back into good territory. Three-fourths of the populations in the big cities along the rivers have never seen a showboat.

Each pilot is licensed for a certain territory, one man taking it from one end of his route to the other, where he is relieved by the next man. Showboat pilots are usually experienced men who do not handle any other type of boats.

Back in the cool office of the captain, smoking our pipes and looking at the pictures of old showboats, we were let into a little of the past history.

"Cap Price and Cap French were probably the first men to start the boats, back in the '70's. Cap Price still is a spry old man and putters around the *Columbia*, which his son Steve is now managing. Yes, it's a father and son affair. Most of the boats have been in the same families for years. Cap, he started out on a boat with sweeps as the motive power. They just went down the river then, couldn't get back. Then he tried sails, and finally steam, adding a pushboat when he saw that the showboat wasn't large enough to hold the people and the engines. Most of us still use steam. The small boats have gas engines on the pushboats, and some even have contrivances rigged up so that they can steer the boat, even land it, from the pilot house. They don't need an engineer.

"From that small beginning they have grown into a big industry. Each spring they leave their winter quarters up on the Muskingum or the Kanawha and start down the Ohio. They make the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Kentucky, the Green, the Tennessee, the Illinois and the Mississippi from Cairo up, playing the same territory year after year. In November they go back to winter quarters and prepare for the next season.

"One boat, the *Princess*, is fitted up with a projection booth, and runs pictures throughout the winter."

"How do you account for the different sizes of the boats?" I asked.

"How about the different sizes of theaters?" he countered. "There are all the different sizes of boats and each owner will swear up and down that his is the best. The small boat owners claim the large ones catch the wind and are hard to handle. (Winds sweeping across the rivers during a storm do a great amount of damage to the unwieldy boxlike structures.) The big boat men claim that the small boats can't do enough business, can't get big enough crowds. Personally I think I have the ideal boat, not too big to handle, but big enough to get a crowd."

The actors are, in the main, people who follow the boats year after year. Others may be troupers garnered from the small stock companies, small time vaudeville or tabloid shows, who have found the boats to be a nice place to take a summer vacation and still get paid for it. One thing is to be said in their favor, they are as sincere in acting their parts as any star on Broadway.

Those who play the rivers year after year are apt to be found on one boat one year and another the next. Bryant's seemed to be an exception to this rule as several of the company had been with them for years. In the main, however, the actors get tired of the monotony of one boat and hop over to another for a change. While their salaries are not high, ranging from twenty dollars per week up for a single, to fifty dollars for a double team, man and wife, they can really save money. All meals and rooms are included in the salary, with no tips to stage hands, expressmen or bellboys to be deducted.

People who walk miles to get their dramatic thrills want their drama real, with virtue always and finally triumphant. In such scenes as this from "East Lynne" they hiss and applaud with a responsiveness that is music to the actor's ears.

They all agreed that the life is monotonous, at best. The river scenery, while including some of the prettiest in America, soon gets tiresome. According to the actors one soon tires, too, of the continual life of fishing, swimming, reading. Nevertheless, there are many actors working hard in the cities all summer who would disagree with them.

EVENING, just before dusk, is the best time of day along the rivers. At this time, when the sun is going down, a slight breeze springs up, bringing with it a pleasant sense of coolness; especially after a hot day with the sun beating down on the unsheltered boat. At this time the scenes along the waters are at their best.

We could see the crew out on the levee fastening the shore ropes and making the boat tight, snug for the night. They were also laying a path of straw from the foot of the gangplank up the levee.

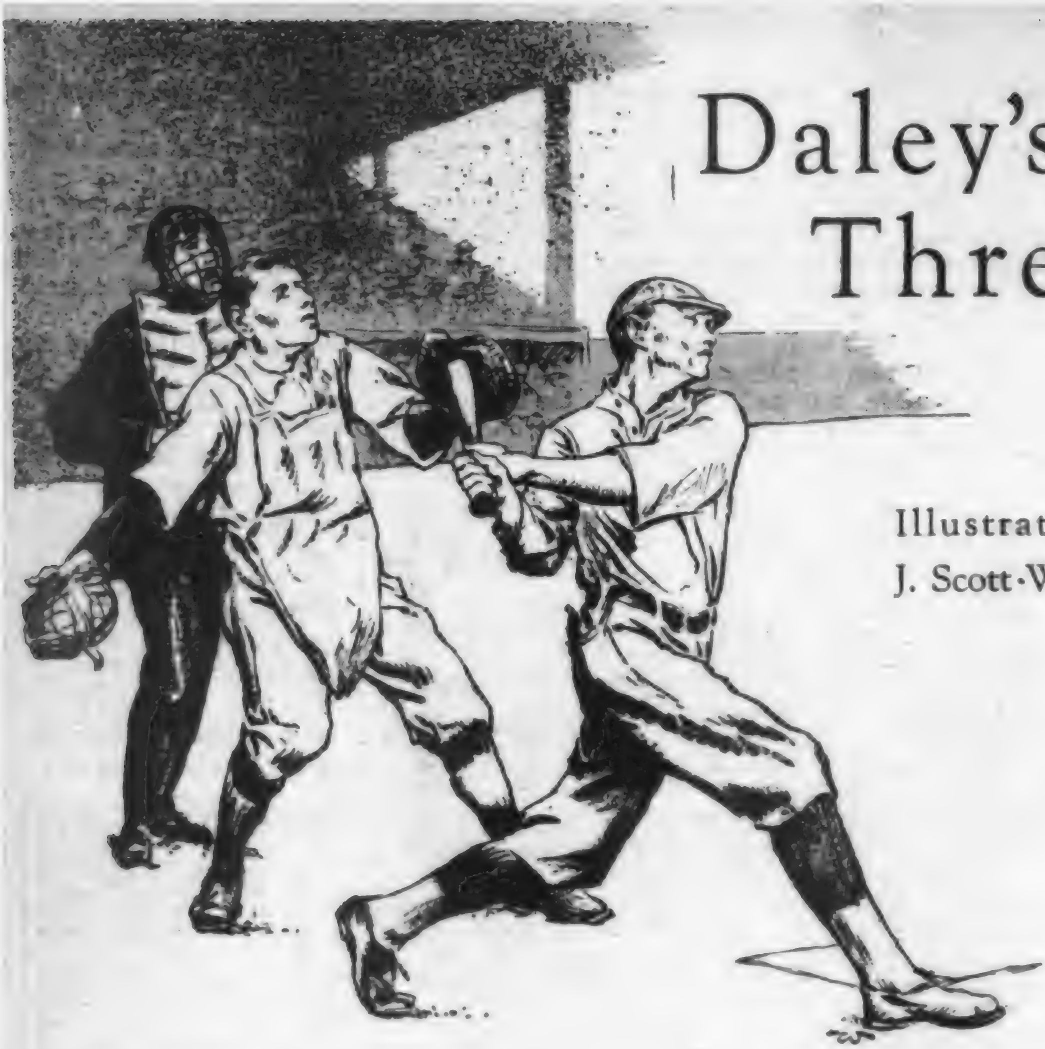
The pianist crawled up to the texas of the showboat and presently we heard the blaring, piercing tones of the calliope echoing and reechoing along the hills. There is a pleasant thrill connected with the hearing of "My Old Kentucky Home" from the throat of a showboat calliope.

The ferry boat coming across the river was black with a crowd of pleasure seekers. On the land side a flivver was rattling its way down the hill past groups of people walking. They were family groups, father, mother and the kiddies. There were also many couples, boys taking their sweethearts to the show. Other cars followed and soon the levee was jammed with parked autos. You wondered where they all came from.

We went up front with the captain to watch the crowd shuffle up the gangplank and buy their tickets from Mrs. Bryant in the little box office. Both she and the captain were very courteous, having a smile or nod for all. People going in would bow and say "Evenin', Cap," or "Howdy, Cap," and many would shake him by the hand. It was surprising how many the captain remembered, calling them by name.

The tickets sold were the regulation pasteboards of a theater, marked orchestra, balcony,

[*Continued on page 166*]



Daley's Three-

Illustrated by
J. Scott-Williams

THE world is full of bugs, as any entomologist will tell you, but I have some important evidence if any of these scientists want to determine which is the buggiest bug, the baseball fan or the bird that is Pied Pipered by the siren of a fire engine. Until recently I was partial to the baseball variety. For the past eight years I have grown gray headed trying to keep the Romans in the race for the pennant and before that I had been leaning on the horsehide long before my dad quit leaning the horsehide against me. But I have never been able to understand why otherwise intelligent humans would come out to see my charges murder a ball game when there wasn't any law making 'em come—and pay good money for the privilege.

Day after day and year after year, whether the pennant hinged on a base hit or the Romans were attempting a nose dive to the cellar, bugs like Foghorn Reilly and Chief Waters could always be found in the stands.

Of course the chief wasn't as punctual as Foghorn because he was a sure enough fire chief and the city was on the twenty-four on and twenty-four off time for fire-fighters and he could only hit the park days when he was off or on vacation. But he must have spent his spare time in the house going over baseball statistics for he knew more about the whole league than I did about my own men. I kidded him once about being a bug.

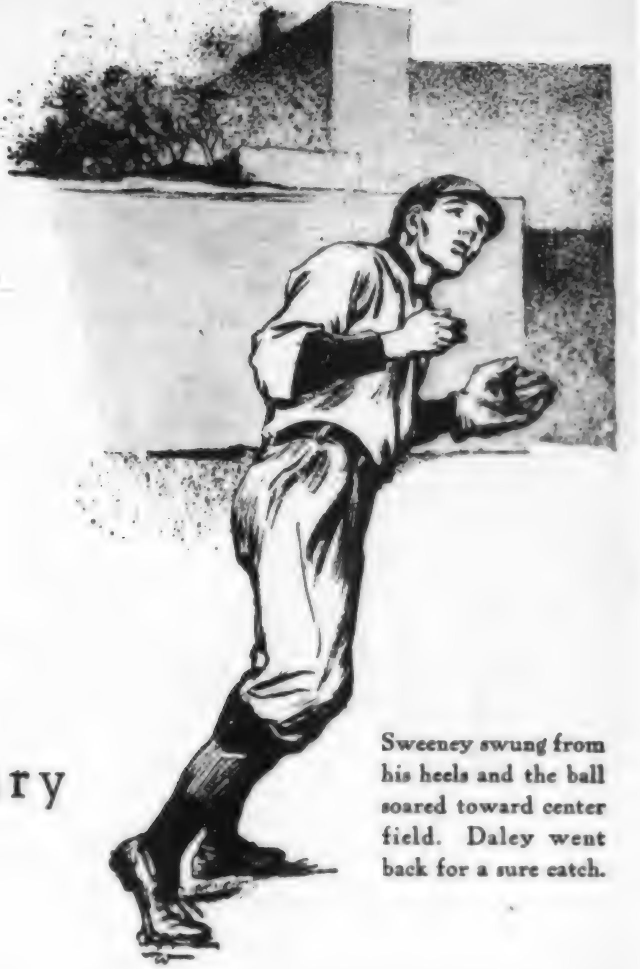
"Every man is a bug on something," he came back, those black eyes of his snapping convincingly, for the chief didn't get his white cap because of political pull. He had the brains beneath that clipped white hair of his. A medium-sized man was the chief and always looking as if his uniform had just come from the tailor's. Firemen are immaculate anyway, and their domiciles are the envy of housewives. The chief had a rather red face with a wrinkle or two in it, especially near the eyes, as if he got them from trying to peer through smoke, and he had a habit of sticking them eyes right on you when he spoke. An iron-gray mustache gave him a professional air, too. All in all he was a man you would listen to respectfully, like I did now.

"If you think I am bad," he says, "you ought to be in my game and get a line on the sparks."

"What's a spark?" I asks, showing my ignorance.

Bagger

A temperamental rookie stands an unexpected trial by fire



Sweeney swung from his heels and the ball soared toward center field. Daley went back for a sure catch.

By
Herbert L. McNary

"A fire bug. Not the maniacs who set fires, but the intelligent humans who would get up off their knees if they were proposing to a girl to chase a fire engine. They have tappers in their bedrooms. Can you imagine any one getting up in the middle of the night that doesn't have to?"

"Where do they get the money to install tappers?" I asked and by the way the chief looked at me I knew I had pulled a bone.

"Listen, some of the worst sparks in this city are millionaires and all sorts of professional men. Why, we have a dentist that actually left a man in the chair taking gas. They have a regular organization in this city, the William K. Franklin Club, named after the late commissioner."

"That one about the dentist stops me," I says and I submitted to a deluge of baseball palaver, as if I didn't get enough of it in my work.

Now the chief had a particular bug which was to unearth some star. I never went South for training but what I lugged along at his insistence some future Ruth or Johnson. Most of them were impossible; some I was able to place in Class Z outfits and one actually come up with the Cardinals for a year and he never made a base hit or an assist, but what the chief called me up to tell me about it. But on the whole he had to admit that as a scout he was a good fireman; but he never give up hope right up to the time he dumped Pete Daley on me.

This was in June. Previous to that the chief had fallen through two stories with part of his detail as a tough two-bagger down by the water front, and after he was discharged from the hospital he was told to take a vacation. To make it worse for the chief we were on the Western swing at the time, so he went South to visit some relatives.

I'D ONLY been back a day or so from the West when the chief comes bounding into headquarters at the park, uniform and all. One glance at his face and I knew what he was going to broadcast.

"What's it this time—a Hornsby or a Vance?" I greeted him, not overkindly, for I was not in a pleasant mood. On the swing we had won four out of fourteen and before me on the desk was the printed testimony of what the sports writers thought of me, agreeing unanimously that I was to blame, because the Romans had the material to do better. It was one of those slumps where we lost one day ten to nine and the next two to one, with nothing breaking right and hits coming all the time except when we needed them. In short, some one had Volsteaded us and there was no Roman punch.

"It's an outfielder, Bill," he effervesces. "I found him down in Tennessee. Just got back from there yesterday. Listen, Bill, he covers more ground than a circus tent and he can hit machine-gun bullets. Early in the season they were short handed for two weeks and he played both right and center together—"

"Easy, Chief, easy."

"It's the truth, Bill. I've seen him. He'll put you in the race again. His name is Pete Daley."

"What outfit is he with?" I asked with no more enthusiasm than a jewelry salesman has for a dollar customer.

"Carleton, Tennessee—oh, I know you never heard of the place, but this Daley would be a wonder on any team. You can get him for a thousand dollars, and where can you get a bat boy for that today? Tell you what I'll do. You get him and I'll make up the difference between what you buy him for and what you can sell him for—but you won't sell him. I got the telegram here," and I'll be a son of a gun if the chief don't pull out a message buying this Daley.

"I'm late now," says the chief. "Let me know when he reports," and he hurries out. A few moments later I can hear the clang of his bell as the red bus shoots away leaving me with a telegram in my hands. Well, a tip's a tip and what's a thousand dollars for a player when a team was going like mine.

I sent the telegram and forgot all about it. I forgot about everything except the Romans and that was impossible even at three o'clock in the morning when I was lying in bed and praying for sleep. Then one morning I stepped out of the executive offices and bumped into a chap that's studying something on the wall, one of those red boxes with a glass front you're supposed to smash so as to pull the hook inside in case of fire. I didn't remember ever seeing it there before, for our plant is mostly concrete—and that goes for the players—and there is about as much chance of a conflagration as in an Eskimo village. This bird was reading the printed card along side of it like it was a rich relative's will.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked gruffly because we don't like people hanging round in the morning. "I'm Manager Murphy."

"I'm Pete Daley," he says uninterestedly and goes back to reading the instructions. "They told me down in Carleton that you had bought me."

Now I've had some youngsters we had paid fifty grand for come into the office as if they owned the world but most recruits report as if some one was behind them pushing them in, but Daley was a new one to me. I studied him as he stood there reading the instructions, one finger tracing the print as if he got his *magna cum laude* from the fifth grade of school.

His build pleased me, about five-ten and well proportioned. He wasn't a kid as ball players go: about twenty-seven, I'd say, and while dressed a bit carelessly, with the cap that most players insist on, there was a certain loose-limbed grace beneath the clothes that I have come to identify with ball tossers. He didn't appear over-ambitious there as he puzzled over some three syllable word, but he did look like a bird who would do what he was told and long ago I found out that baseball brains and the ordinary kind are different. I've seen men who didn't know whether Bunker Hill was a battle or a golf course but who were seconds ahead of college men on the diamond.

"So you're Daley," I said at last. "Well come into the office until I have the secretary fix things up." I took him into the office and started the ball rolling and left instructions for him to come down to the field where we were trying to devise some method of keeping out of seventh place.

I had been working the Romans for a half hour or so before Daley showed up, lumbering out of the dugout in a leisurely fashion and looking even better in his white uniform than I had expected. I stopped fungo hitting to meet him, but after I have been talking to him for a few minutes I saw that he was down in Peru or some place. That map of his isn't overintelligent, anyway, although harmless enough with its docile blue eyes and a round moon face free of blemishes; but just now his eyes are cocked up like a bird that's listening not to me but to something away off. And then just as I start to bawl him out I heard the shrill siren of a fire engine, and then another and another, until it seemed like every bit of apparatus in the city was parked outside the place. A moment more and firemen were running all over the empty stands. Of course all the ball players forgot about work.

"Where's the fire?" some one yells.

"What fire?" I says. "The Romans couldn't set fire to anything." Then down comes the chief—not Waters, it wasn't his district. This was a big guy and he was tearing mad.

"Who turned in that alarm?" he bellowed.

"What alarm?" I asked him.

"The one up near the office. If that's some one's idea of a joke they ought to go to jail for it."

"There's plenty of this team I'd like to send there," I says, but this chief hasn't any sense of humor. He takes his gang and leaves the park, still fuming about what he'd like to do to the guy that spoiled his game of checkers.

Then this Daley came down from the back row of the stands. "Say," he exclaimed as he reached me, "do all those engines come out for a one-bagger? Too bad it wasn't a three-bagger, huh?"

I started to do a little mental arithmetic, but all I said to him was, "Get up there to the plate. We've wasted time enough. Try and show me why I spent railroad fare on you."

HE WENT up—humming, and Norris, a veteran catcher looked at him in amazement. I saw he was a southpaw and I made some allowances for him for they are all queer, anyway. I liked the way he shaped at the bat, though, and I gave Adams on the mound a sign to do his stuff. Adams let loose his fast one—and then turned to see it bound against the center-field fence. After Adams had mixed up slow ones and fast ones and hooks with no chance of fooling Daley I put in a portsider only to have Daley treat him just as unmercifully. Then I sent Daley into right field and watched him snag fungoes with the grace of Speaker. He looked too good to be real.

"Looks like you got something there," beamed Crab Haley, my second sacker as he came in for a drink.

"He's too good for a thousand bucks, Crab," I frowned. "There's a catch in it somewhere. You can't tell me he could escape all the ivory hunters to be picked up by a fireman."

"He can have as many catches as an old-maid's home," drawled Crab, "if he'll only do in a game what he is doing now. Gonna use him this P.M.?"

"Might as well. The Grays will use Moser and none of you yeggs can hit him."

Moser for the Grays had the Indian sign on us, and he started off that afternoon by whiffing Haley. Blake tapped to first, but Bowman scratched one to deep short and Garland took one on the elbow and strolled. That brought Daley to bat. I had sprung him in the line-up without the reporters even being wise. He had nothing to do in right that first inning and this was his début. I've seen the best of them so nervous starting in that they couldn't hit a grapefruit.

Moser stuck one at his cap to make him jump, but Daley merely pulled his head out of range. The Grays' catcher stuck up his glove where he wanted the next one to land, but Daley's bat got in the way and the center and right fielders started a race for the ball.

I was coaching at third and I gave the palms up as Daley rounded second, and he slid into third on high, chasing two runs over on a three-bagger for a maiden effort and winning a tumultuous ovation from the fans, although as he brushed the dirt from his new suit he seemed the least-moved person in the ball park. I always had a weakness for a three-bagger. Often a home run is a high fly that a fielder could snag only the fences are built too close to the infield; but a three-bagger is a wallop and it carries with it the suspense of legs versus ball.

Daley played brilliantly in the field that day, getting plenty of applause every time an inning ended, but he merely tipped his hat and dropped onto a seat on the bench as if he had been doing his stuff in the big league for years, with no more self-consciousness on that vapid map of his than there was conceit. You couldn't hold most players breaking in the way he did, but with Pete he'd always shift those blue eyes to me for instructions with the placid unquestioning of a dog.

He got on well with the boys, too. They tried their usual hazing stunts on him but he took it all good naturedly and they accepted him. He wasn't long on conversation, but he made good background. And then the boys were grateful to him. They didn't enjoy being in a slump any more than I did and from the day he helped them lick their jinx Moser for the first time in two years, things were different with the Romans. They got back their spirit and we begun to climb. The papers and the fans all give the credit to Pete Daley and none of us protested.

I haven't mentioned the chief because it's impossible for me to describe the old boy with the papers howling that Daley was the find of the year and the chief knowing that he alone had gone and dug him out. Only a man who has attained a lifetime ideal, no matter how puny that ideal may look to other people, can appreciate how Chief Waters felt. It took five years off the old fire fighter's face.

He invited me and Pete out to his house for dinner one night and we went. I'll confess, I was somewhat surprised at the layout, it wasn't anything what I expected the home of a chief to be, and I guess the chief read my mind for he commenced apologizing right away.

"This is the house we've lived in ever since I was trying to squeeze by on a hoseman's salary, and now I can't get Mary to move out of it. The place will fall to pieces before the landlord will do anything to it. He's waiting for it to burn down, I guess, so he can collect the insurance."

"Why don't you burn it, daddy?" chirps Bobby, a boy of about eight. "You're a fireman." That gets a laugh from all of us, including Pete Daley who seems to have taken a liking for the kid. Guess there wasn't much between their mental ages, anyway. The kid insists on being parked along side of Daley all night and doesn't go to bed until his dad promises to bring him out to see Pete play ball the next day.

With Daley doing everything I asked him to do in the ball games and doing it well I had given him little thought. A manager has enough to do worrying about ball players that are going bad without thinking about them when they are delivering; but now as I watched Pete's eyes follow young Bobby Waters around with more interest in the docile countenance than I had ever seen since that first day at the park when the engines turned out, why, I began to ruminate about him. He was more conversational tonight than I had ever seen him, for he kept constantly buzzing the chief with questions about the fire department. The chief would answer politely and then shoot in a question about baseball. Daley would dismiss that as soon as he could and come back with one about the fire department, and that's the way we passed the night. On the way home I asked him how he knew so much about the local fire-fighters in the short time he had been with the team.

"Oh, there's a house near where I live and I drop over and play pool and chew the rag."

When I was about to leave him at his hotel he detained me, his face twitching and his eyes first looking at me and then away nervously as if he had some great secret to unburden.

"That was a great kid, that Bobby," he says at last, and then looking off toward some automobile lights skimming through the park he adds: "It must be great to have some one like that to do things for. Me—I never had nobody."

"Why don't you get a girl, Pete," I suggested.

"Aw, hell, Bill," he exclaims and darts away, and that was the first I knew you could get his goat. But I meant to get his goat. But I meant to keep the secret. I didn't want to ruin my best bet.

BOBBY came out the next day and Pete made it a point to go over to the box and speak to him. He did that every time the chief brought the kid along, but Bobby couldn't be there every day. Then it was I noticed Pete did good on these days and not so good on other days. We took a swing around the circuit and Daley began to slip. The Romans hit the toboggan again with him and the sport writers dug out their hammers once more. We came home and things didn't get any better. Fans are fickle, and just as they had come to associate our success with Pete Daley, they now blamed him for our failures—and he took their abuse in the same nonchalant fashion with which he had listened to their praise.

It wasn't that he went into a slump; even fans can sympathize with some one who is getting the tough breaks; but Daley pulled off exhibitions of indifference that made the raspberries blossom, failing to run out hits and letting balls get by him in the outfield. Even my caustic denunciations failed to affect him. He stayed away from the park one day and I slapped a fine on him.

"All right," he says, "I'm getting too much, anyway."

That nearly kayoed me—an admission like that from a ball player; but as I looked at him I saw he meant it. All he cared for was enough money for groceries, and he could pick that up in any jerk town. Now I understood how he happened to be in Carleton, or wherever Chief Waters had dug him up.

Here was one ball player that had me licked. There wasn't anything I could do to get back at him. I kept the true facts out of the papers and took pannings for not having him in the line-up days when he wasn't even inside the park. Imagine a tie score in the ninth with men on the bases and the fans yelling "Stick in Daley," and me having no more idea where Daley was than the man in the moon.

It was down in Philly, however, that the story got into the papers. I was riding back from the hotel after a game and a fire engine passed me and I got a glimpse of Pete Daley hanging on back. I made my taxi driver swing about and follow; but a traffic cop held us up and when we reached the fire station Daley had flown.

"Say," I said to one of the firemen, "do you know who you had with you on the engine?"

"Sure, a spark," he says.

"That was Pete Daley of the Romans," I exclaimed. "Where did he go?"

"How do I know?" says the Philly fire fighter, "but I do know that's about the sparkiest spark I ever ran across."

It would have been all right if the fireman had let it go at that, but instead he told the story and the next day the papers had the whole affair—and they say Philly is slow.

That was the egg I had on my ball team. I wouldn't have minded so much if he hadn't been about the most natural ball player I had ever laid eyes on. The writers who had been so loud in praise of him now insisted that I should get rid of him, because a player who was impervious to fining and who played truant like a boy from school was ruining the morale of the team. Bad as I felt myself I pitied poor Chief Waters. Here was a grizzled old fire fighter with the pet dream of his life ruined just as it seemed covered with roses.

"Isn't there any cure for a spark?" I asked the chief one day as we commiserated with each other.

"Only making a fireman out of him. When a girl goes to work in a candy store, they make her eat all the candy she can hold the first few days—and they don't have to worry about her eating it after that. When an avocation becomes a vocation it is no longer an avocation."

"All of which philosophy don't help us a bit," I says, "because if we make a fireman out of Daley, we lose a ball player, and besides he could never pass a civil service exam. All I can do is to keep him out of the line-up and hope for the best. If you could send Bobby out to watch him it might help."

"Bobby's up on my cousin's farm," said the chief. "He isn't a strong boy and I don't want him back until school opens. I'll have Bobby write to him. That might help some."

A few days later I saw Daley in the corner of the dugout meticulously deciphering a letter in childish scrawl.

"Who's it from, Daley?" I asked conversationally.

"Oh, just a friend," he answers cramming the letter in a back pocket. "How's chances of playing today?"

"Not so good—unless the Owls stick in a right hander." When the Owls did send in a right-handed twirler to the mound Daley reminded me of my promise and I sent him in. He played well, too, but the fans merely accepted him on probation.

THIS was in August. I had had my run of tough breaks and now the Fates looked more kindly upon me. Peley, whom none of us figured better than a relief pitcher, took a regular turn in the box and won five straight, so that we managed to hold on pretty well to the first division. To make it sweeter, the leading Grays took an unexpected flop and began to drop game after game, and before we knew it we were back in the running again.

The first week in September found us home again with the Bears as our guests for five games and the statisticians had it all figured out that if we could clean up on the Bears and the Grays continued in their slump that we still had a chance for the pennant. Chief Waters was one of those statisticians who had it all down on paper.

"You ought to give Daley a chance again," he pleads. "Bobby's home now and back at school, but I'll have him out here Saturdays; and then this is the time of year we have things pretty quiet, save for brush fires in the outlying districts. Daley ought to keep his mind on baseball."

"He hasn't any mind to keep on it," I told the chief, "but I sure can use his punch in this Bears' series if he will give it to us."

We won the first game of the Bears' series after giving the fans heart failure, and they left the park convinced that we should have bagged the game easily. The next day we went to pieces and the fans just about finished what the Bears left of us. But in the third game we came back and the silence of the fans was in itself approval. In the first inning Daley had driven in two runs and scored himself later. Four runs in the second brought our total to seven. The Bears scored twice in the fourth and we chalked up one. In the seventh they chased my pitcher and cut the lead to three and in the eighth they filled the bases but only got over one run. With two out in the ninth and nobody on,.the fans started milling for the exits—but anything can happen in baseball. The reliable Crab Haley foozled a ball and a Bear reached first. The next Bear hit the left field fence on the line, reaching second as we held the runner to third. Then Whitman got rattled and walked the next man, filling the bases. The fans now stopped on their way home. Out in right center the gates were already open.

Three men on, two out and three runs needed to win, and the Bears were hungry for victory, imploring Sweeney to bust it. Whitman looked to the bench for instructions, and I knew Sweeney meant to murder whatever was good, so I signaled for a slow one. Sweeney swung from his heels and the ball soared high into the air towards right center, just as I expected. It was an easy out for either Daley or Carrington, but it belonged more to Daley so Carrington yelled to him to take it. Daley went back in his graceful lope for a sure catch with three men on the sacks tearing for home. It was a cinch out—and just then a fire engine comes sirening up the street and it sirened Daley right out through the open gate.

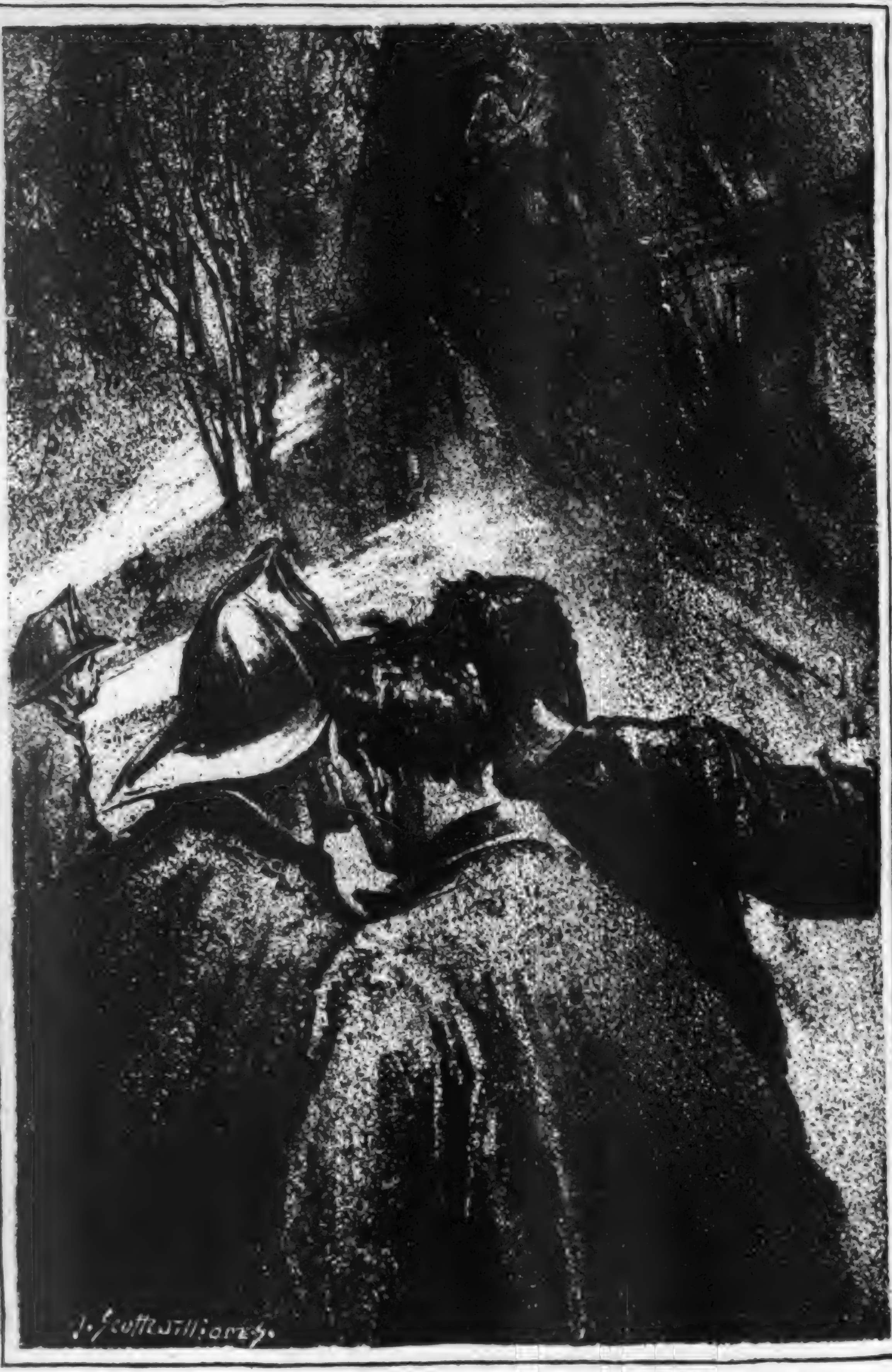
Well for minutes I don't think any one knew what happened, Sweeney scored standing up before Carrington ever started for the ball, and we were so dazed that we went out in order in our half. It was a good thing for Daley that he kept on running when he got out of the park or hopped a taxi because he would have been lynched.

After what the papers printed about him the next day I would have been arrested as accessory before the fact in a murder case if I ever attempted to stick him in the limelight again. He had practically killed our pennant chances. I didn't see him for several days and then on Saturday morning he came into the club office with head hanging and an abashed smile on his slob face.

"Pete," I says, using anything but the angry tone I had expected to employ, "I'm sore on you, sorer than I guess I ever was on any ball player before, because you lost me the pennant when you could have won it for me, and yet I'm sorry for you. There's just about the best baseball ability I ever saw absolutely wasted on you. I wish there was some way I could have driven ambition through that thick skull of yours."

Daley studied the inside of his cap as if he had just discovered it had a lining.

"I'm sorry I done you dirt, Mr. Murphy," he said. "You've been whiter with me than any of them, but it's always ended with me getting the can. I'll hop freight and hook on some other place. I always do. 'Course I got to get my release now so's I won't be outlawed. That's all I'm asking, Mr. Murphy. I ain't got no ambition like you said. I guess that comes from somebody caring for you so's you


J. Scott Williams

Daley swung Bobby over his shoulder. . . . Then I noticed the telephone wire. I saw him tug at the wire, wrap it around his wrist, and get ready for the leap.

don't want to make 'em feel bad; but I never had any one like that."

"Nonsense, you get your fan mail like the rest of them; scented ones from the ladies—" he grinned deprecatingly at that—"and the ones from the kids. Here's one from some youngster telling you, I'll wager, how he hopes to be a man like you when he grows up," and I dug out a pink envelope with a childish scrawl on it. He took it and tore it open.

"Now take these kids," I began again, warming to the subject; but knowing that he couldn't read and listen at the same time, I waited for him to finish. And then I saw him pale.

"Bill—er, Mr. Murphy, I mean—get me a taxi." But he didn't wait for me to call one. Instead he dashes out of the office taking the letter with him.

THAT letter worried me. The only kid I could think of who could affect Daley the way that letter had was Bobby Waters. What could have happened? I reached for the 'phone to call the chief and then withdrew my hand. What could I tell him? I tried calling the chief's home, meaning to ask the chief's number and then casually ask about Bobby; but I got no answer. This made me all the more uneasy, and as the chief's home was not a great distance from the ball park I decided to get a taxi and jaunt over there and satisfy myself that everything was all right. Some of the most ticklish situations in baseball had failed to get an eye wink out of Daley and I could only infer that a calamity could send him out of the office like a madman.

I got a taxi without delay from the stand where Pete must have got his and I give the chief's address. We had hardly got under way before fire engines come tearing from everywhere and all pointed in our direction. I was hoping that Daley didn't hear them because he would go after the red wagons and forget whatever it was that made him think he was a hundred-yard dashman. We hadn't got far before a cop hops out and gives us the high sign and I was just thinking up an alibi for the cop when my chauffeur pulls open the glass partition.

"Fire lines," he says. "Can't go any further. Must be a three-bagger."

I paid him and then used my feet; and I had plenty of company. It loooked as if it were Marathon Day and the whole city had entered the race. All the time my bean was working just as fast as my feet and I hadn't got within a block of the chief's house before I came to the conclusion that it was Chief Waters' own domicile that was being consumed in flames. I was right. This was the real thing. The old house must have been as dry as tinder; flames and smoke belched from the lower floors, filling the yard and street with pungent black clouds. Apparatus groaned in from all directions and hoselines shot out like ribbons of paste from tubes, men in black rubber coats and black helmets ran around as if they were panic stricken, only, of course, they knew every move they made and had a purpose for it. The firemen's principal job, however, was to save the adjoining houses and prevent a conflagration.

And then I caught sight of Daley.

He was in the center of a crowd and arguing with the policemen and firemen who would let no civilian inside the ropes.

"I tell you there *is* some one in there," he screamed as I tried to push my way through to him. "Let me in."

A policeman grabbed him. "I know you," he exclaimed, "you're Daley of the Romans and a nut. It's the bug-house for you if you try any funny stuff."

Then I saw Daley fling the copper aside and leap past, ripping off his coat as he dived under the ropes; and with every one shouting at him he vaulted the fence in front of the chief's house and vanished in a cloud of smoke. Then about a score of people yelled at once, "On the tree." I looked over to an elm growing beside the house and pushing its limbs through the smoke and there sure enough was Daley climbing up it like a monkey. Meanwhile, I had retrieved Daley's coat.

Just then Chief Waters himself drove on to the scene and stood contemplating his burning house with a bewildered expression. Another chief came up to him.

"That fool on the tree thinks there is some one in the house—there can't be."

"No," I heard Waters say. "My wife goes downtown shopping Saturdays, Dick and Evelyn are at work and Bobby is over to my brother's. He goes over every Saturday." I saw the dark eyes blink and the chief added a bit hoarsely, "I'll call up and make sure about Bobby," and he pushed his way out of the crowd again.

"And I'll knock that fool off the tree before he kills himself," said the other chief and gave an order for a hose to be turned on Daley, as if Pete didn't have trouble enough with the climb itself. The first stream of water nearly knocked the coatless Daley from his perch, but he got a fresh grip on a branch. The crowd started to yell as if it were some game. This was too much for me.

"Hey, lay off," I yelled at the chief. "Want to commit murder?"

The chief growled at me but gave an order to turn away the stream of water. Daley was in the upper branches now and starting to crawl out on a limb that hung over the mansard roof of the burning house. Great clouds of smoke and flying sparks were incessantly shrouding him and hiding him from my view, but when a breeze disclosed him, it found him creeping nearer and nearer to the house. The mob weren't yelling and cat-calling now; they watched in stunned silence.

AND then Chief Waters came fighting his way back through the crowd; his face white and his eyes popping.

"Bobby—he isn't at my brother's. He's in there—my Bobby." He sought to rush into the flames, but the firemen seized him and battled with him.

"Hold your head, Tim," cried the other chief. "We'll get him," but I could tell by his voice that he knew he lied. He knew his business too well not to realize that no man could get into that house from the street. Only one man could drop into that mass of flames and that was the man up in the tree, the man they had just been hooting and jeering; the good-natured slob that every paper in the city had been calling a nut and a bum and everything else. Well, all these birds down in the street could do was watch and pray that Daley the nut, Daley the bum, could come through in the pinch.

Daley had known all the time that Bobby was in the house; and suddenly I wondered how he had known. I realized then that I had Daley's coat on my arm. I fished in the pockets and pulled out a scrap of paper, the cheap gray kind with blue lines on it; the kind they use in schools.

DERE PETE:

Don't you beleave what it says in the paper that you are all threw becawse you aint got any friends after what you done becawse thas a lie becawse you got me Pete and all us kids down at the school becawse I tole them about you and us kids think you are the best ball player in the world. it dont make no difference chaseing engines becawse I like them to. no what I am going to do Pete. my daddy always says to my ma that we wont move until the house burns down and he is a fireman so he can burn it down if he wants to. and saturday when my ma goes down town and I am supposed to go over to my aunt annie's I am going to burn my house like my dad wants me to and you can come over and see it.

BOBBY.

I blinked. This was something from "Peck's Bad Boy." No such luck; it was true. This little hero-worshiping youngster had caused merry hell, and if he was in that house only Daley could save him.

"Come on, Pete!" I yelled impulsively as he started out over the roof, sounding mad, I suppose, in that hushed crowd—but I didn't care. "Come on, Pete," I pleaded, just the way I had when a hit meant a run, and he had come through.

He poised above the roof now on a branch, ready to drop. Great clouds of smoke filled with burning embers enveloped and suffocated him. The firemen, driven back in their desperate efforts to force an entrance, sought to confine the flames as best as possible to the first floor; they were trying to help poor Pete Daley now instead of hindering him. Flames and smoke belched from every window of the first floor. Stream after stream of water poured into the caldron but seemed to be only spoonfuls. The smoke cleared an instant. Daley gasped for breath, rubbed at his smoke-blackened eyes and dropped.

I saw him slide along the incline of the smooth mansard roof while every one near me held their breath and prayed, and then when I thought he would pitch off, he stopped. He worked himself toward the front of the house and then dropped to the ledge that ran below the upper floor windows. He edged along to a window and got it open. A burst of smoke nearly knocked him off the front of the house, but he caught a breath of air and dove through.

I thought I had seen him for the last time, and I guess my eyes were moist. Pete was a good-hearted slob—if he had only possessed good sense and ambition. Well, anyway, the papers would speak kindly of him on the morrow. I heard a floor crash inside and every one groaned. Then a wisp of white smoke would show through the black of the upper windows and the crowd would gasp with hope.

And then he came back. Choking, stumbling, fighting for air—he came back. And he had something in his arms; something small and still with two dangling black legs and touseled blond hair. I let out a yell. I couldn't help it. Somebody started a cheer; but it died aborning. No one had strength enough to cheer. They were licked.

But Pete hadn't won yet. He was stranded there on the ledge. He hadn't realized until now, I guess, that when he had dropped from the tree he couldn't get back that way. All he could do now was stay there, back against the mansard wall, the soles of his feet smouldering as he gasped for air and sought to protect the unconscious form in his arms; the flames of the burning building reaching for him like human fiends and barring all who sought to get a ladder or anything within reach. It looked like a funeral pyre for Pete and the kid; but I had faith in him. He hadn't the brains of a high-school kid as far as academic standards might determine; but I had seen that pill work on the diamond and I had confidence that the old boy was there in the pinch, even if he did have two strikes on himself.

He moved along the ledge, flames darting at him and walls crashing inside until I figured the building would collapse taking him and Bobby with it. He reached the corner of the house. He got down on his hands and knees although I knew those hot slates must have been burning like stove covers. He slung Bobby over his shoulder, while I wondered at the meaning of it all. Then I noticed a telephone wire. My heart leaped as I pictured him walking hand over hand to the pole in the street with Bobby—but that would be impossible. He couldn't carry Bobby and besides the flames belching out of the floor below would have caught him, he would have to travel so slowly. No, Pete had more brains than I.

I saw him tug at the wire, wrap it around his wrist and then break it free from its insulator fastenings. Crossing his arms so that the unconscious boy was held in close embrace, Daley stood up, and judging the flames as a surf-rider studies the rollers on a beach, he leaped out into space.

A cable wire was between the house and the pole, and Daley, with his instinctive judgment of distance, had calculated on it. He swept through the flames that darted avidly at their lost prey; and an instant later he was dangling over our heads like a pendulum. Gripping the wire with his left hand and twisting it about him, he lowered Bobby to his legs and dropped him into the arms of firemen. They yelled to Pete to wait for a net: but he couldn't wait. He crashed to the ground and lay there as still as the boy he had saved; singed and blackened like a piece of charred wood.

THEY rushed the two of them to the hospital and the newspaper boys and I had a race to see who could get there first. We ought to have known that it would be some time before the doctors would let us in to see Pete, so we sat there cooling our heels and me telling them what a dirty job they had done on the boy and how he was the best-hearted slob that ever wore spikes. Finally a nurse said we could go in and we did a tiptoe hike to Pete's bed. There was a lot of smoke in his system and parts of him were in bandages, but his kind can take a lot of punishment. I never knew how much I cared for the poor slob until I stood there at his bed.

His first question was for Bobby and he showed his relief when I told him the kid would be on his feet as soon as himself. The reporters tried to get him to tell his version of the affair, but he was a clam. They knew nothing of his association with the kid and imagined that he had merely followed the fire engines in response to the mania that had exploded his baseball career.

"You know, Daley, you're in right with the public again," said one of the scribes. "All you got to do is to keep away from the fire engines in the future."

Daley gave him a contemptuous look. "I never want to see a fire engine again. Ev'ry time I hear a bell I'll think of that kid," and he shut his eyes to blot out the picture and I remembered what Chief Waters said about giving candy-store girls enough candy to sicken them of it. Pete had got his bellyful of smoke.

When he opened his eyes again it was to look at me.

"Gee, Bill, I never thought a kid could care enough to—" and then he caught himself. But I saw an advantage and played it. A bit of Bobby's note flashed before my mind.

> All us kids think you are the best player in the world.

"All the kids care, and now you know it. They all look up to you. They all want to be like you when they grow up. That's an awful responsibility, Pete; you ought to live up to it."

He blinked, with the scribes trying to get in on it.

"Would that be ambition, Bill?"

"The greatest in the world. Set them an example for good and they will never do anything wrong."

Suddenly he looked startled. "Bill, do you know what became of my coat."

"No," I said, "but I took some things out of it," and I handed him some envelopes and papers. He took them and dug quickly for a piece of gray paper with blue lines. "One of youse guys got a match?" he asked of the reporters. Some one gave him a match and he lit the paper and held it until nearly consumed. Then he crushed it in a basin on the near-by table.

"What's that?" asked a reporter quickly.

"Try and find out," said Pete. "That's my last fire."

Fighting Forest Fires

NO WONDER the dreaded "running crown" is the pet conflagration of the fiction writer and the movie director. Masses of flame jump hundreds of feet at a leap and consume like so much paper valuable timberlands that have been a man's lifetime in the making.

In one heavily forested region, three hundred men can be spilled into action at widely separated points within thirty minutes of the first alarm. They are in charge of a veteran "smoke eater" who, in next month's EVERYBODY'S, tells his choicest stories of the frontier firing line—personal recollections from his own experiences with over three thousand forest fires.

A Dare-Devil Diver Who Conquered Fear

Peter Jerome Ringens, sensational stunt diver, makes a profession of the art he excelled in as a boy in the old swimming hole. Once, at the height of his career, he lost his nerve and was unable to dive for a month

by Victor R. LeValley

THE barker bawls through a megaphone something about "the most stupenjus and most thrilling act of all time by the world's greatest high diver." Behind the spectacular stunt that is over in a few seconds are ten years of gruelling preparation—four years getting to a height of seventy feet; two years getting from seventy to eighty, pushing the ladder up two feet at a time; two years more getting from eighty to ninety, one foot at a time; and two more years at the same rate to reach the hundred foot goal.

LITTLE Pete Ringens's hair was wet and his mother knew he had been paddling around in "that old swimmin' hole" again. She regarded the ten-year-old youngster with stern disapproval. "That diving," remarked the good woman, "will be the ruination of you yet, Peter. What do you want to risk your neck like that for?" Pete shuffled his feet deprecatingly and departed for the barn. He never argued about such matters, but from the age of eight he loved to swim and dive, and somehow all his ambitions seemed to be centered around that swimmin' hole.

The neighbors heartily agreed with Pete's mother. They went further. Peter Jerome Ringens was as unpopular with his Oregon neighbors as Mark Twain's creation Huck Finn had been in Missouri. Like him, freely predicted the neighbors, Pete would never amount to anything. His passion for "diving from tree stumps and tree tops" into the old swimming hole and his detestation of school books and orderly ways were not the proper approach to the standardized kind of fame they had in mind. He would end up a charge on the town, they prophesied, shaking their heads.

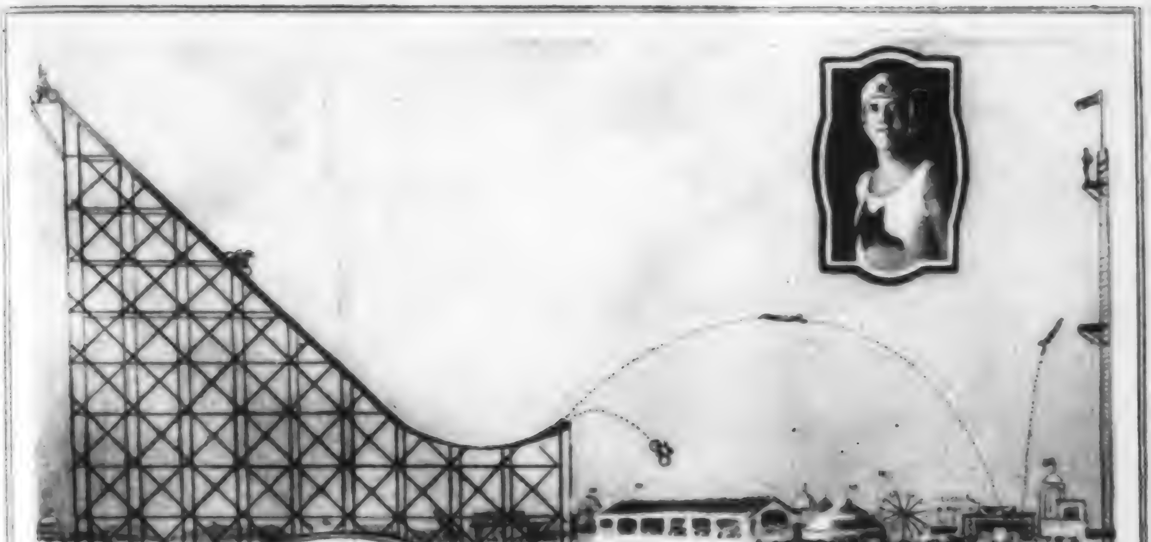
Meanwhile, as you might suppose, Pete was the hero of a very different circle. If, as has somewhere been said, every man stands or falls on the judgment of his contemporaries, then Pete was already a success. Even at that tender age he would dive from whatever convenient heights he could find or improvise. And it was no grand-stand stuff for spectators, either. He worked at it incessantly, always trying to perfect his dive. Once he dived from the top of a young tree twenty feet high. He gained an ascendancy over his fellows by that feat that clung to him all the rest of his boyhood.

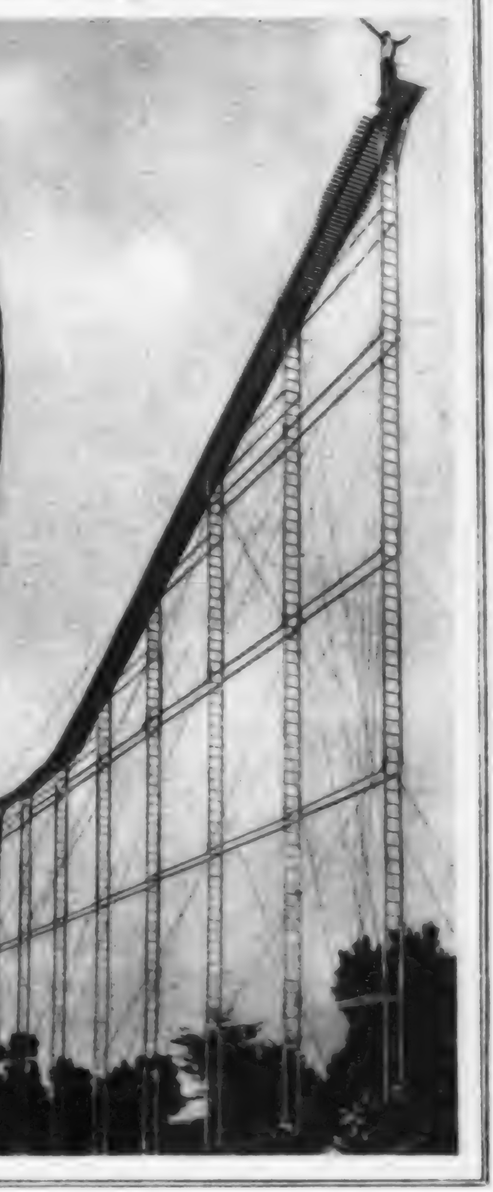
As he grew older, Pete kept adding to the intricacy and variety of his aquatic stunts. He seems never to have known fear. In other sports, as well, young Ringens became known as a leader at school. He was further noted at that same school for backwardness in his studies. In fact the teachers agreed forcibly with the neighbors' forecast that Pete would never amount to a hill of beans.

By the time he was seventeen the youngster was looked upon as the black sheep of an otherwise respectable and prosperous family of promising children. By this time he was tired of being treated like the stepchild of a very frank-spoken community. So Pete Ringens departed from that community resolved to make a fortune and a name for himself in one of the most dangerous professions in the world. In one hand he carried the luggage with which he proposed to effect this success. It was a pair of swimming trunks. The amazing thing is, that was just what he did it with. Surely no such novel means has ever carried a man so high in the long history of success in this country.

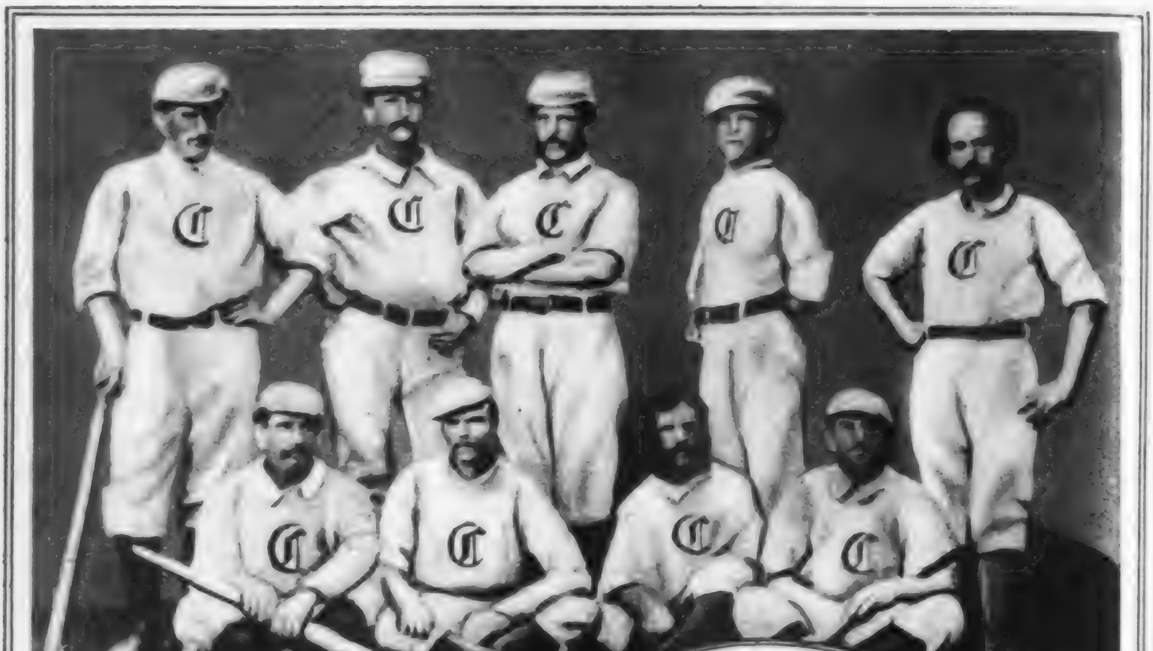
It eventually carried Peter Ringens one hundred feet up a narrow, swaying ladder. For him it was literally and figuratively the ladder of success. Ten years after he left home

[*Continued on page 156*]

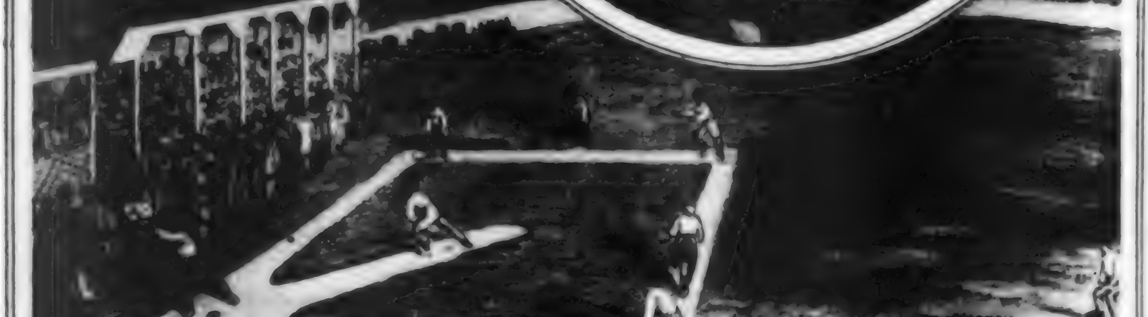




THREE new bicycles a week are smashed in the spectacular diving act that Peter Ringens has been performing for years without serious injury to himself. He rides down an incline one hundred feet high at the starting point and sixty feet at the take-off, shoots off into space for seventy-five feet, and lands in a small tank of water six feet in diameter.



GEORGE WRIGHT (fourth from left, standing) was the best shortstop in America when he signed up with the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1869. He received the then unheard of salary of $1400 a season. The team won ninety-two consecutive games before its first defeat and established records that have never been equaled.



He's Always Kept His Eye on the Ball

As a player, merchant, and manufacturer, George Wright has literally "followed the ball" all his life. He tells how he started in baseball when the game was in its infancy and how he had a hand in introducing golf to Americans

by Fairfax Downey

LONG before gloves were permitted on a baseball diamond, in the days when players used cold water and iodine to toughen their hands, George Wright had made a brilliant playing record and retired. It has also been his pleasure to watch the progress of golf, both as a player and observer, since the time when a lonesome Scot had to get a police permit to use his clubs in Boston. The business that bears Mr. Wright's name has kept up his enthusiastic interest in the sports in which he excelled as a youth.

SOME of the people who crowded around to stare into the store window thought the queer-looking contraptions displayed there were a new kind of walking-stick. And in a way they were that. At least they have since persuaded into taking long walks many men and women who never had considered them before or imagined them coming under the head of sport. The sticks were golf clubs.

They aroused the curiosity of the passer-by which was the most the owner of the store had hoped for when he imported the exhibit from England in 1890. But it had an even more gratifying effect on one of the spectators. He was a Scotchman, and those golf clubs made him homesick. Entering the store, he addressed George Wright, the famous ex-baseball player, who had opened this little sporting goods store in the conservative city of Boston.

"I'll buy those," the man from Scotland offered instantly, from which you may understand that this is no ordinary anecdote about a Scot. "I'll buy those, if you can tell me where I can play golf hereabouts."

Thereupon the exhibit ceased to be a curiosity and became an opportunity. But it was an opportunity which required a considerable amount of ingenuity before it could be made use of. For in those days it was a regrettable fact that no golf course existed anywhere in the neighborhood of Boston.

"But I'll make a place to play golf," Mr. Wright offered. He forthwith obtained a book of rules and looked up the strange game. Then with a few friends and some home-made pins and flags, he descended upon the park grounds called Franklin Field and commenced to lay out a course.

But people had not yet learned that only the weather and severe emergencies may interrupt golfers with impunity. A blue-coated figure intruded on the scene.

"What do you think you're doing?" inquired the Irish policeman, for, as already remarked, the scene is laid in Boston.

"We're getting ready to play some golf," Mr. Wright answered.

"Golf?" echoed the policeman. "Golf? What's that?"

Mr. Wright tried to explain.

"Whatever it is," the arm of the law finally ruled at the conclusion of the hearing, "you'll have to go get a permit to play it."

The permit was obtained by application at the city hall; the function has since been taken over to some extent by wives of golfers—and the course was laid out and golf duly played. Thus came into existence one of the earliest links in the United States.

Another new game had taken the start from which it was destined to spread so widely throughout the country. There had come into its own one more variation on the old, old theme of a ball and a stick. There was another ball for young Mr. Wright to follow as player, spectator, and merchant—a career which began when he took the field as an expert cricket player at the age of twelve.

George Wright's story is the story of the development of sport in the United States from the middle of the nineteenth century on. And by the same token, that comprises almost the whole history of American sport. For in the harder, less-leisured, earlier days athletic games could claim only a small share of the national attention. The phenomenal rise and expansion of outdoor sports, the extension of their appeal to the average man and woman, to young and to old, date since and come within the span of this one man's life. He may fairly be said to have followed the ball for just about three-quarters of a century.

He follows it today as a golfer, and his eyes on the ball are keen and his arms wiry. Unless they were, no man of his age could keep on clicking off eighteen holes in around 95. But the visitor needs no golf score-card as an indication. George Wright's quick, direct glance, his hands which convey strength, his trim spare figure, the suppleness of the way he moves—all these paint the portrait of an athlete. And the facts that he was born in 1847 and that his hair and mustache are white belie it not at all.

How Baseball Began in America

HERE, too, is a man who continues active in a business in which he has always been to the fore. His nationally known firm of Wright & Ditson was the first in the field in this country. It is logical that a true sportsman should be successful in the selling of sporting goods and that one who has played many athletic games should be talented in presenting their attractions to others. And the fact that the firm has kept pace with progress and had a large part in the introduction of such popular games as tennis and golf shows the direction of a mind which has stayed young and vigorous.

The visitor who calls on George Wright in his office in his Boston store finds him with a suitable background. The man whom authorities call the greatest baseball player of his day and even, disregarding the difficulties of comparison, of any day, is surrounded by cabinets and wall decorations of sporting equipment which are a veritable history of the development of sport in the United States. Many of them are personal trophies. You will remark medals and cups, balls used in games won, the bat Mr. Wright was given for the best general play in the baseball season of 1867 and the medal, prized most of all, which was awarded him in 1868 as the "best shortstop in the country."

His talk is modest and the interviewer must fill in the gaps from other sources. He is fond of relating anecdotes. This one, built up from his too brief narration, will serve to illustrate his athletic ability, as the one with which this article began showed his vision and enterprise. This is dated 1869 and may be laid in any one of a number of cities.

The man who entered the cobbler's shop wore a bushy mustache and a luxuriant set of chin whiskers but he walked with the springy step of an athlete. His first words showed that he had not come on the usual errand to order a pair of shoes.

"Amos, we will require a new ball," he addressed the cobbler, in the formal style of the sixties. "This Saturday brings to play with us the baseball team of Cincinnati, a city in the distant West."

"Well and good," the cobbler answered. "I have here some fine new horsehide. But what kind of a ball shall I make for you?"

"It had best not be a lively one," the bewhiskered young man who was the captain of the home team stipulated. "As you know, our team is not overdextrous with the bat, while these visiting Red Stockings are. Playing with them is a youth named George Wright who strikes a ball with such vigor that, I'll be bound, it flies beyond the reach of our fielders."

And so, as was quite usual in 1869, the ball was made to order. This handicap to the visiting team had its part in keeping down the batting average of the youth whose ability was so dreaded, to a percentage of .518 that season; or it might have reached a higher total.

George Wright was born in New York City whither his family had come from England not long before. His father was a cricketer of note. At the age of twelve, the boy was a member of St. George's Cricket Club, on the first eleven.

To young Wright our transition from cricket to baseball came easily. It was only following the ball in a slightly different way. But it was then that he stepped across the threshold from English domination of our athletics into the truly American sport in which he was to spend his life and become such an outstanding figure. His long career in our national game did not depend upon the fanaticism of the fan for its interest. He and his brother, Harry Wright, were outstanding baseball players themselves.

Baseball had been gradually evolved out of cricket in New York and Massachusetts during the decade between 1845 and 1855. By the early 'Sixties a score of amateur baseball teams in the East were playing on diamonds more or less like those today, before crowds of as many as a thousand fans. In 1860 the first tour of any baseball team was made through New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, by a Brooklyn club.

The Civil War stopped baseball short, but at its close the game came into its own with a rush all over the Middle West. In 1868 professional baseball was born in Cincinnati. The Red Stockings and the Buckeyes of that city were bitter rivals and the Buckeyes sent scouts out to hire several salaried players.

Then it was that the two Wright brothers burst into a prominence which they held for two decades. The Red Stockings decided to recruit an entire new team of professional stars. Naturally they picked the best man they could to captain it. Harry Wright was signed on for the then amazing sum of $1,200 a season. Thus he really became the first professional baseball player.

They went even higher for George Wright, who was universally recognized as the best shortstop in America. He signed up for $1,400. Lesser luminaries didn't come quite so high, and the total payroll was under $10,000, but it was a team of stars, all right. Some of their records have never been equalled. During the years 1869-1870, they won ninety-two consecutive games before their first defeat.

In addition to the record George Wright established at shortstop and at bat, not a few of the rules which stabilized baseball must be credited to him. He was a pioneer of stunts which his quick mind devised in emergencies. One day he was moved to catch a ball in his cap. There was no rule which said you couldn't and the idea happened to come in very handy at the moment. The rule was inspired later.

To catch a ball in your cap must have been a welcome relief, as well as a clever stunt. The day had passed when a catch on the first bound was out and the old-timers had to handle some hot ones barehanded. Until he retired from professional baseball in 1880, George Wright never wore a glove.

"Before a game I used to harden up my hands with cold water and paint them with iodine," he explained. "But sometimes they would get so puffed up I could hardly throw to first. When our fingers would get split, we would just tape them together and go ahead.

"I played every position on the team on occasion, though chiefly shortstop," he continued. "But after one incident I gave up catching behind the bat. A fast foul tip caught me in the windpipe and it seemed hours before I could get my breath again. Catchers then wore none of the protective armoring they are never without today." The first catcher to don shin guards was jokingly called a "cricketer!"

"I invented a rubber plate to be held in a catcher's mouth," Mr. Wright declared. "That saved teeth and dentist bills for some of the boys. It wasn't until 1875 that the catcher's mask was invented by Thayer of Harvard. I put it on the market."

As captain and shortstop of the Nationals of Washington and as a member of other teams, George Wright made trips that classify him as the Marco Polo of baseball.

"When I was with the Washington team," he narrated, "we made a victorious tour through the South and West. We bore our own expenses and refused to share in the gate receipts. Then I played on the unbeatable Cincinnati Red Stockings who were managed by my brother. That was the first professional team. We started out in '69, cleaned up the East and the Middle West and then went all the way to California. We had to shift back and forth from broad to narrow gauge railroads and take any other kind of transportation as it offered. When there were no accommodations, we packed our grub and camped out. The Indians used to ride in from the prairies to see us pass. Out of fifty-seven games, we won fifty-six and tied one, scoring 2,395 runs to 574 for our opponents."

George Wright's own record topped them all. His remarkable score sheet showed fifty-two games played out of the fifty-seven, with a batting average of .518. He made 339 runs, fifty-nine of them home runs and one of them the longest hit then recorded. Thereafter

Beals C. Wright, National Outdoor Singles Champion in 1905, early forged to the front in the game his father had helped to popularize. The elder Wright traveled thousands of miles to lay out the tennis courts that superseded cricket grounds when the heyday of that game passed in the United States. Years later his youthful son proved his mettle by becoming interscholastic champion. Subsequently he shone in turf doubles, holding the national championship with H. Ward for three consecutive years from 1904 to 1906.

he played with the Boston and with the Providence teams when they were champions. All in all, he was a member of nine championship teams.

Of his plays and strategy the following described by the late A. G. Spalding is typical.

"In this inning the Atlantics had two men on bases—McDonald on second and Pearce at first—when Smith, the next man up, hit a pop-fly to George Wright at short. Then was introduced the first recorded instance of a play that later was not infrequently witnessed. Holding up his hand as if to catch the easy ball, Wright signaled to Waterman to get to his base. McDonald and Pearce, certain that the batsman would be out on such an easy fly—and not reckoning upon the fielder's choice—stood quietly at their bases. Then Wright purposely trapped the ball by scooping it up on the first bound and threw it to Waterman at third, who passed it to Sweasy at second, and McDonald and Pearce being forced by Smith's hit, made fair by Wright's strategic play, were both declared out before they realized what had happened to them. Of course Smith made first in safety, but the double play had cost the Atlantics two men, as Wright intended, and the side was out, with ten innings played.

Introducing Tennis to Americans

BUT if you ask the man who has followed so many balls what he thinks is the best game of them all, his answer is not baseball but lawn tennis. He took a large part in the development of that sport in this country in the later 'Seventies, the game as we know it having been played in England only a decade or so before. In those days dealers sold you a "set" of tennis—rackets, balls, net, and so forth—just as they would sell a set of croquet.

"I went into the sporting goods business in 1871," Mr. Wright related, "and I thus founded the oldest firm in that line." Wright in Boston, Spalding in Chicago, later in New York and elsewhere, Reach in Philadelphia—such is the trilogy of player-merchants known to all athletic America. "I have always been strong for tennis," Mr. Wright said. "Courts were easily laid out on the cricket grounds when the heyday of that game passed in the United States. I traveled thousands of miles to popularize the game. I was the first to take champion players to California. They have a way of coming from there now. I made that tour in 1898. I took Whitman, the champion, Dwight Davis (now Secretary of War) and Ward, the doubles champions, and my son, Beals Wright, then the interscholastic champion."

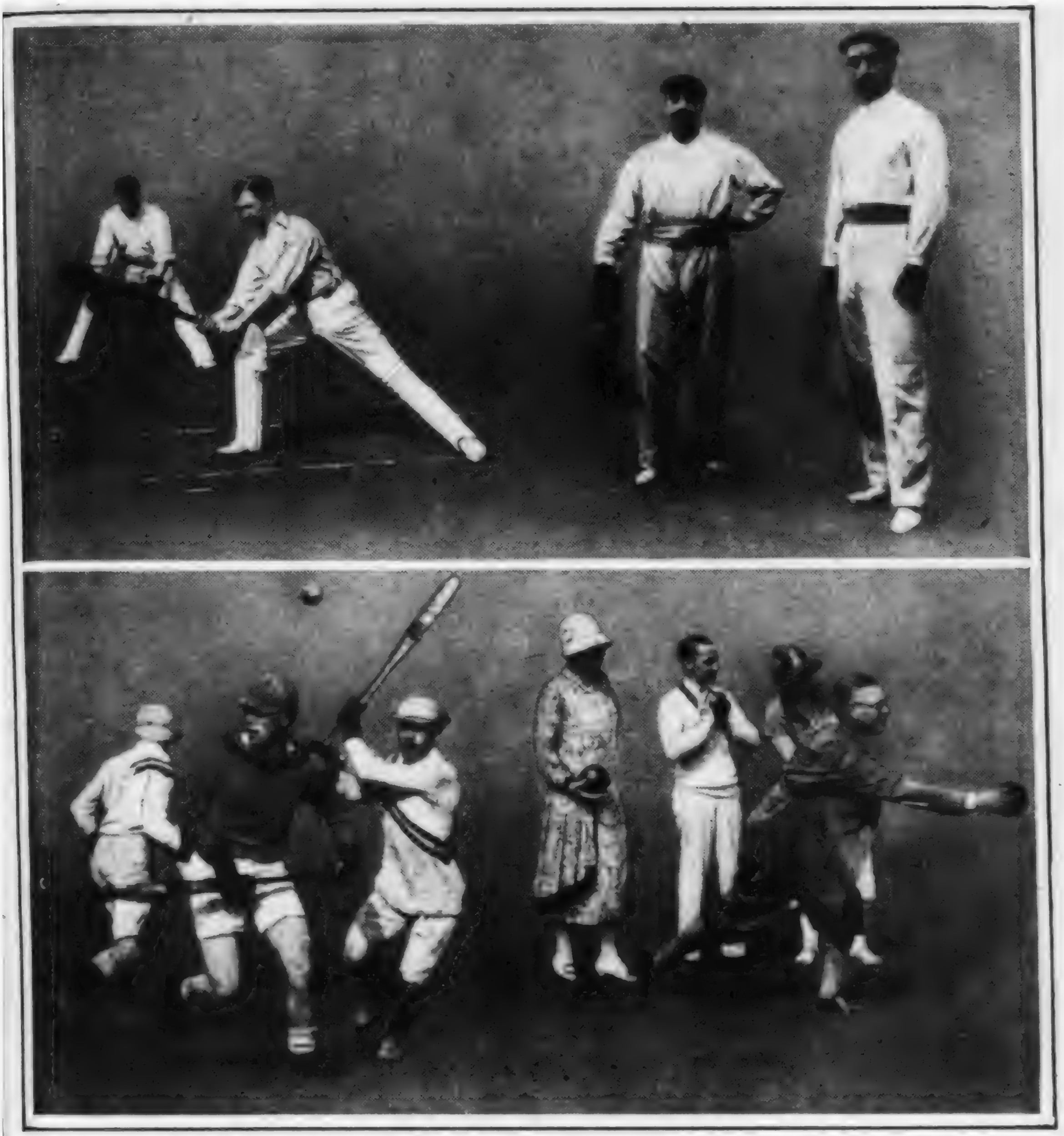
Small wonder that the name of the firm of Wright & Ditson became synonymous with tennis. Their importation of the early "sets," the fact that their balls were used in the championship matches, the championships won by Mr. Wright's two sons, Beals and Irving, both members of the firm—all these popularized the name. But the Wright family looms too large in the annals of American sport to be confined to tennis. It is remarkable that the members of three generations should have stood to the forefront of the athletics of their day: Samuel Wright, in cricket, George and Harry Wright in baseball and Beals and Irving Wright in tennis.

It is a name to conjure with in the sporting world, particularly in New England, but it is a commentary on the Wright character that this is probably the first time their long connection with athletics has been completely described. To the Wrights and such members of the firm as John Morrill, Honest John, the noted old-time ball player, theirs is a congenial business, not a ballyhoo.

There can not help but be satisfaction over and above the matter of monetary profit in selling people sporting goods. For you know how much good the exercise they will get is going to do them. One good reason why folks nowadays spend so much money on the weapons of sport is the natural human desire to sugar-coat one's exercise with amusement. The waving of arms and legs in mere calesthenics day after day may produce muscle but it is a tough assignment. There is another value in the introduction of the new games, in which men like George Wright have pioneered. It lies in the fact that people who had neither skill nor fun in the old games, will take to the new with delight. Then there is just that much more health resulting all around.

George Wright has considered the tennis ball one worth following because of the many games which are variations of it or akin. Down from the ancient days when a queer sort of ball game was taught to the early Britons, by Roman soldiers, tennis has been producing all kinds of ball games. The first one developed was a game played in the open courts of monasteries by monks. This was taken up by the nobility and soon no castle was complete without its tennis court, which eventually came to be covered. This game was the direct ancestor of what is now called court tennis and accounts for the "pent-house," the buttress or "tambour" and the "dedans" which make that game such a complicated study in queer angles.

It was on his way home from a snappy match of that kind of tennis that Henry of Navarre was stabbed to death, and it was in the famous covered tennis court of Versailles that the people's representatives who started the French Revolution first met. In one direction this indoor type of tennis gave rise to the English "fives" and our own handball, and in another direction to modern lawn and clay court tennis. Besides these games there have branched off the recently popular "squash" (by which is usually meant squash-tennis), racquets

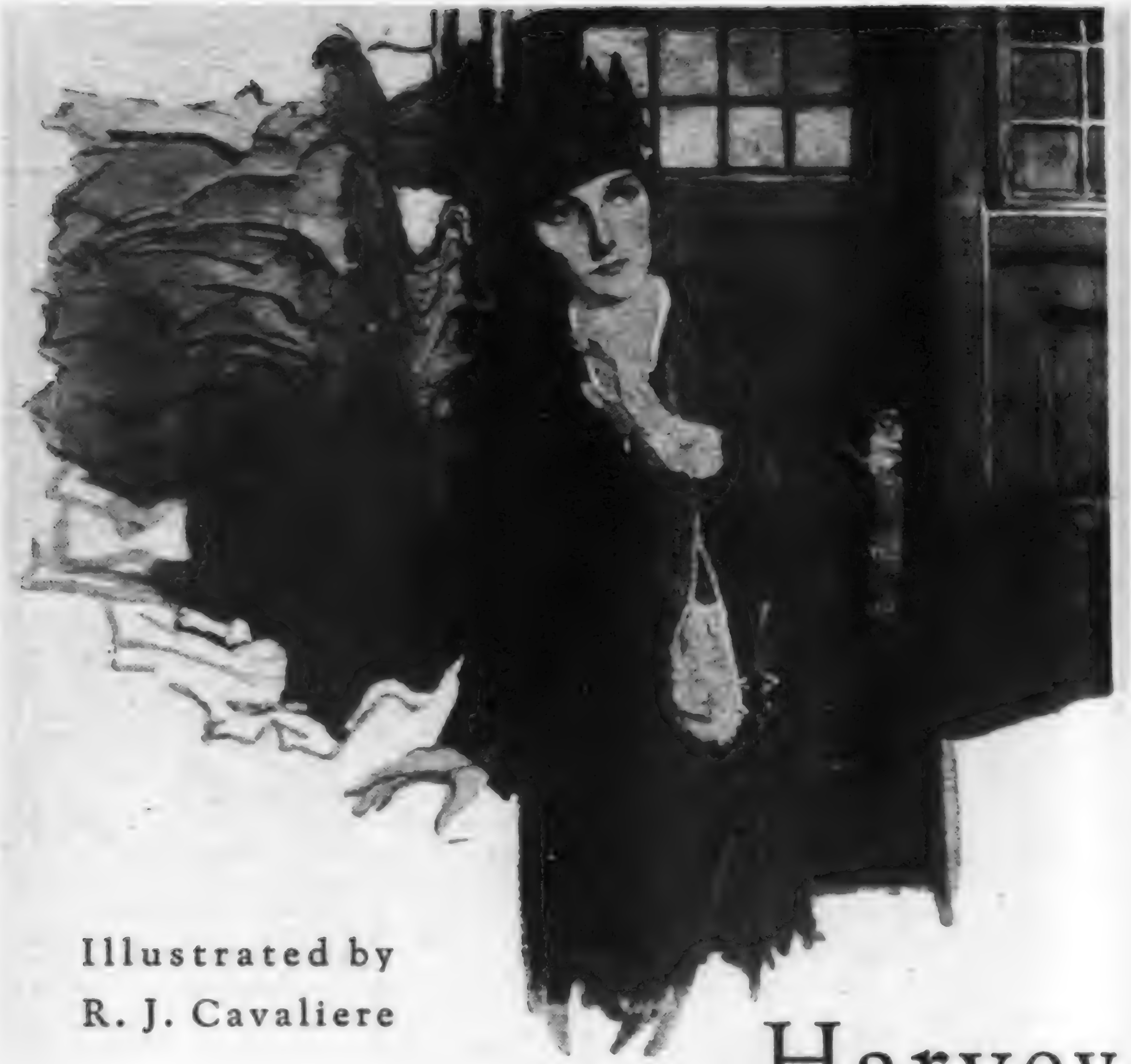


Following the ball in one form or another is the fascinating feature of a number of games with growing ranks of adherents. Cricket succumbed to the preference for tennis in this country, but it is still played here wherever enough Britishers are to be found. The swarthy gentlemen with the wicker claws are big league players of Jai Alai or Pelota, said to be the fastest of all ball games. Our colleges took up Lacrosse from where the American Indian left it, and the ancient game of Lawn Bowls still has its appeal for thousands of enthusiasts in Canada and the United States.

and squash-racquets—all played with a racket and a ball, but varying infinitely in speed, action—and expense.

George Wright has watched, too, the flying ball of lacrosse, for that game, played for ages by our North American Indians, is growing in popularity in the colleges. It has taken an even faster eye to follow the sphere of jai alai or pelota which may not draw many participants but is a favorite of spectators, particularly in Cuba. It is called the fastest game of them all and a player's career is said to average only four years. The speed with which they hurl the lively ball from wicker scoops against the back wall and its rapid rebound which permits scarcely a moment's inaction combines with the heat of the climate in wearing down a man. Mr. Wright's first game, cricket, survives in Philadelphia and wherever English Colonials are. Lawn bowls is another old game not dead in Canada and elsewhere.

Personally, his age makes golf George Wright's game now. And there, as always, he follows the ball with all that is in him. You could find no better argument for the best in sport than George Wright himself.

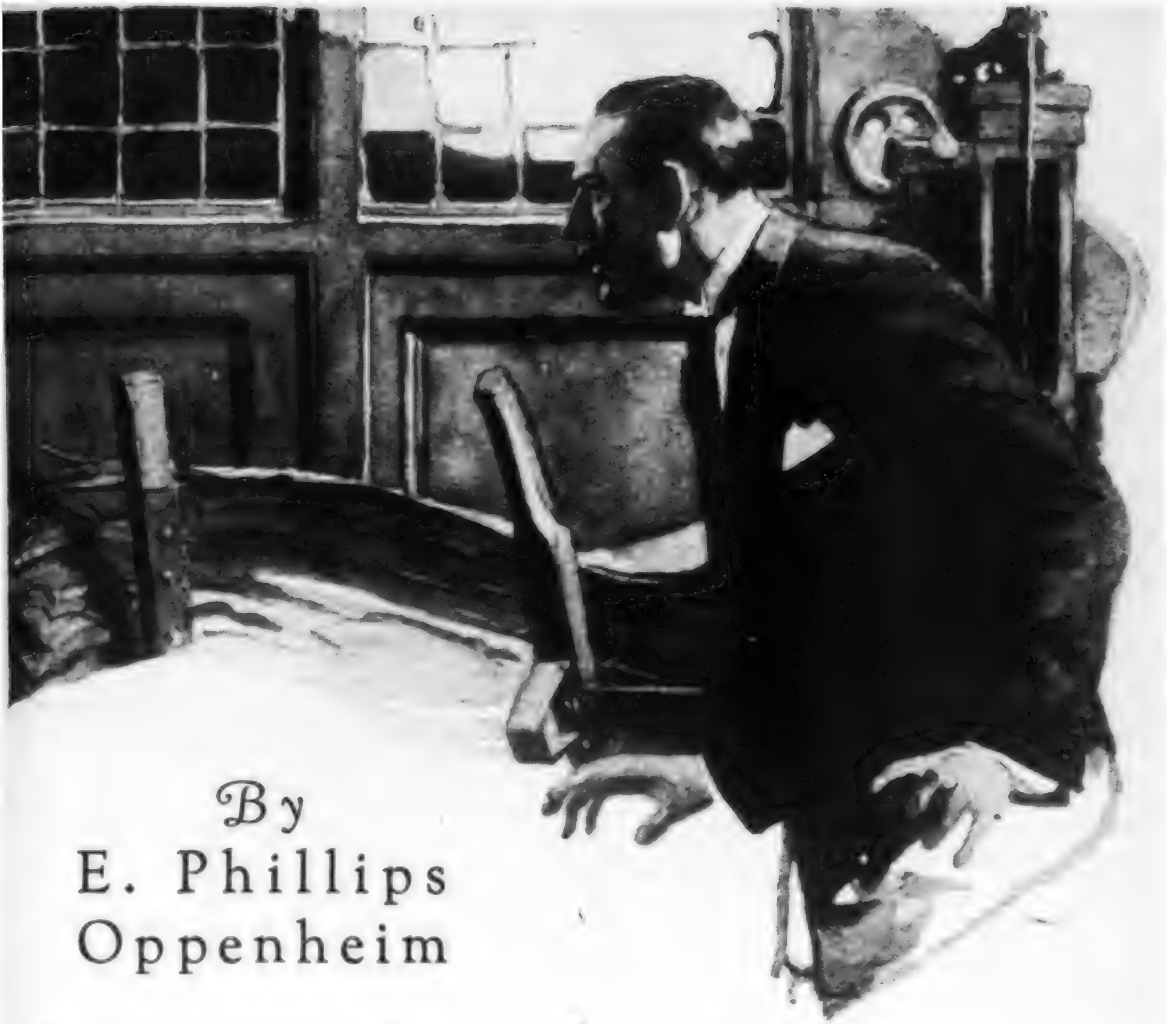


Illustrated by
R. J. Cavaliere

Harvey

A romance of London and the Riviera in which

HARVEY GARRARD, British sportsman and favorite of the Riviera, is summoned to London following the death of Mr. Armitage senior partner in the firm of Garrard and Garrard, leather manufacturers, to find the company's financial affairs in desperate straits. Guilty of defalcation, Armitage has for years misinformed his sports-loving partner as to the true nature of things, with the result that Harvey finds that unless obligations amounting to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds are met within forty-eight hours, the firm faces bankruptcy. When all means of raising the necessary securities fail, Harvey confronts his wife. Mildred Garrard is a beautiful, vain woman, selfish to the extreme, who admits having married Harvey for his wealth and social position. When he suggests raising money on her pearls and the house which is in her name, she laughs scornfully and flatly refuses him. Faced by financial ruin, Harvey feels more poignantly than ever the responsibility which has been carried so gloriously by his forebears, and spends the few remaining hours in the warehouse, poring over the company's books. Shortly after ten-thirty he makes a round of the deserted storerooms and finds, in the waiting-room, an elderly man, dead. Horror-stricken, Harvey searches his pockets and brief case and comes upon United States securities amounting to one million dollars. A business card identifies the dead man as Ebenezer B. Swayle, an American dealer in hides, from Connecticut. Harvey deposits the



By
E. Phillips Oppenheim

Garrard's Crime

a sportsman gambles for love and recognition

securities in his safe, leaving the body to be discovered by his employees. Realizing that the securities found on the dead man would tide him through his financial crisis and preserve the firm's reputable name, Harvey determines to appropriate them for his own use. To do so, he knows, is criminal, but considering the circumstances he believes his actions warranted, especially since he vows to return the securities to the dead man's heirs later on.

This Month's Instalment

AT FIVE o'clock that afternoon a conference was held in Harvey Garrard's private office. There were present, Mr. Edgar Newes, representative of the firm in the Midlands, Mr. Marshall who looked after Scotland and the north of England, Mr. Tewson and Mr. Brocklebank, the London travelers, and Mr. Grant who had arrived late in the afternoon from Norwich. There were also the heads of the sole and upper leather departments and Mr. Greatorex. Harvey shook hands with those whom he had not already met, and gave evidence from the first of his latent gifts of administration by not once forgetting a name.

"Gentlemen," he began, leaning back in his chair and addressing them collectively, "I have a few words to say to you. Owing to the unfortunate death of Mr. Armitage, I remain the sole surviving partner in this firm. For reasons which I intend to understand better presently the business of late has not been prosperous. We are going to alter that. I want to start the right way about it. I can only do that with your help."

There was a little sympathetic murmur. Harvey nodded his acknowledgment and continued.

"Our average monthly sales for the last year have amounted only to about thirty thousand pounds on a decreasing basis. Five years ago the average was nearer a hundred thousand. Our bad debts have been heavier and our rate of profits less. I want to understand this. Let me take your district, Mr. Newes. Your sales are down fifty per cent. the last twelve months. Tell me why."

"I am only too glad of the opportunity of telling you, sir," was the prompt reply. "At the prices on my list, I can no longer compete with any of the Liverpool importing houses or even the London ones. Our quotations are at least seven or eight per cent. higher than any other firm for exactly the same goods."

"Give me an example," Harvey invited.

"American sides for sole leather, sir. We have forty thousand in stock for which my price is tenpence. Precisely the same sides are being sold at nine and a half or nine an three-eighths by our competitors."

Harvey turned to the manager of the sole leather department.

"What have you to say about that?" he inquired.

"I should say that there is no doubt but that it is a fact, sir," was the regretful acknowledgment. "Mr. Armitage bought very heavily some six months ago and since then the market has dropped."

"And our prices have remained the same?"

"It has been one of the principles of the House," Mr. Greatorex intervened, "never to invite offers or to alter prices."

"That principle will be changed and very quickly," Harvey declared. "Now, Mr. Grant, what about your district? Your sales I believe consist more of glacé upper leathers."

"Precisely what Mr. Newes here has said about sole leather applies to my department in upper leather," Grant explained. "The best houses are always glad to see a representative from Garrard & Garrard and I could keep up my turnover and increase it largely if I could sell at the same price as other houses."

"Have you anything to say to this?" Harvey asked the manager of the upper leather department.

"The explanation is very simple, sir," was the almost eager response. "Mr. Armitage went to the States, bought at the very top of the market, and, if I may say so, without sufficient advice as to selections, and although the market has dropped our prices have remained the same."

Harvey swung 'round in his chair toward Greatorex.

"Mr. Greatorex," he asked, "do you agree that this is the secret of our declining returns?"

"Without a doubt, sir," was the prompt assent. "It is also the cause of our bad debts. We have been inclined to take a little more than the ordinary risks so as to make sales."

HARVEY paused for a moment and glanced through the pages of one of the trade journals for which he had sent.

"I should now like your opinion, gentlemen," he said, "as to the prospects of trade throughout the country during the next few months."

"Trade in my district is good and improving," Mr. Newes declared. "That is what makes the inability to do business all the more disheartening."

Mr. Grant and Mr. Tewson agreed. There was a little murmur of universal assent. The manager of the sole leather department was eloquent as to the chances of higher prices in the autumn. Harvey asked a few more questions and listened attentively to everything that was said. When each one had spoken his mind he leaned back in his chair.

"Let me tell you all," he said, "the conclusions to which I have come and the course I mean to adopt. Each of you gentlemen will hand in his stock list for revision at once. If it costs us on paper a hundred thousand pounds we will reduce our prices to meet the present market. At the same time I have been studying these journals and I have listened to what you gentlemen had to say, and while you start a selling campaign all over the country we, at this end, are going to start a buying campaign. I want you all to confer with the stock managers and let me know within the next twenty-four hours the particular goods you find easiest of disposal and the quantities you think you can sell. Tomorrow we shall begin cabling offers. My idea is, by buying largely at a shade under today's prices, to minimize our loss."

There was a murmur of approbation, almost of excitement. Mr. Newes, who was the oldest representative of the firm, leaned forward in his chair.

"If you will excuse my saying so, Mr. Garrard," he declared, "this is an exact repetition of what your father did many years ago and started the great boom. Today the conditions are even more favorable because the trade was never in so sound a condition. If this sort of spirit is coming into the business, sir, the firm is going to hold its own against any one in the world."

"I hope it will," Harvey pronounced firmly. "I have taken no interest in business, hitherto, but from now on it is my intention to devote the whole of my time to it. I shall be here whenever I am needed and I shall be as ready to receive advice as to give it. I want our turnover not only doubled but quadrupled, and by that means the loss we are preparing to face today will be easily wiped out. Now gentlemen, I suggest that you go away and get to the business of revising your stock lists. Remember that it has never been the policy of the firm to cut prices but at the same time it is not necessary for you to allow any one in the world to undersell you. The rest remains with you."

There was scarcely one of them as they left the office who did not cast a curious backward glance toward this newcomer who had so unexpectedly assumed the seat of authority. Neither his clothes—he had always been termed the Beau Brummel of the Riviera—his voice, which still retained faint traces of the Oxford intonation, nor his face itself—the clean-shaven, well-featured, sunburned face of a man addicted to a healthy out-of-doors life—suggested in any way the man of commerce. Yet there had been a little ring in his tone, a tightening of the lips, an occasional light in the clear gray eyes which had been not only impressive but reminiscent of both his father and his grandfather. The new spirit in the House of Garrard was born during those few minutes.

Greatorex lingered behind in obedience to a gesture from Harvey. He closed the door carefully.

"Well, Greatorex, do you approve?" his employer asked him.

"I do indeed, sir," was the heartfelt reply. "At the same time I must point out to you that so far as regards this campaign of buying, our capital will feel the strain terribly."

"Naturally," Harvey assented, "but don't you see it's our only chance to make a big splash—to go for a rising market. Three-quarters of our purchases seem to have been made in the United States. What terms do we buy on?"

"We used to buy on sight drafts, sir, but fortunately, since the exchange reacted so, nearly everything has been on ninety days."

"That's even better than I thought," Harvey remarked with satisfaction. "And so far as regards our sales—I presume we can draw bills of exchange upon our customers from the first of the month?"

"In the majority of cases, sir."

"Then we've got our chance. I have deposited securities with the bank this morning which enables them to meet our bills and for the moment practically wipes out our overdraft. I have reestablished confidence and that's the great thing."

"It's an amazing thing, sir," was the enthusiastic reply. "I hoped you might have managed something, but I never imagined you'd have been able—I never dreamed of anything as good as that."

"I have strained a point, Greatorex," Harvey admitted. "What I want to say to you now is that I know as well as you do that we are taking a certain amount of risk. Tell me, how long have you been in the firm?"

"Forty-one years, sir."

Harvey's face softened.

"Wonderful!" he murmured. "Well, I want you to understand this clearly; we are going in for a great speculation, but believe me, and I have thought it out carefully, it's our only chance of salvation. If things go against us—well, we shall go down gloriously and people will simply say that a young ignoramus came into a great business and wrecked it. Very well, let them. Remember this, Greatorex. If we don't play for big things we are just going to peter out. We can't face the loss on our stock unless at the same time we do something to recoup ourselves. It is better to make the effort than to drift into the stagnant waters of bankruptcy."

Greatorex took off his spectacles and wiped them.

"I believe that your father would have talked like this, sir, if he'd been alive and faced with the same difficulty," he declared.

"I believe he would," Harvey assented. "And, remember this, Greatorex: so far as you are concerned, your pension is assured, even if we go the most everlasting crash that was ever known. Your present salary, whatever it is, shall go on till the day of your death."

"It's very thoughtful of you to say that, sir," Greatorex acknowledged gratefully. "For myself I'd go down with the ship willingly, but I have a wife and an invalid daughter, and I couldn't bear the anxiety on their account. Your promise will be a comfort to me, sir."

Harvey rose to his feet with a little laugh, lit a cigaret and stretched himself. The fire of battle was in his eyes.

"I have played for high stakes in my time," he remarked, "and I have been called a good gambler. We shall see."

THERE was something very discreet about the meeting of these two oddly assorted people, the place they dined at, even Mildred Garrard's clothes. A *dîner-à-deux* at the Ritz Grill Room invited no special comment, was in a sense secluded, and yet sufficiently obvious to avoid clandestine suggestions. Nevertheless Mildred looked around a little nervously as she seated herself opposite to Herbert Fardale at a corner table in the extremity of the room.

"I hope you don't mind dining here?" he remarked, a little piqued at her demeanor. "You wouldn't come to my office, and you wouldn't come to my rooms, so it seemed to me the most sensible thing to propose."

"Of course I do not mind," she replied. "This seems to me a very pleasant arrangement. You know I couldn't come trailing down to the city and your rooms are quite impossible. I wanted to see you again and here we are. Only this sort of thing seems so much easier on the Riviera."

He accepted the menu from a bowing *maître d'hôtel* and ordered dinner—a task at which he was an adept. He was particular about the cocktails and his choice of wine was good. Mildred lit a cigaret and studied him critically as he discussed the question of vintages with the waiter. He was personable, even if a little coarse in style. He lacked the refinement of her husband; on the other hand, he possessed something crudely virile which appealed to her.

"I wanted to talk to you about Harvey," she confided. "I am very worried indeed about him."

Fardale made no remark. His expression invited further confidence.

"Do you know anything about his business?" she inquired.

"Very little," he answered. "The firm is reputed to be the best of its sort in the country."

"You're in the city," she reminded him, a little petulantly. "I suppose you hear things."

"Sometimes," he admitted.

"Have you heard anything about my husband's firm—anything which would lead you to think that they have not the money every one imagines?"

"Something has come to my notice which would seem to point that way."

"I knew it," she declared triumphantly. "Tell me what you know and I will tell you something."

He glanced around. He was a man of cautious habits.

"Your husband came to me yesterday afternoon to borrow money," he confided.

"And the night before," she added, "he asked me for my pearls and the deeds of the house in Curzon Street."

There was a brief silence during the service of their first course. Then she leaned forward. Her blue eyes were filled with tears. Her lips shook with self-pity.

"That proves it," she declared. "The firm is going down. Harvey as good as told me so himself. He has lost all his money. We are ruined."

"Not so bad as all that, I hope," he ventured.

"What else can it mean?" she demanded. "The business must be in terrible straits for Harvey to try to borrow money from you. As a man of affairs he is absolutely hopeless. He will never be able to do anything to get it right again. We are ruined."

"You have some money of your own?"

"A pittance," she answered scornfully. "Barely enough to dress on."

"Your people?"

"There isn't one of us has a shilling."

"But your father—Sir Charles Farringdon?"

She scoffed at the idea.

"He's an absolute pauper," she declared. "If the estates hadn't been entailed, they would have gone years ago. As it was he had to give up the hounds the year after I was married."

"I'm not very well up in these matters," he continued diffidently, "but your sister married Lord Felthorpe, didn't she?"

Mildred nodded.

"They're well off enough, of course, but what good is that to me? Relatives may ask you to dine and to stay with them but they don't provide you with an income. I can't imagine what will become of me if the worst comes to the worst."

"Or your husband?" he reflected.

She moved a little impatiently in her chair.

"Oh, men always find something to do. For a woman it is simply a terrible position. I am almost worried to death. Some one ought to see Harvey and insist that a considerable sum of money out of what remains of the business should be put on one side for me."

"I am afraid that might be difficult," he said dubiously.

"Why difficult?" she demanded. "It is only right. I should never have married Harvey if I had not believed him to be a rich man."

"It might have been done years ago," he pointed out, "but supposing your husband handed you over any considerable sum now the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy could insist upon its restitution."

"How brutal!" she exclaimed. "You must please think, though, Mr. Fardale. Is there no way at all of getting something for me?"

"Mr. Fardale?" he repeated.

"Well, Herbert, then," she conceded, glancing around. "One has to be so careful here."

"You are always careful wherever you are," he grumbled.

"Don't scold me, please," she begged. "I am terribly depressed. Please cheer me up and give me some good advice."

"My dear Mildred," he said, "if your husband's business is really on the rocks, there is no way by which anything can be got out of it for you. It should have been done some time ago. It is too late now. All the same, you know very well," he went on after a slight hesitation, "that if you became really embarrassed and were disposed to look upon me as a friend, I should see that you did not want for money."

EVEN for a man of his stamp it was baldly put, but Mildred showed no signs of resentment. She came of a family whose poverty had been so absolute and continuous and whose selfishness and desire for the good things of the world were so great that the significance of money, however attained, had become overpowering. Beside its possession everything else in life seemed trivial. This man had money and must be made her slave. He was passable, she decided. He wore his clothes almost too well. There was a certain sleekness which was displeasing, but after all he was a person whom many people knew. He mixed freely enough with her set on the Riviera. In London she was not quite so sure.

"That is very nice and generous of you," she said diffidently, "but I don't see how I could possibly borrow money from you."

"Neither do I," he rejoined promptly. "Still something might be arranged."

Her delicately penciled eyebrows were a little raised. She made a grimace. She was firmly determined that he should commit himself.

"You needn't be horrid about it," she complained. "If you didn't mean that you were willing to lend me money—well, what did you mean?"

He sipped his wine thoughtfully. He was not a man of great tact, but he realized, nevertheless, that the situation had its embarrassments. The majority of his women friends belonged to a different class of society and were accustomed to plain speech. The calmness, almost the indifference, of his companion's manner puzzled him. He decided to play for safety.

"Perhaps I didn't quite realize what I was saying, Mildred," he ventured. "I wanted you to feel that between you and me there needn't be any question of money if you were at any time in trouble or in financial difficulty."

She smiled at him gratefully, and on those few occasions when she chose to smile it was a radiant thing. The affection of a banker after all was more to be desired than sentiment.

"You are really quite a nice man, Herbert," she murmured, "a nice man to have for a friend, too. I don't know what is going to happen to me, but now I don't mind so much. I shall always feel that you are there and that you understand."

The dangerous moment had passed. Fardale blamed himself afterward for lack of courage. He had intuition of a sort and he realized perfectly well that even those somewhat measured favors which had been accorded to him would never have been vouchsafed to a poor man. Yet, on the whole, it was perhaps better not to have committed himself. The onus of reopening the subject would rest now with her.

"It seems a strange thing," he remarked a few minutes later, "that your husband has not treated you with more confidence. He must have had some idea that this thing was coming on."

"There have been very few confidences between us for years," she sighed. "Harvey has had but one thought all his life and that has been to amuse himself. Since he left the army he has done nothing but play polo and golf and tennis and indulge in a little yachting when he gets the chance. Yet he actually calls me selfish."

"An idle life," her companion observed, "is a bad thing for any man. Couldn't stick it myself. I'm down at the office at nine o'clock every morning and I stay there till six. I take a long week-end sometimes. That's all I allow myself, besides a month at Monte."

"But you are successful," she murmured, "and that is so wonderful."

"Moderately," he admitted, his fingers playing for a moment with a somewhat obtrusive monocle. "Not so easy to make money as it used to be, though. Every one's at the same game and there aren't enough fools to go round."

"Perhaps if Harvey has to work it would do him good," she remarked. "I hope he doesn't have to become a clerk or anything of that sort."

"Let me ask you something," he begged, leaning confidentially across the table. "Supposing the firm of Garrard goes down, shall you continue to live with your husband?"

"Certainly not," she replied emphatically. "I suppose I was fond of Harvey in the ordinary sort of way when we were married, but I married to be supported, and if Harvey isn't able to do that, I shall leave him and get on as well as I can upon my wretched little settlement."

"Between ourselves," he confided, "I think that is what you will have to make up your mind to. Your husband don't like me. I've noticed that at Monte when I came across him in the rooms. He would never have to come to me for money if he hadn't been in desperate straits."

"I am afraid you are right," she sighed. "Of course the house in Curzon Street is mine," she reflected after a moment's pause, "and I think I could claim some of the furniture."

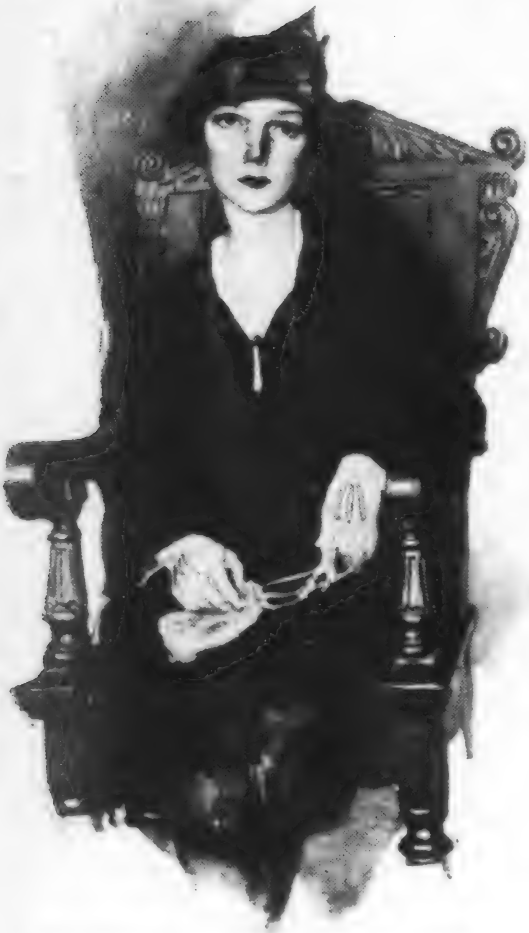
"Well, that's worth having," he declared. "The house alone must be worth the best part of twenty thousand pounds."

"I hope so," she assented. "Of course I shall have to sell it. I couldn't possibly afford to live there. Besides," she went on thoughtfully, "if I did Harvey might expect to go on living with me. No, I should be better quite away—a long, long way away. I think I shall try to hire a tiny little villa on the Riviera somewhere."

"Steady on," he protested. "I shouldn't like you to be away from London all the year."

SHE looked at him, critically at first and then tolerantly. There was a faint smell of soap about his clean-shaven face which she liked. His teeth were good. His tie and linen were well chosen. There was certainly nothing objectionable about his personality, considering his probable bringing-up and associates. He was a clever man, too, financially. Every one admitted that. The capacity for making money, she decided, was the quality she admired most in men.

"I might spend a month or two in London sometimes," she said, "especially—"



Miss Swayle had a graceful presence, a pale tragic face, and dark passionate eyes.

She hesitated. For eyes which were usually cold hers were for the moment, if not eloquent, at least provocative. She leaned across the table.

"Go on," he begged.

She glanced around. They were surrounded by strangers. She patted his hand lightly, almost affectionately.

"You mustn't let me say foolish things," she enjoined. "I have enjoyed my dinner very much."

"Would you care to go to a show?" he asked, after he had paid the bill. "We could telephone for tickets at one of the late things."

She considered the matter, glancing into the gold-backed mirror which she had withdrawn from her bag. There were one or two little lines about her eyes which worried her. She shook her head regretfully.

"I should love it," she sighed, "but I think I had better go home. I was out last night and the night before, and I think with all this trouble to face I ought to take care of myself."

He was a little disappointed, but acquiesced sympathetically.

"I may drive you home, at any rate," he suggested.

"Of course you may," she conceded graciously. "If you like, you can come in for just one hour. Harvey telephoned that he wouldn't be home until eleven o'clock. What he does down at the office till that time of night I can't imagine. He doesn't know a thing about business."

"Not the practical side of it at any rate," Fardale agreed. "All the same, Mildred, I don't think that your husband's a fool."

"Isn't he?" she rejoined indifferently. "I think that any man is a fool who gets into a mess like this—especially when he has a wife to support. Shall we go?"

They left the restaurant, Mr. Fardale distributing largesse a little blatantly, and drove to Curzon Street in his very luxurious car. Mildred permitted him to hold her hand. The half dubious movement of his arm, as they gained the obscurity of Clarges Street, met, however, with her prompt disapproval.

"You know I don't like that sort of thing," she complained.

"You weren't always so particular," he grumbled. "Do you remember the night I drove you home from Monte Carlo to Cannes?"

"Which night?" she asked carelessly. "Ought I to remember it?"

"Well, I don't know," he expostulated, releasing her hand, and leaned back against the cushions. "It was the first time you ever let me kiss you. I thought you might have remembered."

She laughed enigmatically.

"No wise woman ever lets a man know how much she remembers," she confided. "Please don't sulk and perhaps if Harvey hasn't come in and you behave very nicely I may let you kiss me just once before you go. Here we are. Be careful before the servants. Don't let them hear you call me by my Christian name."

He followed her up the stairs into her own sitting-room on the first floor. She pointed to a chair and sank discreetly upon the couch with an exclamation of fatigue.

"Is your master home?" she asked the butler.

"Not yet, madam," the man replied. "I don't know whether you were informed that he telephoned earlier in the day to say that he would be late. Shall I serve coffee or whisky and soda here?"

She glanced toward Fardale. He shook his head.

"No more coffee, thanks."

"Then put the whisky and soda on the side table," she directed. "If your master returns before Mr. Fardale leaves, ask him to come up."

"Very good, madam."

The man withdrew and returned in a few minutes with a decanter, some glasses, a bowl of ice and a siphon of soda-water, which he arranged upon a side table. When he had once more departed, Fardale, who had accepted a cigaret, leaned back in his chair, and abandoned his attempt at desultory conversation. He watched Mildred thoughtfully. He was not by any means a man inclined to grope behind the surface of things to any extent, but he found himself for a moment speculating as to this woman's outlook on life. On the Riviera, although she had her admirers and although there were few who ventured to compete with her in matters of toilette and general extravagance, it was nevertheless Harvey who was the popular member of the family. He was good looking, he played all games well, and sometimes brilliantly, he had the reputation of being a fearless gambler and his manners were at all times delightful. Men—the best men—found him one of themselves, and women, for whom he seemed to have no sort of weakness, were always full of his praises. Yet here was a woman, his own wife, too, who frankly proclaimed her indifference. What was it she sought in men, he wondered, which Harvey Garrard lacked? He, himself, for instance, was forty-six years of age, his hair was a little thin on the top and his figure inclined toward embonpoint. He was never wholly at his ease in the social circle among which his birth and training scarcely justified his inclusion. He was tolerated everywhere, as he shrewdly suspected, because of his wealth. He was not as a rule a sensitive man and in many respects he was content to buy his way. With this woman, however, it was different. From the first, when in her presence, he had been jealous of the gifts which other men possessed and he lacked. Her declaration as regards her husband soothed his vanity immensely, but also puzzled him.

"Why are you so kind to me?" he asked abruptly.

"Am I?" she murmured, drawing one knee a little way up and linking her long, tapering fingers around it. "Sometimes you complain."

HE WAS suddenly conscious of an unusual fulness of the pulses. His speech was thick. An unmistakable light flamed in his eyes as he looked across at her.

"Yes, I complain," he admitted, "because I want more than I dare to ask for—more, perhaps, than you have to give. But tell me what made you take any notice of me in the first place, and why are you so kind to me now? Your husband has every one of the gifts which are supposed to attract women. I have none of them."

"Don't be too modest," she smiled back at him. "You have one at least."

"Tell me the one," he insisted.

She hesitated. It seemed crude to tell him that it was his wealth and his power of producing wealth which was his great attraction.

"You have brains," she temporized, "and the right sort of brains—the brains all women appreciate—the brains that can make money."

"I have made money," he acknowledged, rising a little heavily to his feet. "I have made a great deal of money and I shall make a great deal more. I should like to share it with you."

He was leaning over her and he had spoken magic words. Any demonstration of affection on his part, and she would have waved him back to his place. She yielded to a momentary fit of weakness, simply because he had spoken precisely in the manner which appealed to her most. The dream of a limitless banking account won from her an inclination toward graciousness which the most passionate love-making could never have evoked. Her long arm rested lightly upon his shoulder and he sank on his knee. In a moment she would have yielded her lips, not from any feeling on her part, but in a sense of dazzlement. Instead, however, she hastily withdrew and did her best to push him away. Her obvious terror communicated itself to him. He stumbled clumsily to his feet and turned around. Harvey, a pale, rather forbidding-looking figure after his exhausting day, was standing upon the threshold with the door closed behind him.

It was Mildred who first recovered herself. She was annoyed, but she was overcome neither by the fear which kept Fardale speechless nor the blank amazement which had the same affect upon her husband.

"Harvey!" she exclaimed. "I—we did not hear you come in."

He advanced a little farther into the room, looking steadily at Fardale who was by this time thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I took no special pains to conceal my entrance," he observed. "They told me downstairs that Mr. Fardale was here and that I was to come up."

He moved back to the door and threw it open.

"Get out!" he ordered Fardale.

The latter made an effort to assert himself.

"I can assure you, Garrard—" he began.

"Get out!" Harvey interrupted. "I don't want words from you. I want action and quick action. Get out!"

Herbert Fardale went. He abandoned his attempt to say good night to Mildred, shivering in every limb at Harvey's quick movements toward him, and his progress toward the door was a sort of rapid shamble. Harvey closed the door behind him and rang the bell. Then he sank into the vacant easy chair.

"I had no idea," he remarked, "that your penchant for that fellow was of such a character."

"I don't know what you mean," she answered coldly. "He forgot himself for a moment. Men sometimes do. I think he was sorry for me."

"Sorry for you—what about?" Harvey demanded.

"What about?" she repeated, almost indignantly. "Why this terrible mess which you seemed to have made of things."

"Oh, I see. You've been confiding in him, have you?"

"He appeared to know all about it," she answered with purposeful malice. "He told me that you had tried to borrow money from him."

Harvey winced. The long fight of the day had worn him out and this last thrust hurt.

"That was a matter of business," he explained. "Fardale is a banker and it is his business to lend money. How is it that I find him here with you at this time of the evening? What terms are you on with him?"

"We are quite good friends. We dined together tonight at the Ritz and I asked him to come on here for half an hour. I wanted to consult him."

"You have no need of any one's advice," Harvey declared.

"I don't agree with you," she retorted. "When you come to me and ask first for the loan of my pearls and then for the loan of the title deeds of this house—you, who are supposed to be a very rich man—I think it is quite time that I understood what was going on."

HER almost militant manner afforded him food for thought. He considered the matter from her point of view for a moment. When he looked back through the last few years, he was astonished to realize how little of intimacy there had been between them, how insensibly but completely they had drifted apart. His devotion to sport and games in which she concerned herself only when they touched the cycle of her fashionable life had been, perhaps, one of the chief causes. There had certainly been no other woman to whom he had paid the most superficial attention. Her own interests, too, had seemed almost as far removed from even the mild flirtations which were everywhere accepted as a matter of course. Her clothes and social engagements had appeared to fill her whole life. A certain amount of admiration she had always received and accepted as her due. He was forced to admit, however, that in a world where flirtations spring up like mushrooms and so-called love-affairs are lightly regarded, she had never shown the slightest signs of losing her poise or of being even temporarily attracted by any of the men who paid her court. This Fardale affair was grotesque, but it was not for a moment to be regarded seriously. On the other hand it possessed a certain import, induced a certain amount of reflection. He was inclined to ask himself during those few moments whether he might not be in some degree to blame for her aloofness, for the apparent callousness of her demeanor, for the complete and utter absence of sympathy which existed between them. They had drifted apart simply through a lack of common proclivities, and it was a drifting which he had never at any time made any effort to avert. In this crisis he should perhaps have confided in her more fully. Something of this he tried to express as, after having crossed the floor and helped himself to a whisky and soda, he lit a cigaret, and resumed his seat.

"Mildred," he began, "I am not quite sure that I treated you with sufficient confidence the other evening when I spoke of this crisis in my affairs. I am inclined to think that I was perhaps wrong in asking for your assistance."

"I thought it abominably selfish," she told him, without hesitation.

It was a chilling commencement, but he persevered.

"It may have seemed so to you," he admitted. "Anyhow, you may by interested to know that I succeeded in raising the money."

"How did you get it?" she asked, curiously.

He knocked the ash from his cigaret. Decidedly he was not of the stuff from which hardened criminals are made, for a little shiver of fear ran through him as he braced himself to answer her question.

"I borrowed some securities," he confided, "upon which my bank advanced the money."

She looked at him closely.

"Borrowed them?"

"That is the word I elect to use. I will be quite frank with you, however, and confess that in doing so I am taking a great risk. It is my only chance of fighting my way through these unexpected difficulties."

Her regard of him was tinged with an almost contemptuous pity. It was the nearest approach to sympathy which she had to offer.

"Why, you know as much about business," she exclaimed, "as an idiot from an asylum. You will only get into trouble."

"I have had no business training, it is true," he confessed, "but on the other hand I have a brain, I suppose, of some sort even though I have never used it. Then, heredity counts for something. My father had gifts."

She glanced at the clock indifferently.

"What is it you are trying to say to me?" she asked. "I want to go to bed early. There is the ball at Oxford House tomorrow night, and I have been up late every evening since we came home."

"What I had it in my mind to do," he explained slowly, "was to try to beg you for a wife's sympathetic interest in the fight which I have begun."

She raised herself a little on the couch. There was a puzzled light in her wide open blue eyes.

"Isn't this rather a new attitude on your part?" she inquired suspiciously.

"Perhaps so," he admitted. "It is possible that the idea does not appeal to you. In that case, tell me so, and I won't bore you any longer. On the other hand, it is just possible that you may feel inclined to help."

"By giving you my pearls or the deeds of the house, I suppose," she suggested, with a note of rising anger in her tone.

"Nothing of the sort. I told you just now that I had abandoned that idea. What I am doing is simply this: I am entering upon what is practically a great speculation with a view to saving the fortunes of the House. One of the greatest assets I have behind me is our credit, which remains unimpaired. The business world realizes, of course, that we have lost money, but there isn't a soul who does not believe that our capital is large enough to stand it. That credit is the soul of my new enterprise. I want to keep it above suspicion. While I fight I want everything to go on as usual. This is where you may come in. I shall have to drop out myself for a time, I am afraid, but I want you to go to all your usual parties and even to entertain here. We have always made a point of trying to keep our social doings out of the newspapers. I should like you for the immediate present to abandon that attitude. You are going to the Drawing-Room next week, I suppose. Let the papers have particulars of your gown. Didn't I hear that your frock for tomorrow night was coming over by aeroplane? Don't make a secret of it. Send out cards for a dinner party here the end of next week—Saturday night I could manage, anyhow."

"Has it occurred to you," she inquired, "that all your suggestions mean money?"

"Greatorex will pay in your usual monthly allowance," he told her, "and I have brought you home five hundred pounds. You must not seem to be short of money, but on the other hand I want every penny I can lay my hands on. We don't need the second closed car, do we?"

"Not if you're content to go about in a taxi."

"I should be perfectly content to walk," he assured her, "but I, too, have my share of appearances to keep up. I want the car to take me down to the warehouse every morning, but it can be back here for you at ten o'clock, and I shall not need it again all day. Therefore I think that we can very well dispense with the second Rolls-Royce. Hamilton will give me two thousand for it."

"IS THERE anything else you intend selling while you are about it?" she demanded.

"My polo ponies are going up next week," he replied, "and I am selling the house at Melton. You don't hunt and are never there, so this will be no deprivation to you."

"Won't it rather interfere with your bluff, if people hear that you are selling things?"

"I shall see that it does not. People believe that I am going out to South America with the polo team in the autumn, and I have set the agents looking for a larger house outside Melton which, of course, I shall find unsuitable."

"If you dispose of all these things what will you have for yourself if the crash does come?" she asked.

"Nothing," he confessed. "I shall not need anything."

"You won't need anything?" she repeated.

"If I fail," he confided, "there will probably be disclosures of a somewhat unpleasant nature, and I shall disappear."

"And what will become of me?"

"You will in all probability reconcile yourself without difficulty to my absence," he remarked, with a touch of that bitterness which her attitude was fostering.

"But financially?"

"You will not be a pauper," he reminded her.

"I shall be next door to it," she declared angrily. "I think that so far as I am concerned, Harvey, you are behaving disgracefully. Your first thought should have been to make some further provision for me."

He looked across at her thoughtfully. Since the commencement of their conversation her face had hardened. She had not vouchsafed him a single word of sympathy, not even a grudging admission of his courage in making this great effort. She had evidently made up her mind for the worst and her thoughts were centered upon her own possible position.

"I am afraid," he confessed, "that that would not have been possible. If I succeed—well, it will have been unnecessary. If I fail, the courts will take away anything I made over to you out of the estate."

"If you succeed!" she scoffed. "Do you honestly imagine, Harvey, that you—an utter ignoramus—can go into the city and make money at a moment's warning? The whole thing is ridiculous, even this bluffing which you wish me to share. I am going to bed now. I shall make up my mind in a day or two what course to adopt."

She rose languidly to her feet, his eyes following her with a renewal of that recently awakened interest. Her long, willowy figure had its own peculiar grace notwithstanding the slimness, almost angularity of her limbs. Her golden-yellow hair, too, so skilfully treated, was a wonderful background to those blue eyes. She was a beautiful woman, beyond a doubt. He remembered his own admiration of her in the early days of their marriage as he rose to his feet with a little sigh. He realized that this was in effect the final if not the formal break in their relations. He had made his appeal and made it very much in vain. If there was anything of kindliness in her nature, anything resembling a woman's heart beneath her cold, egotistical outlook, their benefits were not for him.

"The man Fardale," he said, as he opened the door, "he does not visit here again. Do I give the orders, or you?"

She paused to look at him for a moment, an icy little smile upon her lips.

"I suppose you are justified," she admitted. "I will give the order myself. You could not possibly believe, however, that anything about such a man except his money could conceivably interest me."

"I quite agree," he answered, with the one spark of malice which he had shown during their interview. "It occurs to me also, however, that as he possesses the only argument likely to win, shall I say, a gleam of affection from you, he might still, from a husband's point of view, be regarded as a dangerous fellow."

She considered his speech for a moment, and then turned away.

"That, from you," she remarked, looking over her shoulder, "is almost an insult."

He closed the door without rejoinder. Somehow or other as he stood looking about him, the silence of the room, the sight of the slightly disordered couch from which she had just risen, the memory of her cold speeches still ringing in his ears, assembled in his heart a new and unfamiliar loneliness. After all, habit had been strong. They had been husband and wife, automatic companions if nothing else, and he knew, instinctively, that even that was now finished. For a self-contained man, there was much latent kindliness in his disposition, a desire for friendship; perhaps, notwithstanding its long repression, for affection. The crust of an idle, pleasure-loving life was broken, his normal instincts were making efforts to assert themselves. In that hour of bitterness he was very much an ordinary human being with the normal man's desire for the things denied him.

GONE in less than a week was the coating of dust from the tops of those huge stacks of leather in the palatial warehouses of Messrs. Garrard & Garrard, vanished the listlessness and languor of that small army of warehousemen and salesmen, fretting out their souls for lack of something to do. The long row of clerks in the offices were squaring up their work now, absorbed and busy; the swing doors were opened and closed every few seconds; a stream of passers-in and passers-out jostled one another all the time. Harvey's private office was continually invaded by messengers with cables and telegrams—telegrams from buyers and cables from sellers. He seldom made a decision without reference to heads of departments, but having once heard what they had to say, action was quick, almost peremptory, for by some curious freak of chance, the descent upon the market by Messrs. Garrard & Garrard had coincided with suddenly disquieting rumors as to a shortage of hides in every market in the world. There were universal evidences of a general uneasiness. The whole trade began to speculate as to whether another great boom was coming. If anything of the sort should happen, the House of Garrard, which had been looked upon as without a head and without initiative, was certainly in the forefront. Old Peter Lafont, the veteran of the trade, came round to call upon Harvey in the first few days.

"No need to introduce yourself, sir," Harvey said, as he rose to shake hands. "Your picture hung in my father's dining-room for years."

"Your father and I were old cronies," Sir Peter declared, as he accepted a chair. "For a score of years, I should say, we drank a bottle of port together every Sunday afternoon. A rare judge of wine, your father."

"We don't know so much about it nowadays, sir," Harvey confessed.

"Maybe not," Sir Peter agreed. "It's all new-fangled drinking nowadays—cocktails and champagne and these miserable white French wines. I am an old man, but thank God I can still drink my glass of port."

"I hope that some day," Harvey said, "I may have the pleasure of offering you a glass from my father's cellar."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure. You've been rather a surprise to us, young Mr. Harvey. We had no idea that you even thought of ever coming back into the business."

"I had no idea of it myself a few weeks ago," Harvey confessed. "They sent for me when poor Armitage died, and as there seemed to be no one else here to take his place I am having a shot at it."

The visitor stroked his white beard. He was a very old-fashioned person indeed and he still wore a stock, a gray tall hat and a frock coat.

"Well, you haven't been here long, but you've got us all guessing in Bermondsey, Mr. Gerrard, and that's a fact," he said. "We are all wondering whether you have any private information. From where do you get such confidence in a rising market? They tell us that you're buying all the leather in the world."

Harvey smiled.

"Our agents from India and Africa and every large center all report a shortage of skins and hides," he confided. "I have only just come into the business, of course, but I have been hearing what the older and more experienced servants of the firm have to say, and I have come to the conclusion that prices of manufactured leather are too low. Neither the tanners nor the leather manufactures have been doing well for years, and they are certain to take advantage of this shortage to force prices up. I believe they were bound to rise anyway, and if the shortage is genuine and continues they will go higher still."

"Well, you might leave a little for some one else," Sir Peter grumbled good-naturedly. "They tell me your American purchases are enormous. My people complain that you have swept the market clear of all the tannages they prefer."

"There is plenty more leather to be bought, Sir Peter," Harvey assured him with a smile.

"Yes, I dare say," the other assented a little dubiously, "but if we buy today we've got to compete with you who went in and swept the market at bottom prices. I can tell you, you've got us all guessing, young fellow. We don't know whether to follow you as near as we can and come in among the 'also rans,' or to have a try at bearing prices."

"I wouldn't do that," Harvey advised him. "I am a tyro at this, of course, to think of giving advice to you, but all our information goes to prove that prices will be higher before the end of the week and a great deal higher still before the end of the month. The proof of it is that the shoe manufacturers over here are buying in every center. Our sales within the last forty-eight hours, amount to as much as our turnover for the last year, and I can assure you that we haven't been giving anything away."

"God bless my soul!" Sir Peter gasped.

"I know," Harvey went on, "that some of the houses in the trade are gossiping about us, because of my lack of experience and that sort of thing, but you'll agree with me, I'm sure, Sir Peter, that speculation seems a much sounder thing when you are selling as well as buying. You'll hear from your travelers, I expect, tomorrow. Things are moving all over the country."

SIR PETER picked up his hat, and with the help of his stick rose to his feet.

"Well, it's a nasty smack for us," he confessed, "to have a youngster like you come in from the polo ground and the tennis courts and take the wind out of our sails. I am glad to see you in your father's chair, though, Mr. Garrard. We none of us ventured to compete with your firm in the past. We were on your heels just lately, but it seems to me you've got away with it again. What they're all asking down in the market, though, is what the devil made you start in like this just at precisely the right moment?"

Harvey smiled as he escorted his visitor to the door.

"As you may have heard, I have just come back from Monte Carlo, Sir Peter," he observed. "I was talking to the great man there about the heavy losses the bank had sometimes to endure, and his reply rather interested me. 'It isn't the steady player or the player on a system whom we fear,' he told me. 'The man who succeeds and touches the great sums is the man with inspiration.' Perhaps I may have had just a flash of it at the right moment and then gone ahead because conditions were backing me up."

"That's all very well, my lad," the older man declared, as he settled his hat on his head and held out his hand, "but don't you take this thing too much for granted. There's many a boom that's started like this and flickered out like a farthing dip in a gust of wind. Don't get in too deep. We couldn't afford to have anything happen to the most honored firm in the trade. Keep your feet on the bottom and your eyes open for a break."

Harvey shook hands with his caller warmly.

"I'll be just as frank with you, Sir Peter," he rejoined. "We're in a sense competitors, but we may just as well be out in the open. I believe in the rise and I'm going straight ahead."

Sir Peter nodded.

"You're very likely right, my lad," he admitted. "Nothing domestic, I hope?" he went on, pointing to Harvey's black tie.

The latter shook his head.

"I've been to the funeral of Ebenezer Swayle, the tanner, this morning," he confided.

"God bless my soul, yes!" Sir Peter exclaimed. "I meant to have gone myself. A very old business connection of ours. Died in your office, didn't he?"

Harvey nodded.

"In the waiting-room across there. A very sad affair. He seems to have been over here quite alone and we are finding it very difficult to discover any of his relatives."

"They'll turn up fast enough," Sir Peter declared. "Old Ebenezer was a man of wealth—a saving man, too. Only the last time he was over this side, he told me that he had touched the million dollar mark and that he was going to retire."

"I should think he was a man not addicted to personal extravagance," Harvey remarked. "He had barely enough money with him to pay his hotel bill and the funeral."

"If anything is needed," Sir Peter began.

"That's all arranged," Harvey interrupted. "The doctors are sending in their account to the firm. We'll look after that, naturally."

"You'll get it back," Sir Peter assured him. "Ebenezer Swayle was one of the old-fashioned sort, not a bit like the modern gas-bag of a Yankee, but he's got the dollars all right, tucked away somewhere. Good morning, once more, young fellow. Remember my advice."

"And you take mine," Harvey laughed, as the two men parted.

Later in the week any doubt as to the reality in the boom in prices was dissipated. Bennet, who had been buying agent for the firm of Garrard in New York for many years and who was looked upon as a most conservative person, cabled to London every hour for greater latitude, although his purchases were already amounting to enormous figures. Harvey, from his office in London, unflinchingly supported him, encouraged by a perfect avalanche of sales which were sweeping in from every center. Towards evening on the Friday Greatorex himself, accompanied by one of the salesmen, came hurrying up to Harvey's private office holding in his hand a voluminous cable which he had just decoded. He laid it on the desk in some excitement.

"This is a very wonderful offer, sir," he pointed out, "which Bennet has just cabled from New York. If you'll allow me I'll put it into less technical language for you."

Harvey nodded and leaned back in his chair. "Go ahead," he invited briefly.

"The McDermot Company," Greatorex explained, "are the most reliable manufacturers in America of a certain class of finished skins—glazed kids they are called—which sell here in great quantities. We have already considerable contracts with them, but this is an absolutely unique suggestion. Bennet cables that the firm are willing to consider an offer, on the basis of the prices which he quotes, to take the whole of their present stock and the whole of their manufacture for twelve months, with option of renewal for another twelve months. It would give us the sole control of the firm's products, with the exception of such small stocks as may be over this side."

"Good material, eh?" Harvey inquired.

"The best that comes into this country, sir," the salesman interposed eagerly. "We get more inquiries for the make than for any other but the trouble has been that up till now the goods have been in too many people's hands and consequently the competition has been too keen. Control of this make would mean an enormous business. It would treble the turnover in my department."

"What terms do they suggest?" Harvey asked, turning to the cashier. "How much capital would it require to take over the stock and what is the amount of the weekly output."

"THE figures," Greatorex admitted, "are extraordinarily large. Bennet, as you will gather from this cable, scarcely knows how to deal with the situation so far as regards the financial side of it, but from every other point of view he prays for our acceptance. You will see he suggests, sir, that some one from the firm should go out at once. He has the offer for twenty-four hours, and it might be extended if we gave them reasonable hopes of considering the business. The value of the present stock works out roughly at something just under a hundred thousand pounds."

"What terms have you usually had from these people?"

"A ninety days draft, sir, with a discount of three per cent."

Harvey reflected for a few moments.

"Reply that we are entertaining the proposition and that I will leave for New York by tomorrow morning's Cunarder," he directed.

"It's a capital idea, sir," Greatorex commented, after a little start of surprise. "It won't be easy to get on without you here, but this is the biggest thing that's come our way for years."

Harvey waved the salesman away with a brief but courteous gesture and waited until the door was closed.

"So far as I can grasp the situation, Greatorex," he said, "we are buying nearly everything on ninety days and the amount upon our books is leaping to stupendous figures. We can draw upon the majority of our customers on the first of the month?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Financially then, so far as regards any immediate payments, we are in a very strong position."

The cashier smiled.

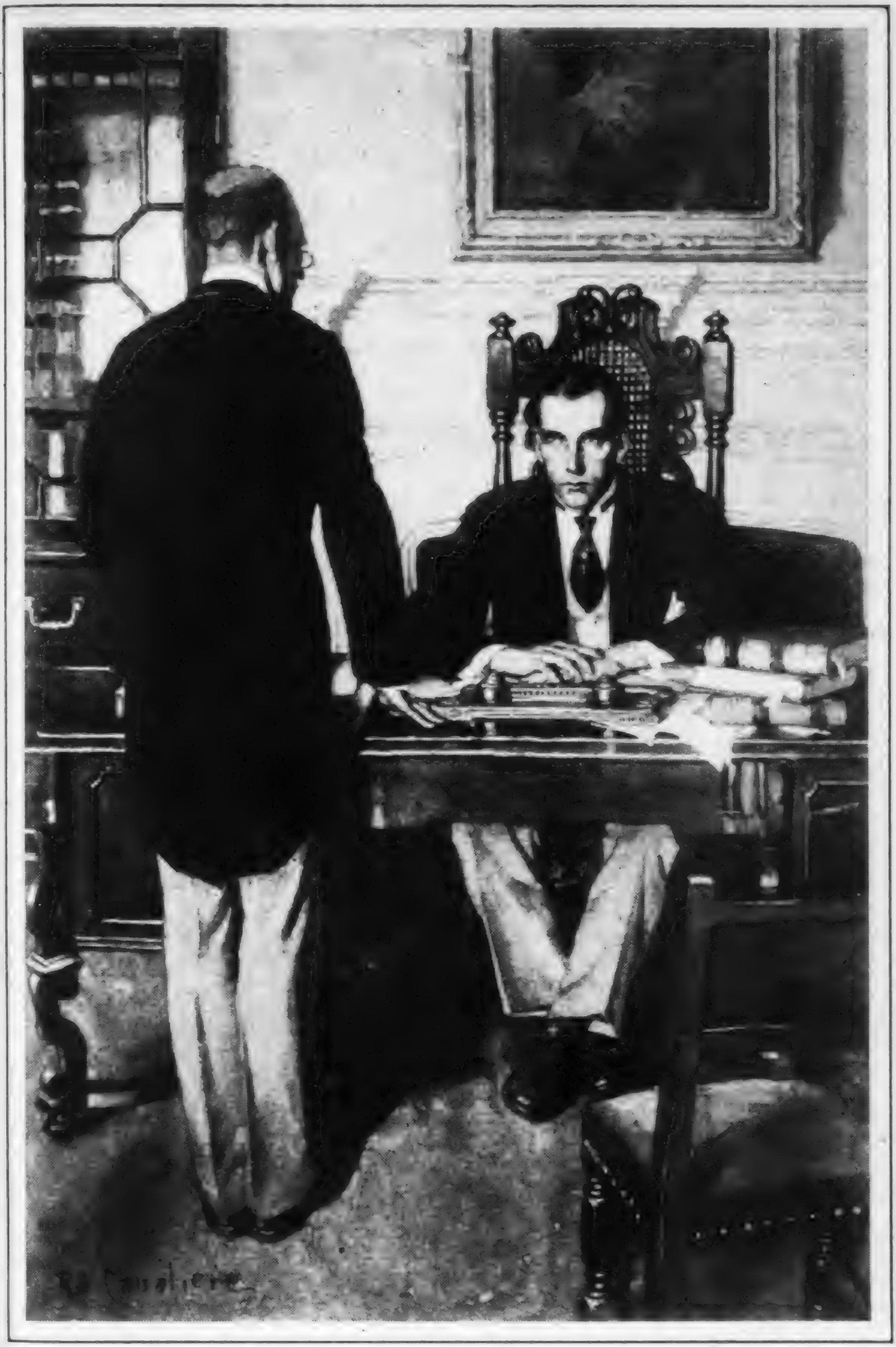
"Notwithstanding the heavy cash payments we have made, sir," he said, "and we have paid cash wherever we have been able to derive any advantage from doing so, I imagine that we can pay in enough bills of exchange at the beginning of the month to provide for our engagements half a dozen times over."

"Very good," Harvey decided. "We'll take this on. Let some one in the office telephone to my house, and have my servant pack my things. Ring up the Steamship Company too, and get me an outside stateroom with a bath and find out what time the boat train leaves. If the offices are closed wire direct to the purser on the steamer."

"It shall be attended to, sir," Greatorex promised.

"And listen," Harvey concluded, "you had better communicate with me by wireless two or three times a day. Let me know of any fresh cash liabilities and the daily sales. With the figures I shall take from here I ought to be able to keep in touch with the situation. . . . Let every one leave tonight as soon as they have finished their work. I shall probably stay on for some time."

The cashier departed after settling a few more subsidiary details, and Harvey, with the help of the book which he had had sent up, settled down to the unfamiliar task of putting figures together. He was interrupted once or twice, but gradually the sounds from below and the floors all round him and above grew less and less. Still he worked on till there was absolute silence. At last he paused to count the chimes from St. Thomas's Church. Ten o'clock. He leaned back in his chair, weary but content. His task had been absorbing. It seemed to him that through the mazes of these stupendous figures he had discovered a new avenue to romance. He sat quite still for several minutes, resting his brain which was still dazed after the unfamiliar task imposed upon it. Even his



Greatorex lingered behind in obedience to a gesture from Harvey. "Well, Greatorex, do you approve?" his employer asked him. "I do, indeed, sir," was the reply. "I never dreamed of anything so good."

minor senses seemed a little stupefied in sympathy with his mental fatigue. As he returned slowly to his normal self he found the silence of the place after the hubbub of the daytime almost disconcerting. He rose to his feet and stretched himself, lit a cigaret and, strolling as far as the door, looked out into the dreary, unlit warehouse. Suddenly a wave of reminiscence swept over him. He realized the tragedy which for hours he had managed to keep in the background of his thoughts—the tragedy which was the foundation of all this great enterprise—the stolen bonds. The whole situation was suddenly crystallized. Devoid though he was of a single atom of conceit he knew quite well that within the last week, he had become the object of much respectful admiration on the part of the whole of his staff, from Greatorex himself to the porter with whom he had spoken on the first day of his arrival. Outside, too, in the market and in the warehouses of Bermondsey, people were talking about him as a prodigy, a great and courageous gambler. And behind it all, he was a thief! There was no other name for it. Even if by any chance the existence of the bonds should remain a secret until he found an opportunity to restore them, the fact that he was able to do so at all would be simply owing to what the little world around him was already designating his 'amazing luck.' He looked across the warehouse toward the waiting-room, as gloomy now as the rest of the building. The drama of that night all came back to him with incredible exactitude; his careless entrance into the dreary little apartment, the shock of finding the dead man, those few moments of agonized temptation after he had opened the despatch box, realized the nature of its contents and seen salvation there, mocking him, crisp beneath his fingers. What purpose could the man have had, he wondered for the hundredth time, in carrying about a fortune? A purpose, whatever it was, unfulfilled! . . . The ghostliness of the empty building with its shadowy places began presently to affect his nerve. He had an uneasy feeling that Ebenezer Swayle was somewhere around, that he had found his way back from that desolate cemetery in Hampstead to demand his missing property. To rob the dead! It was a hateful and unforgivable deed. He stretched out his hand with a little groan for one of the electric switches. Before his fingers had reached it, however, his arm fell nerveless by his side. The waiting-room, which a moment before had been enveloped in the same darkness as the rest of the place, was suddenly illuminated. The event of that other horrible night was being repeated. A light was shining out through the same pane of glass. Harvey stared at it in stupefaction. Then he took a faltering step forward. He was a brave man who had faced all manner of dangers in his life, but he was suddenly afraid. He stopped short and stood there in the darkness, horribly conscious that his knees were trembling. The door of the waiting-room was quietly pushed open. He called out. His voice sounded to him like the voice of another man, weak and quavering.

"Who's there?"

THERE was no reply but the outline of a human figure was emerging darkly from the shadows. Harvey stepped back and pulled down the switch by his side with passionate haste.

In the sudden blaze of light which illuminated the gloomy warehouse in response to the hasty thrust of his fingers, this mysterious visitor stood revealed, a very real and living person; a girl of medium height and graceful presence, with pale, tragic face, and dark, passionate eyes with beautiful lashes. With her vivid, scarlet lips, her indeterminate background, and general air of unreality, she reminded him intensely in those first few seconds of one of the figures in the most popular of the Russian ballets which that season had charmed all Monte Carlo. The fancy passed, however, with the realization of her actual physical presence. He began to ask himself the meaning of this amazing visitation.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he demanded.

"It was to see you," she replied. "I wait here to see you."

"But if you wanted to see me," he protested, "why didn't you behave like an ordinary human being, why didn't you send in word or come and knock at the office door? How long have you been in there?"

"For two hours—perhaps for more than that. I lost count of the time."

"But why?" he persisted. "There were plenty of clerks here then. They would have announced you."

"I know," she assented. "I wished to wait until they were gone. I have only today heard the whole story. I wished to wait in the room where my grandfather died."

There was a cold grip at his heart, a sense of terror pervading him—torments to be endured only by a coward or by one who faces the resurrection of his now wrong-doing.

"Ebenezer Swayle—was your grandfather?" he asked unsteadily.

"He was," she replied. "I was to have come from Paris to stay with him. I have come now, but it is too late."

He threw open the door of his office, and she passed before him quite naturally, taking the chair to which he pointed. He left one light burning in the warehouse and seated himself behind the heavily shaded lamp on his desk. For a moment or two the situation seemed outside his grasp. He could think of nothing to say to her. All the time it was in his brain that this was in all probability the girl he had robbed.

"Your grandfather's death must have been a great shock to you, Miss Swayle," he ventured at last.

"It was a great shock," she admitted, "also a great disappointment. I was ready—I waited in Paris for the word to come. Nothing happened. Then a cable from America. That is how I knew that he was dead."

Her voice was very low, and its intonation showed traces of a long residence in France. She seemed, considering the unusual circumstances of her visit, singularly self-possessed.

"You were expecting to spend some time with him in England?" he enquired.

"I believe that my grandfather meant to take me back with him to America," she confided. "I have never seen him. He quarreled with my father when he left home and married my mother who was a Frenchwoman."

"Ah!" he murmured, realizing now the cause of her slight accent and the indefinable attractiveness of her simple clothes.

"My father and my mother are both dead—my mother not very long ago," she continued. "Since then my grandfather has made me a small allowance. I was to learn shorthand and typewriting in English and French. That I have done. A month ago I had a letter from him. He said that he was coming to England and wished to see me. A fortnight later I heard again. He was at the Savoy Hotel, he said, and would send for me in a few days. He told me to prepare for leaving Paris as he had no other relative and would wish me to live with him. He also told me that he had brought me over what he called a 'surprising present.'"

"Did he say what sort of a present?" Harvey asked quickly.

She shook her head.

"He said nothing, but somehow I fancied that it was money. It seemed only natural to me that he should wish me to live with him because he had no other relatives in the world, but after I had received that letter there was silence. I waited every day and I heard nothing, and then a cable from America—just to tell me that he was dead! The cable did not tell me what to do, so I thought I had better come over."

"And you found no trace of the present?"

"I suppose it is selfish of me," she acknowledged, "but I am very disappointed.

"The money he had with him, they told me at the hotel, was scarcely enough to pay his bill and the expenses of his funeral. They mentioned your name as one who had helped."

"He appears to have been a very eccentric person," Harvey observed. "We cabled out to the firm and his late partner replied that he had sold his interest in the business and was simply traveling for them as a salesman. There has been no time for a letter yet but they seem to have supposed that he was carrying a considerable sum of money with him."

"If so," she remarked disconsolately, "it has disappeared. Do you think he was robbed, Mr. Garrard?"

HARVEY'S finger-nails dug into his flesh. The girl's eyes were a torture to him.

"I should say not," he replied. "What I think you will discover is that he has left his money with some one on deposit. You will get it some day—I am sure that you will get it some day."

"Meanwhile," she pointed out bitterly, "I have spent every penny I have in the world buying these stupid black clothes and a second-class ticket to America."

"You are going to the States?"

"My uncle in Paris thought I had better," she confided. "After all, my grandfather had no other relative, and he must have had a house or some property in America. There may be something left for me."

"My dear young lady," he assured her earnestly, almost feverishly, "so far as regards money you need have no anxiety. You did the wisest thing in the world when you came to me. Your grandfather was one of the most valued friends of the firm. I am convinced—absolutely convinced—that we shall discover where he has deposited his money. In the meantime you must let us act as your bankers. It is our duty. It will be our pleasure."

She looked across at him—surprised, yet obviously grateful. Harvey, utterly unused to noticing such things, still found himself realizing that hers were the only eyes that he had ever seen in his life which seemed more beautiful for tears.

"Why are you so kind?" she asked.

"It is not a matter of kindness," he rejoined. "Your grandfather was a cordial business friend of the House. He died in these premises, on a visit to us. We shall certainly wish to be of every possible assistance to you."

"Will you find me some work?" she asked. "I do not wish for charity. I should like to be able to earn something until the money is found."

"Work?" he repeated. "Why, what sort of work?"

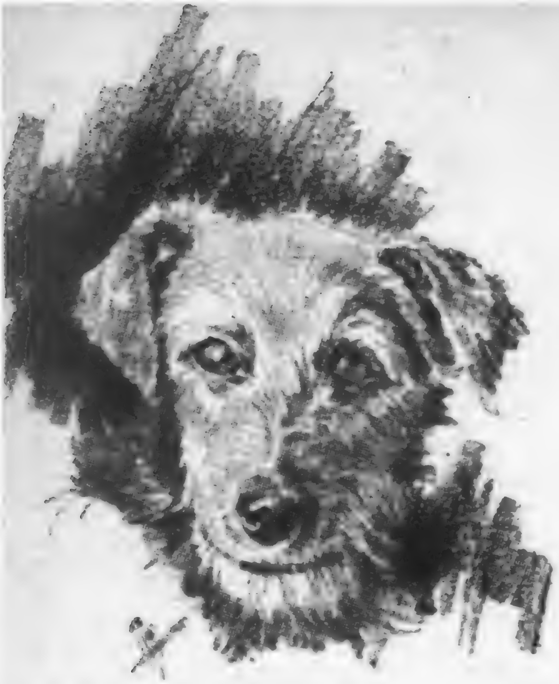
She looked at him without a shadow of coquetry, coolly, almost, he felt, appraisingly.

"I should like to be your secretary," she decided.

"My secretary? Why I haven't got one," he replied, startled.

"Then it is quite time that you had," she said firmly. "I know that, because I saw how many people were passing in and out of your office all the time this evening. I can type, take down in shorthand, and I understand French as well as English."

TO BE CONTINUED.



Coarse

The river bully adversary in the

By Arthur Mason

WHEN Hack Darby, junkman, felt himself forced by the necessities of his business along the banks of the Sacramento River to make a new venture of the sea, he invested in the scow-schooner *Snowbird*, and paid two hundred dollars cash down for her as junk.

The fixing of her to carry old iron meant little in his life; he had rope in his store, and blocks and tin and canvas that he had bought for a song. But the business must be made profitable, and he was troubled to find the right man to run her. Broad of back that one must be; strong-armed and heavy-jawed; a man that would never tire of working. Yes, he thought, he'd pay him well—he would, if necessary even give him an interest in the *Snowbird* herself. A generous resolution for Hack Darby, the junkman of San Francisco.

One day Hack went questing the waterfront followed by his dog. Both had a shaggy mongrel appearance; the junkman slovenly gaited and lean, the gray hair on his head lapped over his coat collar, and his narrow squinty gaze devouring men and junk. The dog, too, was lanky, with a coat of dirty-brown, and he, too, had the ferret eyes of a searcher. Meeting other dock dogs, the coarse hair bristled along his spine. The master spoke instantly.

"Leave them dogs be, Fiber, you know you can lick 'em; leave 'em be, I tell you."'

Then he slouched along faster, for he had made a discovery. His eyes had lighted upon Beef Quirker, unloading hay from a scow-schooner—and remained rivetted upon him with pelican greed.

"There's the man for the *Snowbird*," he thought.

Beef was built like a square block. Shoulders broad, deep-chested, wide-hipped, legs short and stubby, propped to hold a Gothic column, and a face as expressive as that of a wooden Queen figurehead. Sweat was rolling off him as he boosted the bales over the bulwark rail, and there wasn't a lazy grunt out of him as one two-hundred-pound load followed another to the deck. Oblivious to everything else but his work, the fixed stare of Hack Darby pierced, but did not permeate him.

"Hard work, my man."

Beef looked up.

"It ain't as bad as loading pig iron," he said, dryly.

Hack smiled; his enthusiasm began to bubble. Beef Quirker was the kind of junk he wanted, he would realize a quick profit out of him. But he must bid low; he must not lose his head.

"You get good pay for that sort of work, heh?"

"Oh, sorta," Beef answered, "it ain't steady, though."

"Paid by the day?"

"Nope, by the ton."

"Been long on the bay?"

"Ten years."

"Sailing all that time?"

"Yea, off and on."

"Ever think of going in for yourself?"

Beef dropped a bale of hay and looked over the rail at the junkman. He wiped the grime off his face with one of his hairy arms.

"Never had the chance," he said.

Just then Fiber took after a black dog. Longshoremen straightened their backs.

"Watch the fight, men," they cried. "There goes the junkman's dog."

There was no fight. The black dog was swifter afoot than Fiber.

Fiber

meets a worthy old lady's house dog

Illustrated by
Harry Fisk

"Come back here," Hack shouted. "Cain't you behave yourself for one day?"

The dog, bitterly disappointed, came groveling to his master. Hack patted him proudly.

"There ain't a dog in the state that can lick him."

Beef looked at Fiber, and for the first time the expression of his face changed. The corners of his mouth twitched.

"I am keeping you from your work," said the junkman. "I must be going."

He started away, then stopped. "As I was saying, if you ever take it into your head to go into business for yourself, come to me."

Beef jumped over the rail onto the wharf.

"I'll talk to you now," he said.

"Well I'm the owner of the *Snowbird*, you'll understand that. She's a bay schooner lying over at Oakland, long wharf. I want a man to run her, one that ain't afraid to make money. I'll give him free rein, he'll be his own boss, and, listen now, the man that I take on will have an interest in the *Snowbird*. Now let that simmer through you."

BEEF'S eyes lighted up. The vision was before him of himself, captain of a bay schooner, sailing up the Sacramento with a free sheet against the current, and of the shouted greeting of farmers from the banks, "Hello, Captain Quirker."

Then with pride his thoughts took a lift away over the bay to Oakland to a little house with a white fence around it, where a dog guarded his only treasure. He thought he could see an old woman at the gate. Loose skin hung under her chin and her eyes, glazed with age, looked out from the wrinkles searching the street, up and down for her son. Captain Quirker—even his mother's dog would notice the change. He would dress well, and the grocery man would speak to him instead of grunting when he paid their bills.

The eyes of the junkman were glued on Beef Quirker; he could see the impression he had made on the simple-minded hay-handler. How to make a good deal out of this hunk of human junk was Hack's one absorbing thought.

"Yes, you'll be your own boss," he said, driving home the one pleasant vision in all of Beef's life.

"I'll take the job; I know I can make money for you," said Beef.

"That depends upon what our agreement is. As I said before, the man that runs the *Snowbird* must be part owner of her."

Beef's face grew heavy again.

"That let's me out, I can't get a cent to buy anything."

The junkman waved his hand dramatically.

"I wouldn't own you if you had money. I'm not looking for that kind of a man."

Beef wet his cracked lips.

"That's different," he managed to say, "I'll agree to anything."

Hack cackled a short, sharp laugh. The dog at his feet barked. Fiber had heard that laugh many times before when his master was feeding much junk into his wagon.

"Lie down," he said to the dog. "We ain't ready to go yet.

"Listen to the proposition I am going to make you," he said to Beef Quirker. "You can do the bit of repairing the *Snowbird* needs. You can have a third interest in her for a thousand dollars. Mind you that is dirt cheap, but I like the looks of you and that always makes a difference with me. I'll take everything the schooner makes till the thousand is paid up, then you'll be my partner, and the money will come rolling in to you. Why, a man like you, with the work you can do, will be straight with the world in three months. Think of it, Beef Quirker. In three months you will be my partner."

The dog barked, and again his master snubbed him.

Beef's thoughts were moving like heat waves on a summer's day. Could he hold out for three months? How about food for the old woman and the dog at Oakland?

"Rickey and I can be having stew, now," she'd be telling him, "what with your fine command and the money you're making; there'll be no end of nicknacks for Rickey and me. I always said," she'd tell him, "that I'd be proud of you some day."

Her voice might have been on the wharf besides him.

"I can get that shawl now, and the elastic-side slippers for my bad ankles."

"Well," said Hack, "I must be going. I can't spare any more time this morning."

"I'll take the job," said Beef Quirker.

Somewhere a voice shouted "Hey, there, cut out the gabbling, and come on the hay."

"I'll meet you on the *Snowbird* tomorrow morning," said Hack.

"I'll be there," answered the hay-handler, turning to go. As he did so the dog raised his head. His gloomy eyes met those of Beef. Hostility glowed between them.

"Come on, Fiber," said the junkman, and on the way to his store he sniffed with pleasure at his bargain.

The following morning the partners met on board the *Snowbird*. Beef looked her over; and the heart of him sagged at the sight of her barnacle-encrusted hull and her decks fluffy from protruding oakum. Even the odor of bilge-water failed to drive the smell of decaying age out of the cabin.

"She's don't leak a drop," said the junkman, looking down into the hold.

"She ain't just what I thought she was," said Beef.

"What did you think you'd get for a thousand dollars, an ocean-going steamer? Why in a week's time, the way you work, she'll be the finest looking schooner in the bay. She's as good as the day she was built, that's what she is. If you ain't satisfied, speak up! I picked you out of a good many."

Beef looked at the masts and rigging, and the loose strings on the booms. Well he could fix her up at that.

"I'm satisfied," he said and scrolled his name to their agreement with his teeth gripping his tongue.

"It's up to you now how soon the thousand is paid," said Hack Darby. "I'll send you the stuff for repairs and you can go to work. Remember freights mean money, prices are high and the winds are fine and the currents are light in the river. Show me that I didn't make a mistake in sorting you out for the *Snowbird*."

Beef pulled off his coat and rolled up his blue shirt sleeves. The junkman jumped to the dock.

"Come Fiber," he said, "we've lost a lot of time this morning."

CAPTAIN QUIRKER now, with bowed back and muscles taut, went to work. Barnacles soft and slimy squashed before his scraper, ropes were reeved, and sails bent. Oakum was rammed back into squeaky seams, and the paint, colorful black and green, made new the crusted *Snowbird*. The little cabin, too, was not without its daubings; the benches had green borders and the sideboards of the bunks were painted yellow for the delight of the old woman who might travel some day with her son upon the river.

Almost a month he toiled, slavishly laboring on the bay schooner, and when the sun's brightness failed him, he would light his lantern and wallow in work.

Then one day the junkman came aboard, and Beef took the managing owner to examine the *Snowbird*. With pride he pointed out what he had accomplished and the eyes of Hack Darby glowered in amazement.

"That green stripe around her touches her up, Beef." He scratched his head. "Say she'd bring me in a nice piece of money the way she looks now, damned if she wouldn't, but I'm a man that stands by a bargain. Hack Darby ain't the one that'd let money interfere with a man's sentiment. When I took you on, Beef, I knew there was work in you, I didn't make any mistake, did I?" and he patted the ex-hay-handler on the back.

But when he saw the cabin, gorgeous in new paint, he began to groan about extravagance, and wondered out loud where the potted ferns came from, and whether the *Snowbird* was a bay schooner or a blooming greenhouse.

"I told my mother you wouldn't think much of them" said Beef Quirker, shyly, "but she would have me take them down. 'Water them every morning before the sun comes up,' she said, 'and your cabin will look like a home.' That's the way I like it to look."

"Oh, you have a mother, huh? Well, I didn't know that." He sniffed, "Women, whether they be old or young are always gouging into a man's affairs. So we'll pass over them ferns. But the money it cost to paint the cabin came out of my pocket and don't you forget it. Business is business, and I'm the manager."

"All right, Mr. Darby," said the simple-minded hay-handler, for whom business was a newly-coined word. He imagined that big transactions were moving in on him, and he dreaded them, and shrank from the shivering look of gain in the eyes of the junkman.

They went up on deck, and forward to the hose of the *Snowbird.* The head of the junkman's dog showed over the wharf stringer, and for the second time the eyes of the man met those of Fiber. The dog growled, and Captain Quirker's lower teeth lapped over his upper lip.

"Here boy, what's the matter with you?" said Hack Darby, and for the moment he forgot the *Snowbird.* "He ain't got used to you yet. When he does, you can rely on him! There ain't a finer dog in the whole State of California, and what's more there ain't a dog twice his size that c'd whip him. Don't squint at him like that, Beef Quirker. I know what I'm talking about. Look at the jaw of him, and feel of his teeth."

It seemed that Captain Quirker had nothing to say about the qualities of the junkman's dog; he changed the subject.

"I'm all ready to sail now," he said. "It took me longer to fix her up than I thought it would."

"Well it did, I'll admit that," said the junkman, "but she looks all right Beef, she looks all right, and besides, you've had a grand rest. Now you can show me what you can do by the way of making money for both of us, Beef, money for both of us. Say, is there any grub on board?"

"Bread and coffee, that's all."

"That's enough. I'll make the first trip with you. I want to make sure that you savvy sailing the *Snowbird.* You don't blame me, heh?"

A smile crept out of the soul of the man at the wheel.

"There ain't a mite of danger, Mr. Darby."

"Well, be careful of her. I ain't what I ought to be, on here."

"*I'm* on watch, Mr. Darby."

All that day Beef stood, tirelessly, guiding the schooner around the bends of the river, silent, except when he responded to the shouted greetings of other captains of bay scow schooners homeward bound.

"I'm one of them—now," he thought "They'll all know me and the *Snowbird* soon."

It was forty miles, when the sun went down, to that willow tree where the junk was heaped, and through the night while the junkman slept, Captain Quirker elbowed the schooner around and back against the currents where croaking frogs timed their tunes to the lapping song of the jogging Sacramento.

When the sun came up red and hot, the *Snowbird* was berthed under the willow tree.

The junkman and his dog were about, blearyeyed, both of them, and with savage looks, the one lacking the taste of blood, the other whetted for money.

"Now, Beef Quirker," said Hack, pointing to the bank above him, "show me what you can do with that pile of junk. You ought to get it on board today and get away from here tonight."

"I might," said Beef, "I might, of course."

"You'd better get your breakfast first. I won't be eating with you this morning. I've got to get around a bit among the farmers. I'll leave my dog with you. Don't feed him anything, I'll bring him back a pig's ear or something. He'll be all right. You know that by this time, eh, Beef?"

There was no answer. Captain Quirker went into the cabin to make coffee.

As the junkman jumped to the bank he was muttering to himself.

"By God, Beef Quirker, you've got to respect that dog! You think he's a common dog in spite of what I say. You stare at me when I mention Fiber's name. Well, we will see!"

He stood on the bank, and surveyed the valley of farms. To the right of him, less than a quarter of a mile away, smoke was coming out of a chimney.

"That's old man Swivell's. He'll be having ham and eggs for breakfast." The junkman headed for the smoke.

AS BEEF QUIRKER whittled shavings to kindle a fire in the old rusty stove, his mind , slow though it was, commenced to grind out thoughts. Between thinking and talking, the shavings flew, and curled in little round circles at his feet.

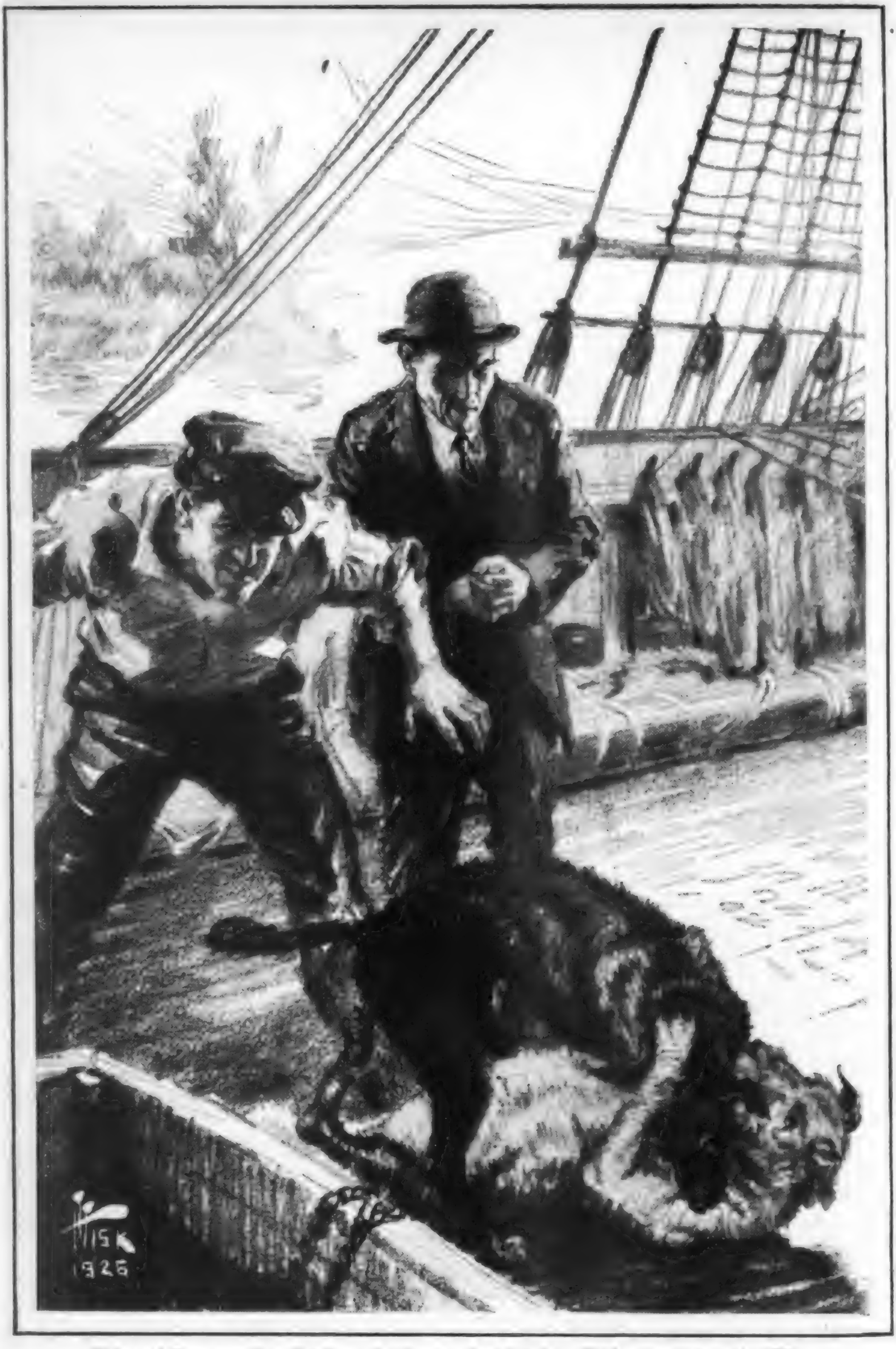
"I ought to have sleep. . . . Been up all night. A man ain't made out of iron . . . . Ain't made a cent yet. A thousand dollars is a terr'ble bundle of money. But I got to earn it . . . . Well, what is one night's sleep gone? Nothin' to an int'rest in the *Snowbird* anyhow . . . . Hack Darby's a driver, that's what he is. I'll show him I'm a worker. I'll carry all that junk on board today, that's what."

It seemed that he grew fidgety from hearing his own words. He had a subconscious feeling that ears were listening to him. Could it be that the junkman had come back to spy upon him? His face took on the color of a wilted rose. He bent over to gather the shavings, then straightened up defiantly, squared his broad shoulders, and—looked into the eyes of the junkman's dog.

There they stood, orb stabbing orb, the face of the dog bristling and glaring, that of the man colorless, with jaw muscles simmering like the quivering of a dying dolphin. Beef Quirker hurled a thought away to his mother and her dog Rickey. Guarding the little house he was, from his barrel on the grassy lawn, and here he was with this brute, listening to what he had to say this morning!

Whether or not the junkman's dog sensed the man's thought, he moved, showed his teeth, growled, and turned his tail to the eyes of Captain Quirker.

"You're the dog," Beef spoke aloud, "that'll



Hair and fire seemed to fly from the dogs as they fought. Rickey was worrying Fiber. Then, somehow, Hack's dog got a throat hold on Rickey and choked him to the deck.

whip any in the state, heh!" and bang, his thoughts went back to Rickey, the wiry Irish terrier. A hopeless expression came over his face. There was little chance that ever his old mother and her dog could come on board the *Snowbird*, to travel with him on the river and hear the captains call their greetings.

His coffee tasted bitter to Beef Quirker, and the dry bread choked him.

It was nearly noon when Hack Darby came. He was carrying a gunny sack on his back. He looked at Beef. There wasn't a dry hair on that creature, but the junk heap was growing smaller. Old mowing-machines, horseshoes, cowhides, and broken pumps, weight or bulk mattered little to the great baboon-arms of him.

"Ain't got it all in yet, heh?"

Beef looked at him.

"No," he said, "not yet."

Hack dropped the sack.

"There is what I've been doing this morning, getting food for you. Look at them spuds and them cabbages! You'll be fat when you work for me, Beef Quirker."

The dog stuck his head over the bulwark rail and whined.

"I ain't forgot you either, Fiber," he reached down to the bottom of the sack and pulled out a hunk of bloody liver. "There it is. That's what keeps up the spirit of my dog. Say, Beef, there ain't a dog in these parts that Fiber hasn't nearly eaten alive. Now, listen to me. I ain't a rich man, but I'd bet anything I got on a dog fight where Fiber made one. And I'd still lay odds to that, d'ye hear?"

Beef didn't answer; whether from ignorance or stubbornness the junkman could not tell, also he stared at nothing in particular. Fiber glubbed up the liver.

"Well, this ain't getting the junk on board, Mr. Darby," said Beef at last.

"No, it ain't," answered Hack, irritably.

FOUR months went by, and Captain Quirker was poorer now than he had been in the days of his hay-handling. Then his old mother was getting to be a worry to him.

"How much do you owe him now?" she'd ask.

"Over six hundred, Mother."

"Beef, I don't think that man is honest."

"An agreement is an agreement, Mother."

"But surely you've more than paid the thousand, Son. Surely by now Rickey and I ought to be having a little comfort. We aren't thriving very well. Why, even the grocery man doesn't stop at the gate any more. Look at you, too. Why—"

"It's all right, Mother," he would stop her, "I'm going to take you and Rickey with me one of these days." He tried to put hope into his voice. "It'll be fine for you, Ma. Oh, it won't be long, you needn't shake your head. You can smell the fruit blossoms out there pretty soon, and I'll show you all the bends on the river, and Ma, I'll let you hold the wheel of the *Snowbird*, think of that!"

The old woman put his inspiration into her rockers, and squeaked accompaniment to his promises, but the heart of Beef was low. Well he knew that no matter what he paid on the schooner, his old mother would never get aboard her while the junkman's dog ruled the deck.

"You can get a bet out of me any time on a dog, Beef; you'll find me easy to deal with!" came into his mind, and banged at his ears.

FROM where they were sitting on the porch of the little house he saw Rickey, the Irish terrier, lying in his barrel on the lawn. His head was sticking out, and his eyes snapped fire at the strangers as they passed the gate. He noticed that one of Rickey's paws had a rag wrapped around it.

"What's wrong with the dog?" he asked.

The rocker stopped its squeaking as the old woman rose to her feet.

"His paw is hurt a bit," she said, "but there's nothing wrong with him—is there Rickey? Why, why—" and her eyes glowed as she scooped imaginary air into a sound, "why Beef, a dog *twice* his size was trying to come into the gate, and he jumped the fence and fought him and whipped him!"

"He's a great comfort to you," he said.

"Why Beef, if anything happened to Rickey, well, God help me, that's all."

And still it never entered Beef Quirker's dull brain that Rickey was a possibility for the junkman's dog.

Another week on the river and it came, rending obsessions from his mind, stabbing at the heart of him, settling over him in its details like a cloud of blackbirds on a tree of ripe cherries.

He had been sitting on the river bank, milling Hack Darby's words of yesterday.

"I'm a gambler, I am, and when you find a dog, if you ever do, that can lick Fiber, my interest in the *Snowbird* is yours. If you lose, the schooner is mine. Two to one, Beef Quirker."

A thousand swamp-devils had danced in his brain and the mosquitoes had pumped the blood out of him unmolested. Now his eyes snapped, and his jaws came together with a click. He rose to his feet and boarded the *Snowbird*. He cast off the lines of her, and drifted out to where the current was strong. Then he set sails, and grabbed the wheel spokes with a new light in his eyes.

About twelve o'clock that night he worked the *Snowbird* into Oakland dock. Frisco was his port of discharge, but Beef Quirker had business in Oakland. He jumped ashore with resolution as firm as the wharf stringer, and he walked fast till he came to the little house with the white fence around it. A dog barked viciously, Beef spoke, then all was still again. He opened the gate, and like a crawly, sneaky thief he stole the barrel and his mother's dog.

At nine o'clock that next morning the junkman boarded the *Snowbird* into Oakland. Fiber was with him.

"When did you get in, Beef?"

"Late last night."

The junkman's dog commenced to sniff and run around with his tail up.

"There's a dog on board, eh? Fiber smells him."

"There is one here," said Beef. "You'd better tie your'n up."

The junkman threw back his slouchy shoulders and laughed. Beef heaved a wagon tire up onto the wharf. Then he walked up to Hack Darby.

"I have a dog that can whip yours. If he don't, I'm going back to hay-handling. If he does, I'll own the *Snowbird*. That is what you said, wasn't it?"

The junkman's laugh sounded cold and hard, like falling pig iron.

"So you've got a dog you want to fight, eh? Remember a bargain with me stands in any court of law. You understand, Beef Quirker, that if he's killed there's no damages? How big is he? He's in the cabin, heh? Well that is a good place for him. We'll fight 'em as soon as you get the junk out. I'm going up the river with you today."

The legs of Beef, strong as they were, trembled. He felt like a prize-fighter gazing into the eyes of his opponent, whipped before a blow was struck. Perhaps for the first time in his life he felt his heart thumping in his side. That feeling was for the old woman across the bay. What would she think of his desperate theft, of the bloody sacrifice of her fine little guardian?

So sure was the junkman of becoming sole owner of the *Snowbird* that he examined her as though he were buying her for the first time.

AT THREE o'clock that afternoon, in a serpentine twist of the Sacramento, Beef Quirker hauled the fore and main sheets amidships, and eased off the main jib, to set the *Snowbird* adrifting. Hack Darby straddled Fiber, and held him by the fleshy jaws. Beef brought Rickey and the barrel up on deck, placing the latter by the wheel-box with the mouth of it pointing forward.

"Are you ready?" the junkman shouted, "I can't hold my dog much longer."

"All ready, Mr. Darby," and Beef picked up Rickey and carried him to the main deck. The moment the junkman's eyes lighted on Rickey he murmured gloatingly.

"It's a shame, that's what it is," then said aloud:

"Now, remember, Beef Quirker, it's the *Snowbird* or nothing for you."

Beef dropped his mother's dog, and Hack hissed Fiber into the fight. They came together with the hate of ages in their bloodshot eyes.

"Don't shove me around, Hack Darby," Beef's voice had the sound of Bar billows; if Rickey were going to be killed he must be killed fairly. The junkman must not interfere. "Let the dogs alone—you!"

Hair and fire seemed to fly from the dogs as they fought. Rickey, being the more limber of the two, was worrying Fiber; he was attacking from beneath. Then, somehow, Hack's dog got a throat hold on Rickey and choked him to the deck.

"It's all over now," screamed the junkman, clapping his hands. "Take your dog away before he's killed; take him away."

It wasn't the junkman's words that brought courage to the failing heart of Beef Quirker; it was the way they were said. Suddenly the mist of pain vanished and his mother rose before him triumphant.

"Leave Rickey alone," came from her son's ashen lips, and he moved stupidly away.

Just at that moment Rickey broke Fiber's hold. Groggily he stood up, snapping his guerilla defense, and backed away. The other dog was after him, pressing him hard, unable, for the snakelike twist of the terrier's head to close again. Steadily Rickey backed, aft, farther and farther, into the barrel at last.

"Ah-h-hhh," came whistling from Hack. "Now Fiber you've got him, make mince-meat of him."

But something had happened to the old lady's dog; perhaps it was that the barrel smelled like home, and he thought he was defending his old mistress. At any rate he came out of the barrel again a new dog, and, the picture of viciousness, flew at Fiber with the yelp of a conqueror, bristling like a warlike porcupine.

Beef Quirker staggered to the rail.

"God," he cried, "he's gone plumb crazy!" Then he took off his hat and cheered.

Hack Darby's long jaws unhinged, flapped, and closed again.

Fiber's morale deserted him.

Not once did he make a pretense of standing up to his punishment. Down went his tail and he turned it to the enemy and fled. Up one side of the deck, down the other with the avenger gaining upon him, touching him, tearing his ragged coat. Once he headed for the barrel, only to be diverted. Then despairing, panting, he ran for his life for the schooner's side, and leaped overboard to ignominy and safety, whipped forever by a smaller dog!

Without a word Beef Quirker ran to his sheets. He filled away on the schooner and steered her alongside the bank.

"Hack Darby," he shouted, "get off the *Snowbird*," and the junkman lost no time.

Busting the Bad-Money Business

How skillful note passers and counterfeiters profit by your ignorance of the money you handle every day. The peculiar working methods of this class of criminal sooner or later betray him

by C. H. Vivian

IF THE likeness of Lincoln's face appeared on a ten-dollar note would you think it strange? Would you reject a five-dollar note that purported to be a gold certificate? Can you detect a "raised" note or one that is slightly off the standard dimensions? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would get caught every time. But once the favorite practices of counterfeiters have been pointed out to you, their imitations seem glaringly defective.

THE clerk behind the cigar-store counter in Santa Cruz examined the ten-dollar bill that the Federal Secret Service agent had handed him.

"It looks all right to me," said he.

It was a Minneapolis Federal Reserve note, so obviously counterfeit to the operative that it seemed to him almost any one could spot the phony bill as far as he could see it.

"Look at that, and that," the operative said, pointing out flaws. Once his attention was called to them they were apparent enough to the clerk. The agent went on: "Wilkins nearly always buys cigars. He ought to be along most any time. And if he tries one of these bills on you. . . ." He snapped his fingers significantly and hurried on his way.

Ten minutes later a well-dressed stranger entered the store and asked for a cigar. He selected one from a box and passed a ten-dollar note over the counter. The clerk looked him over carefully, but he seemed perfectly composed. The bill was another Minneapolis Federal Reserve issue! The clerk thought rapidly for a second.

"If you'll wait a minute," he said, "I'll run out and change this." He started for the door with the note in his hand, intending to call an officer and investigate afterward.

"Never mind the trouble," the customer said suavely. "I'm coming right back by here. I'll get the bill changed and pay you on my way back."

His suspicions thoroughly aroused by this, the clerk looked at the other coldly.

"This ten spot looks bad to me! Where'd you get it?"

Without a word in reply, the stranger turned for the door. Instantly the clerk, no longer in doubt, jumped forward and grabbed him. There was a tussle, but the clerk managed to hang on until passers-by could come to his assistance.

The Federal agent was sent for, while the customer, no longer suave, fumed and promised to make every one sweat for this high-handed outrage. But it was a sham which the agent quickly dispelled. The alert clerk had nabbed Mr. Harry Russell Wilkins, all right.

In Wilkins's possession was found a diary listing every place in which he had passed one of the notes on his cross-country trip. He had also noted how he himself had been dressed in each instance, to guard against returning in the same garb and becoming a "set-up" for the officers.

Various interesting things developed. A certain drug-store in Seattle was listed but there was no entry of a note having been passed there. Instead, Wilkins had written after the store name the words, "nice man." Investigation disclosed that Wilkins, on entering the place, had planked down a spurious note in his usual bland manner and requested a cigar. The clerk referred to had given the note one disdainful look, passed it back over the counter and remarked:

"You had better get out of Seattle with that kind of money. There was a Secret Service man in here today asking if we had seen you."

It remained for the Santa Cruz clerk, in California, to put an effective spoke in the counterfeiter's wheel.

The experienced "passer" of bad money specializes on the smaller shops in busy districts. Usually the cashier is close to the front door, small sales are the rule, and customers are numerous. The cashier is not likely to scrutinize money tendered, nor to scan the faces of the hundreds of purchasers. If the cashier questions a counterfeit note the "passer" mumbles something and quickly withdraws. Once outside, he loses himself in the crowd.

The diary habit is a general one with counterfeit passers; it comprises their set of books. Apparently they have the pride of business men in looking back over their records and computing their profits. The diary's chief function, however, is to insure against repetition of calls.

While many skilful counterfeiters play a lone hand, they usually work in pairs for increased safety. Only one enters a store at a time. The confederate waits across the street where he can see what happens and make his getaway in case of trouble. The outside man has the supply of counterfeits and any articles that have been purchased at stores previously visited. In case the note tendered is questioned and an officer called, the passer can stand search without any additional bad notes being found on his person. He can claim that the bogus bill was obtained in change for a note of larger denomination and that he was unaware of its spurious nature. Usually he also carries considerable good money in large bills to strengthen this argument and to make him appear a person of some financial standing. When a check-up is made on similar counterfeits passed in the neighborhood, the passer has none of the articles purchased. Perhaps it was his pal, now several blocks removed from the scene, who passed the others. In such a case, the description fails to tally and it is difficult to make out a case against the man held.

WHAT denominations does the counterfeiter most often imitate? The favorite issues have been five and ten dollar notes. The profits to be derived from a single passing are not so great as on larger denominations, but the risks are manifestly less. People are more inclined to examine closely a twenty-dollar note, while one of fifty dollars is almost certain to be scrutinized. Furthermore, notes of large denominations cannot be passed in small shops, as sufficient change is not commonly on hand. It is also true that almost every establishment that is accustomed to handling notes as large as fifty dollars has some one in charge of the money handling who possesses more or less education in counterfeits.

The process of changing a fifty-dollar bill also requires time. A person who presents a large note is certain to be observed, which means that a good description of him will be in the hands of the Secret Service men before he can palm off more than half a dozen illicit notes in one locality.

When a particularly fine imitation note makes its appearance over the country, Secret Service operatives extend their educational activities to include cashiers in smaller business establishments. If, for example, a spurious note persists in circulation and is found to be coming from shops of a certain character, every retailer in that particular line is visited in the principal cities and a description of the bogus note given.

This procedure resulted in the capture of Harry Wilkins. It was discovered that he had left a trail of bad five and ten dollar notes from New York to Chicago and it was apparent that he was on his way across the country. At once Secret Service men were fast on his trail gathering up his offerings as they were detected. The notes were magnificently wrought, but there was one weak point in them. They were approximately one-eighth of an inch longer than genuine bills.

Government agents capitalized this defect and laid their traps for Wilkins in every city over the western half of the country. In Denver, where he was expected to bob up next, the operatives covered virtually the entire business section. On every cash register was pasted a strip of cardboard the exact length of the counterfeits they were awaiting. A notch near one end of the strip marked the length of genuine bills, a device which made it possible for cashiers to check instantly every note tendered them.

In the meantime, the Government men were spreading the warning in California. In this manner, Wilkins, who had been one of the cleverest of all counterfeiters in dodging the authorities, walked into the trap in Santa Cruz that put an abrupt end to his lucrative business.

The method pursued by Wilkins up to his capture is a pretty fair sample of the way an experienced counterfeiter goes to work. He knows the precautionary steps usually taken by Government agents (of which more later) just as well as the Secret Service men do themselves. Knowing them, he shuns those establishments in every community where there is likely to be an educated money handler. He specializes on the smaller shops in busy districts. Corner drug-stores are ideal for his purpose. Usually there is a cigar and magazine counter close to the front with a separate cash register. Sales of small amounts are the rule and customers are numerous. The clerk in charge is not likely to scutinize money tendered, or to scan the faces of each of the hundreds of daily buyers. If a counterfeit bill shows up when the register is checked, there is small chance that the passer will be remembered.

Being near the door, such counters offer a good chance to the counterfeiter for escape. If the clerk questions the note, the passer mumbles something and quickly withdraws. Once outside he melts into the crowd. In the parlance of Secret Service operatives, stores of this type offer the bogus-money man "a good getaway." Another popular place for the counterfeiter is a department store during a bargain sale.

The counterfeiter's pusher usually selects a certain type of store and works it almost exclusively. Also, strange to say, he very often buys exactly the same article at each store. In the rooms of one notorious money passer was found a bag almost filled with a certain brand of corn medicine. No two packages had come from the same store and they represented purchases made from coast to coast. Just why the counterfeiter had bothered to lug all the little bottles along with him was never explained.

Popular brands of cigarets and cigars are commonly bought by counterfeiters who smoke. They possess the advantage of being consumption goods, which corn medicine can hardly be considered when amassed in bag lots. Articles of small price are always selected in order that the maximum amount of good money may be received in change.

Every one has watched bank tellers draw notes through their fingers when counting them and it is generally understood that they do this to "feel" the paper. It is likewise common knowledge that the paper used is a high-grade bond into the body of which have been incorporated two rows of silk thread, one near each end. To most persons the presence of this thread is a sufficient guaranty of the genuineness of the note. As a matter of fact, it can be duplicated rather easily.

A few minutes' inspection of genuine paper money, under an enlarging glass, will give you an idea of how counterfeits are detected. Spurious notes show broken, wavy, and irregular lines in place of the distinct and uniform engraving of the genuine. Paper and silk threads may be successfully imitated, but the portrait that characterizes each denomination is usually engraved by a master whose work can seldom be accurately duplicated.

The Government obtains its note paper annually on a bid basis. Several paper mills in the country can turn out that particular grade, although the manner in which the silk threads are introduced is covered by patent. A skilled workman can, however, buy a similar grade of paper, reduce it to pulp and roll it into new sheets, meantime scattering silk threads through it in such a way as to imitate the Government paper very closely.

For that matter, many counterfeit bills are on genuine paper. The artful utterer of fictitious notes is willing to spend money to make money. In many instances he bleaches the ink from a one-dollar bill and reprints it as a five, a ten, or a twenty dollar note. Obviously, the "feel" test and the scrutiny for silk threads will fail to detect counterfeits thus executed.

It is the engraving on a note that proves whether or not it is of Government issue. This is the one feature of our currency that the counterfeiter has seldom been able to imitate closely. The expertness of Uncle Sam's workmanship is the surest safeguard against fraud. Only a few men skilled enough in the engraver's art to deceive experienced money handlers have ever turned their efforts toward the manufacture of illicit bills.

If a genuine note is examined under a magnifying glass, it will be observed that the borders, panels on which denominational numerals are placed, and considerable other portions of its embellishments consist of an amazingly intricate network of fine lines fashioned into geometrical figures and designs. Those which are made up of curved lines are the work of the geometrical lathe, a marvelous mechanical device that defies hand imitators, even when aided by simple machinery. Under the enlarging glass each line shows sharp-cut and distinct and can be traced without a break through the labyrinth of criss-crossing delineations. Each shows a constant width throughout its course.

Counterfeit notes show broken, wavy, irregular lines, due to the inability of the hand of the engraver, expert though he may be, to reproduce the exactness of the even-cutting lathe.

The geometrical lathe, ruling machine, and other delicate devices used in the Government engraving bureau would, of course, work with equal precision in the hands of a skilled counterfeiter, but the loopholes here apparently left open are doubly safeguarded. In the first place, the cost of the machinery and essential materials comes to more than seventy-five thousand dollars. Obviously, few persons with that much capital would seek an illegitimate and highly dangerous medium for turning a profit. Furthermore, Government agents keep a close watch on buyers of such machinery and are ready to nab them the first time a spurious note can be traced back in their direction.

Betrayed by His Dog

THE portraits and other free-hand decorations on the Government notes are the work of the finest artists in the country. Few, indeed, are the men who can turn out equally fine engravings. Different vignettes on the same bill are the work of different men, each a master in his line. The counterfeiter thus finds on every note several types of engraving and he must be an exceptional artist to be able to duplicate them all. In general, it has been found that landscape scenes are more susceptible of imitation than some of the other types of vignettes. Accordingly, a note never bears a landscape alone. With it will always be found a portrait, historical scene, allegorical interpretation, or some other type of engraving.

There are artists outside those in the Government employ who can perform the same class of work with the same degree of excellence. However, they are assured such a large financial return through honest endeavor that there is no motive for them to turn criminal. Furthermore, their ranks are so limited that when a particularly well executed note appears in circulation, the responsibility can be fixed within narrow limits. By watching the few men who might turn out work of that grade, the Secret Service operatives are never long in locating the guilty party or parties.

When the work is that of a foreigner, the task is harder. Some skilled engravers have come into this country and set up counterfeit plants which baffled detection for a time. Such a one was Albert Leon, who eluded the Government men for two years. Leon was a Russian refugee. In his native land he had made counterfeit paper rubles for the Nihilists. It was only natural that he should turn to spurious money making in the United States.

One year the Pacific Northwest began to show an alarming increase of counterfeit ten-dollar notes. Operatives searched high and low for the source, but at first they got no results. Whoever was doing the counterfeiting was an expert engraver and his plant was very cleverly concealed. The bogus notes were examined for some clue. They were printed on a high-grade bond paper of which two sheets were pasted carefully together to obtain the desired thickness.

There was nothing particularly unusual in this, but the silk threads on examination developed a startling peculiarity. Under the microscope it could be seen that they were not silk at all. They were the short reddish hairs of some wild animal, or perhaps a dog! "Malemutes," said the detectives, at a guess. "Let's start working north. The fellow may have been snowed in for the winter and couldn't get silk threads."

The steps by which the counterfeiters were run down are too long to detail, but the guess proved correct. They ran the gang to earth on Nootka Island, an isolated piece of land near Vancouver, British Columbia. Albert Leon was the chief crook. Just as the operatives had suspected, in purchasing supplies before the annual freeze-up, Leon had forgotten to include silk thread. The hairs of his dog betrayed him.

Engravings for Government notes are first cut on a plate of soft steel. This is then hardened, after which a cylinder of soft steel is rolled over it under pressure, transferring the impression. This cylinder is in turn hardened and acts as a perpetual master die. From it, by use of what is known as the transfer press, innumerable plates for direct printing of the notes can be made. The practise is to make eight such plates for the note face and the same number for the back.

In printing, these are arranged in two vertical rows of four each. Starting with the upper left-hand plate and running through the two rows, each plate is designated by a letter from A to H, which letters are engraved upon them. Following the letter is a number. It is thus possible by a glance at the note to tell instantly which plate printed it and the records will show who the printer was who handled it.

Printers spread the ink over the plates by hand, and it is obvious that they must be expert in this operation. These workmen are paid by the piece, some of them making in excess of thirty dollars a day. It should be recorded to their credit that no instance of attempted dishonesty has ever been reported from their ranks.

Ignorance of our American money on the part of shopkeepers and their employees, while characteristic of them, extends throughout the nation as a whole. Comparatively few people can tell a spurious bank-note from one that is genuine. All of us, no matter how poorly lined our pockets may be, are a wofully stupid and blissfully ignorant lot of money handlers. So long as the proper figure appears in the corner we happen to look at, we are perfectly satisfied.

Thanks to eternal vigilance by a trained Federal corps of sleuths, we can be reasonably certain that what money we manage to entice within our grasp is the real article. The assurance with which almost every one accepts coin or currency tendered by friend or foe is a glowing tribute to the confidence which we as a nation repose in our Government and its ability to protect us from fraud. However, this fiduciary tendency does not lessen the sleepless nights of the Secret Service men who are charged with the duty of seeing that Uncle Sam is given no competition in the business of manufacturing our media of exchange.

If a man from Mars should drop in on you and put a few questions about the currency issues of the country, could you advise him in sufficient detail to prevent him from going out in the street and taking some stage money? As a test of your education in money matters, stop right here and describe a five-dollar note. Set down on paper its distinguishing features.

Now did you mention, to start with, that there are five distinct varieties of the note: Federal Reserve, Federal Reserve Bank, Silver Certificate, United States Note, and National Bank Note? Did you come within half an inch of the dimensions? Did you mention the seals, and if so, did you say anything about the colors of them? These are a few of the major points on which most people would go wrong, to say nothing of other details.

If some one handed you a twenty-dollar note which bore the portrait of Jefferson, would you instantly sense that it was spurious? If the likeness of Lincoln's face appeared on a ten-dollar note in your possession would you think it strange? Would you reject a five-dollar note which purported to be a gold certificate? Ninety-nine out of one hundred persons would get caught on the above-mentioned examples. Which assertion, translated into the expressive language of the Secret Service operative, resolves itself into his favorite aphorism: "They're all dumb, plain dumb!"

For to him money is a manufactured product, a staple of modern commerce that should be inspected before acceptance, just as are shirts, dresses, theater tickets, or limousines. He knows as well as he knows his alphabet that Lincoln's portrait does not appear on genuine ten-dollar bills, nor Jefferson's on any issue except the two-dollar denomination. And every one who has attained his majority should, he thinks, be thoroughly aware that gold certificates are not issued in denominations less than ten dollars.

Watch Dogs of the Counterfeiters

IN VIEW of such general carelessness in our handling of money it might be plausible to assume that the counterfeiter's life is one long sweet journey to riches. The unhappy experience of Mr. Wilkins illustrates one reason why it isn't. Then there enters another very important factor. In every community there are a few persons such as bank tellers and cashiers in the larger business establishments who not only make it their business to scan all circulalating media tendered them, but who also know the differences between good money and bad.

These people are in the money clearing-houses. You may be surprised to know that probably ninety-five per cent. of the coin and currency that circulates in your section will pass through their hands in the course of a day's handling. By enlisting their aid, therefore, the Government can be reasonably sure that spurious money will be speedily detected.

If a new counterfeit note makes its appearance in one section of the country as many specimens of it as are passed and detected are gathered up by the Secret Service operatives in that district. These are then sent broadcast over the nation to operatives in other districts. Armed with these samples, the agents make the rounds of the banks and other big money handlers, show them the specimen bill and warn every one to be on the lookout for that particular counterfeit. It thus happens that within a few days after a fraudulent note is discovered in any part of the country, thousands of trained, alert persons in every portion of the nation are on the watch for it.

[*Continued on page* 178]

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two love stories by famous American fiction writers are reprinted in the following pages: *The Love Letters of Smith*, by H. C. Bunner, and *The McTavish*, by Gouverneur Morris

THIS department feature is designed to present for contemporary readers two fiction stories of exceptional merit that have appeared elsewhere in print. As a rule, one story is either a short masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author or a tale published years ago but having a persistent appeal because it has made an unforgetable impression on discriminating fiction readers of varying tastes. Along with it is presented, for comparison, a story of similar character, either by a living author or one who wrote in the spirit of our time.

The following names of authors are indications of the variety and quality of the stories published in this department in past months:

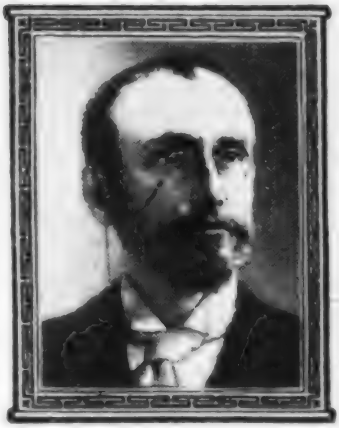
Prosper Mérimée
Edward Everett Hale
Richard Harding Davis
James B. Connolly
Edgar Allan Poe
Owen Wister
Rowland Thomas
William D. Williams

Frank R. Stockton
Robert Louis Stevenson
O. Henry
Stephen Crane
H. G. Wells
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Maarten Maartens
W. W. Jacobs

Wilkie Collins
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
James Hopper
Donn Byrne
Eugene O'Neill
Katherine Mansfield
Joseph C. Lincoln

In making selections from published fiction the first requirement is story interest—the fame of the author is secondary. The editors want to make the stories as representative as possible and will gratefully consider your suggestions.

The Authors



H. C. Bunner

SOME one's remark that Andrew Lang must be "either the devil or a syndicate" would have applied as well to Henry Cuyler Bunner, who wrote more, and more diversely and artistically, than seemed credible of one man who, while doing it, was busily editing an important weekly magazine. That was *Puck*, which in his time was not just a barber-shop adjunct; it wielded considerable power as a political satirist. Its main weapons were cartoons, but Bunner's editorials were famous, so pithy and clever and, without ostentation, authoritative and convincing that many of the "funny paper's" readers never missed one.

His literary fortes were the short story and light verse; he also wrote two or three novels and a play. Much of his relatively serious verse is *vers de société*, at which few if any Americans have excelled him. Of his out-and-out humorous efforts in rhyme, the gem is a ballade, the plaint of a youth whose landlady has him imprisoned for debt, in his room. Young Bunner is said to have composed it in those very circumstances, and tossed it out to passers-by as an appeal for succor. This is its envoi:

Boarders, the worst I have not told to ye!
She had stolen my trousers, that I may not flee
  Privily by the window, hence these moans;
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*—
  Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

The best of the eight or nine collections of Bunner's stories are "Short Sixes," "More Short Sixes," and "Love in Old Cloathes." He wrote a bookful of avowed adaptations of De Maupassant, "Made in France." In some instances, critics have held, they improve on the originals. As a short story writer, his predecessor was Thomas Bailey Aldrich and his successor O. Henry.

He was born in Oswego, N. Y., in 1855, tried business and then journalism as a youngster in New York, joined the *Puck* staff in 1877, became editor-in-chief a few years later, and died, aged forty-one, at Nutley, N. J., in 1896.

Gouverneur Morris

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, a great-grandson of the Revolutionary statesman and diplomat, was graduated from Yale in 1898 at the age of twenty-two. He was already a writer, and within ten years was contributing to leading magazines romantic short stories in which older men of letters saw exceptional promise, and any one could feel a special charm. Well within fifteen, his was as much of an American name to conjure with as his friend Richard Harding Davis's, Booth Tarkington's, Jack London's, or Robert W. Chambers's, had been at the corresponding stages of their careers. He had written all or most of the stories collected in "The Footprint," "Spread Eagle" and "It;" a novelette, "The Voice in the Rice," which in spite of a shaky ending was as original and captivating as fantastic, light romance of its type could be; and a picaresque novel, "Yellow Men and Gold," in which he emulated the Frank Norris of "Moran of the Lady Letty," and excelled him on points of art, if not in strength. Indeed, by 1910, when the older men mentioned seemed known quantities, the most widely interesting question about an American writing fiction undoubtedly was what Mr. Morris was going to do next.

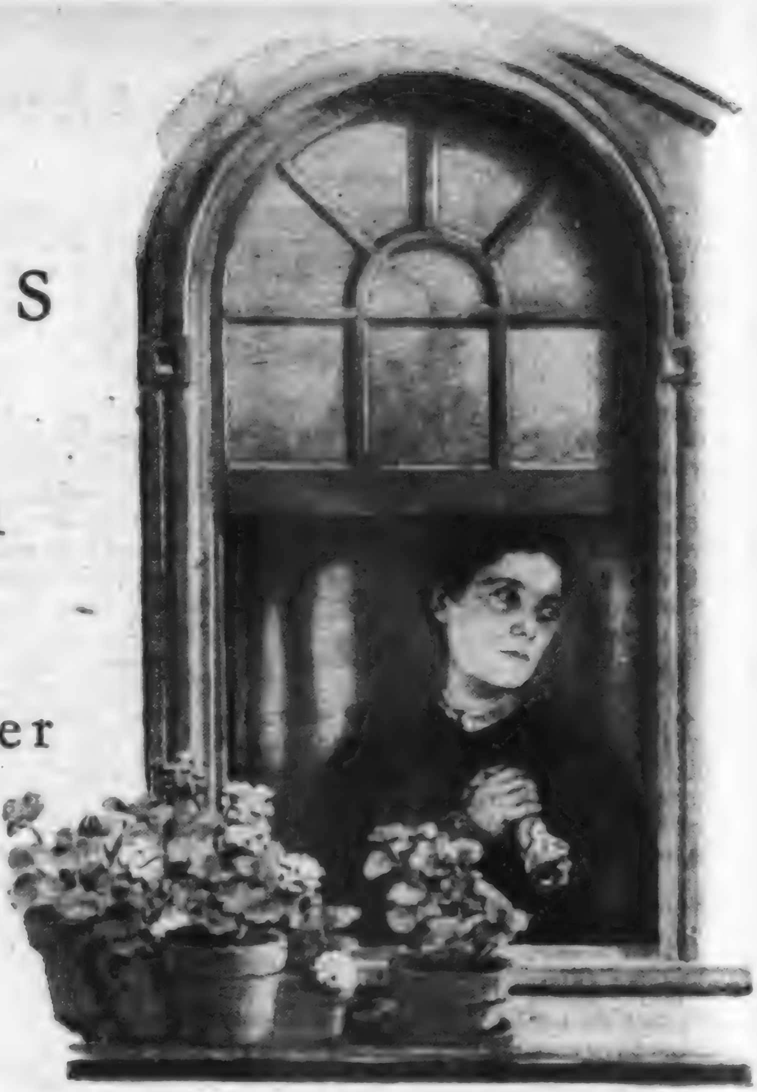
As to popularity, he has been called the successor of Davis, at this period. His imagination's realm resembled Davis's in some respects, but it was subtler and more poetic, its inhabitants were more sensitive, its skies had their clouds of what those who insist upon sunshine regard as morbidness. "The McTavish," here reprinted, is a glimpse of it with love on the scene, on a fine clear day.

A year or two later, there began to be signs that Mr. Morris was changing his direction. He took part in an exploitation of what was, in those days, daring "sex interest." He followed them with serials, "The Penalty," "The Seven Darlings," and, in 1919, a lugubrious novel, "The Wild Goose." Since then he has published little. He lives in California, and is reported to have done some writing for the films.

The Love Letters of Smith

By
H. C. Bunner

Illustrated by
J. M. Clifton



Introducing a simple device for uniting lonely hearts

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 122.)

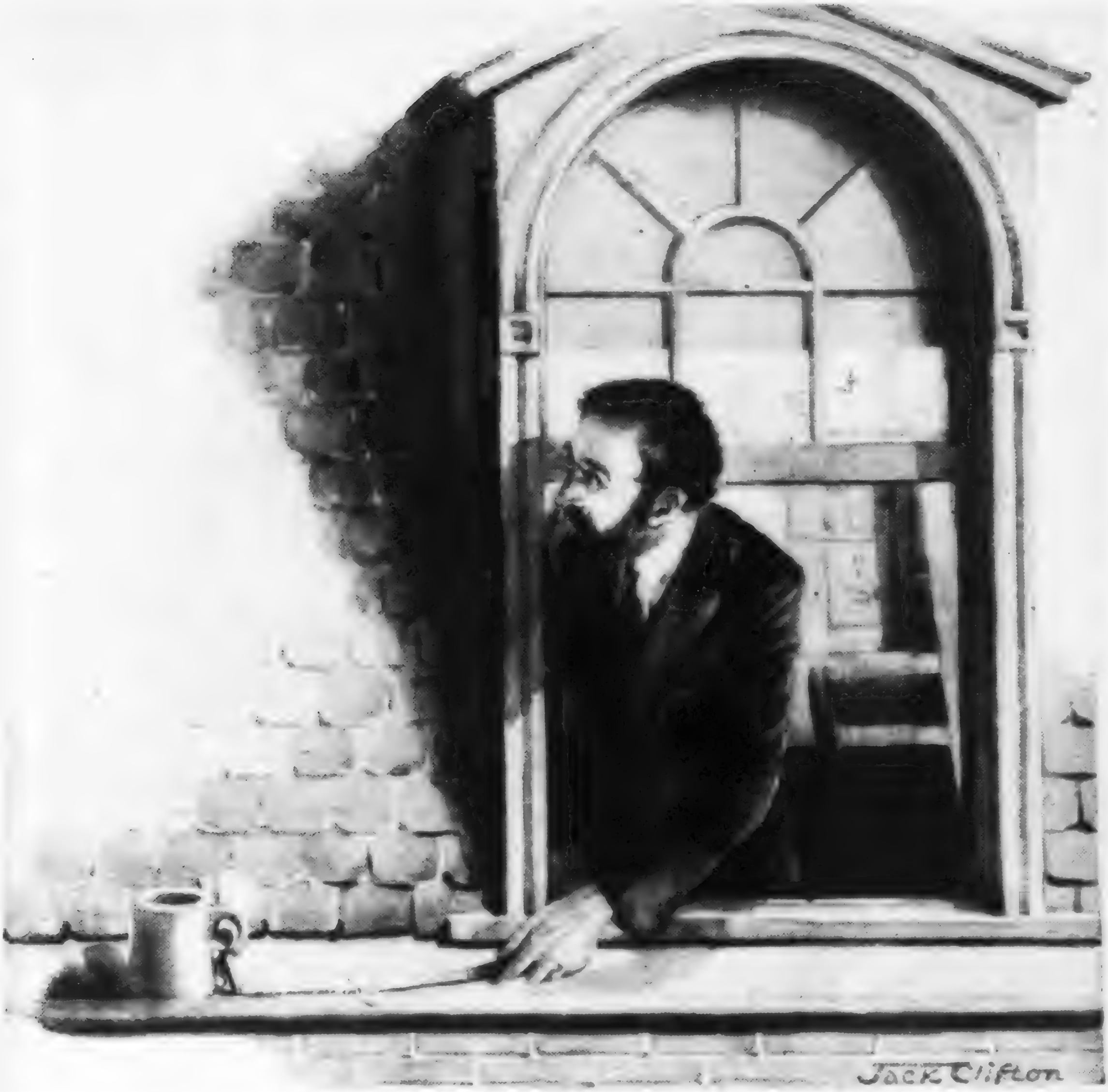
WHEN the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement house in which she lived, she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed, and hardly any to the height of tenement houses. When the man who owned that seven-story tenement found that he could rent another floor, he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street—the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her sempstress, after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and still would have been, if she had not been thin and pale.

After dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that; and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair by the window and looked out. Her aerie was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite, and see the farther end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was

---

Copyright, 1890, by Alice Larned Bunner, and reprinted from "Short Sixes," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



a country girl, and although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. Tonight she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear from people better fed than bred. She thought of the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand:

porter
pleas excuse the liberty And
drink it

The seamstress started up in terror, and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs, on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but—he must be drunk.

She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman who had already had occasion to excuse—and refuse — two or three "liberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug-handle, and withdrew it.

THE next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come around again and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I've no doubt he's *awfully* ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper with writing:

porter
good for the helth
it makes meet

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose in her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs; and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been the night before.

The morning came, but, somehow, the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble—and the janitor might think—and—and—well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read:

Perhaps you are afrade i will
adress you
i am not that kind

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.

"Mr.—Mr.—sir—I—will you *please* put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adresse you and i
Will not

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time—and the first—that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria. She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip—two little reminiscent sips—and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal:

Don't be afrade of it
drink it all

the little seamstress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as—as pusley!"

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry," she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he mustn't ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper:

porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, grateful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand—she *could* write a very neat hand—

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

fine groing weather
Smith

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did *groing weather* matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mold of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote under the first message:

Fine

But that seemed curt: *for* she added: *for what?* She did not know. At last in desperation she put down *potatoes*. The piece of paper was withdrawn and came back with:

Too mist for potatos.

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented the writer's pronunciation of "*moist*," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind, at such a time, was seriously bent upon potatoes was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

I lived in a small village before I came to New York, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came:

have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith.

As she read this, the seamstress heard a church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good Night*, thrust the paper out and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

After this they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections, moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:

i was one trip to van demens
land

To which the seamstress replied:

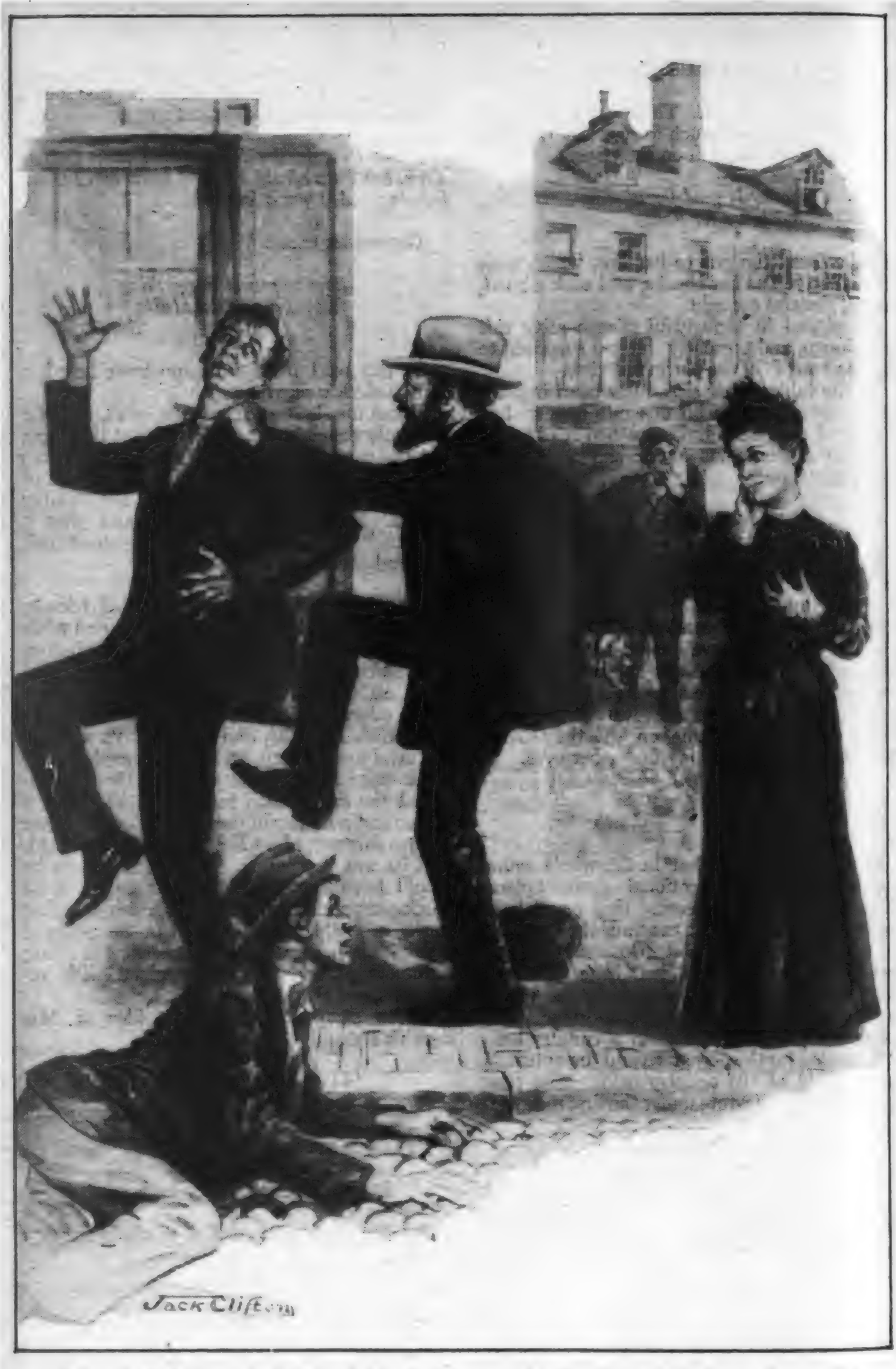
It must have been very interesting

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly:

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed:

i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your Mother



Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared, collared two of the human hyenas and kicked them until they writhed in ineffable agony.

a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers

a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be

the dagos are wussen the
brutes

i am 6 $1^{3}/_{4}$
but my Father was 6 foot 4

The seamstress had taught school one winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication:

i killd a Bare in Maine 600
lbs waight

she wrote:

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

But she gave up the attempt when he responded:

a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him

The spring wore on, and the summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each day for the little seamstress. And the draught of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "*meet*" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he set it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her friendly correspondent.

ONCE she spoke to him. She was coming home one summer evening, and a gang of corner loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared—whence, she knew not—scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony.

When he let them crawl away, she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton, passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared.

The German stood aghast.

"I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice:

RESPECTED AND HONORED MADAM:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the Emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should point to Cunnubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madam, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Cares, which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its Flames, without extraneous Aid

I remain, Dear Madam,
Your Humble Servant and
Ardent Adorer, J. SMITH.

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:

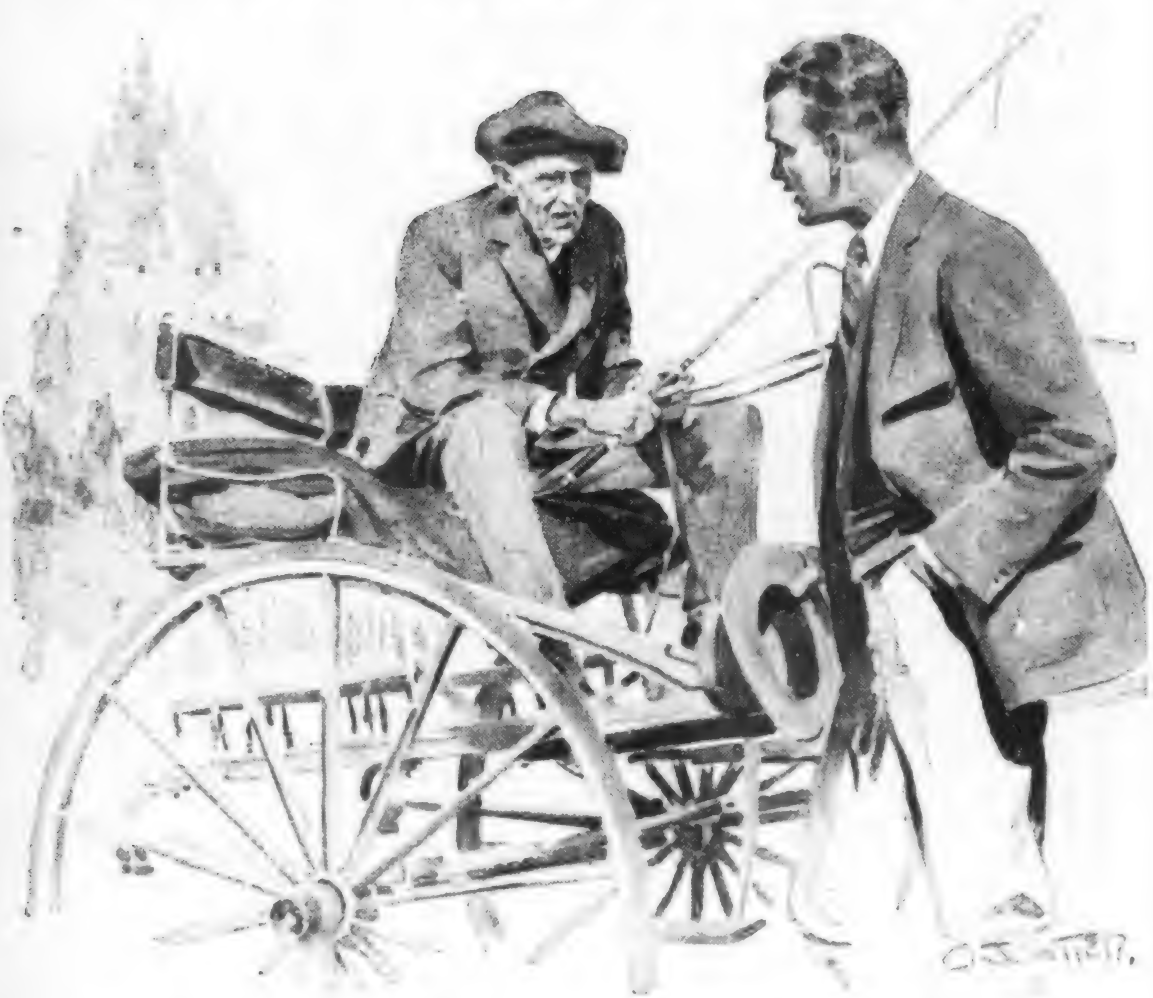
If not understood will you
mary me

The little seamstress seized a piece of paper and wrote:

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

The McTavish



(Reprinted. See announcement on page 122.)

BY THE look of her she might have been a queen, or a princess, or at the very least a duchess. But she was no one of these. She was only a commoner — a plain Miss, though very far from plain. Which is extraordinary when you consider that the blood of the Bruce flowed with exceeding liveliness in her veins, together with the blood of many another valiant Scot—Randolph, Campbell—who bled with Bruce or for him.

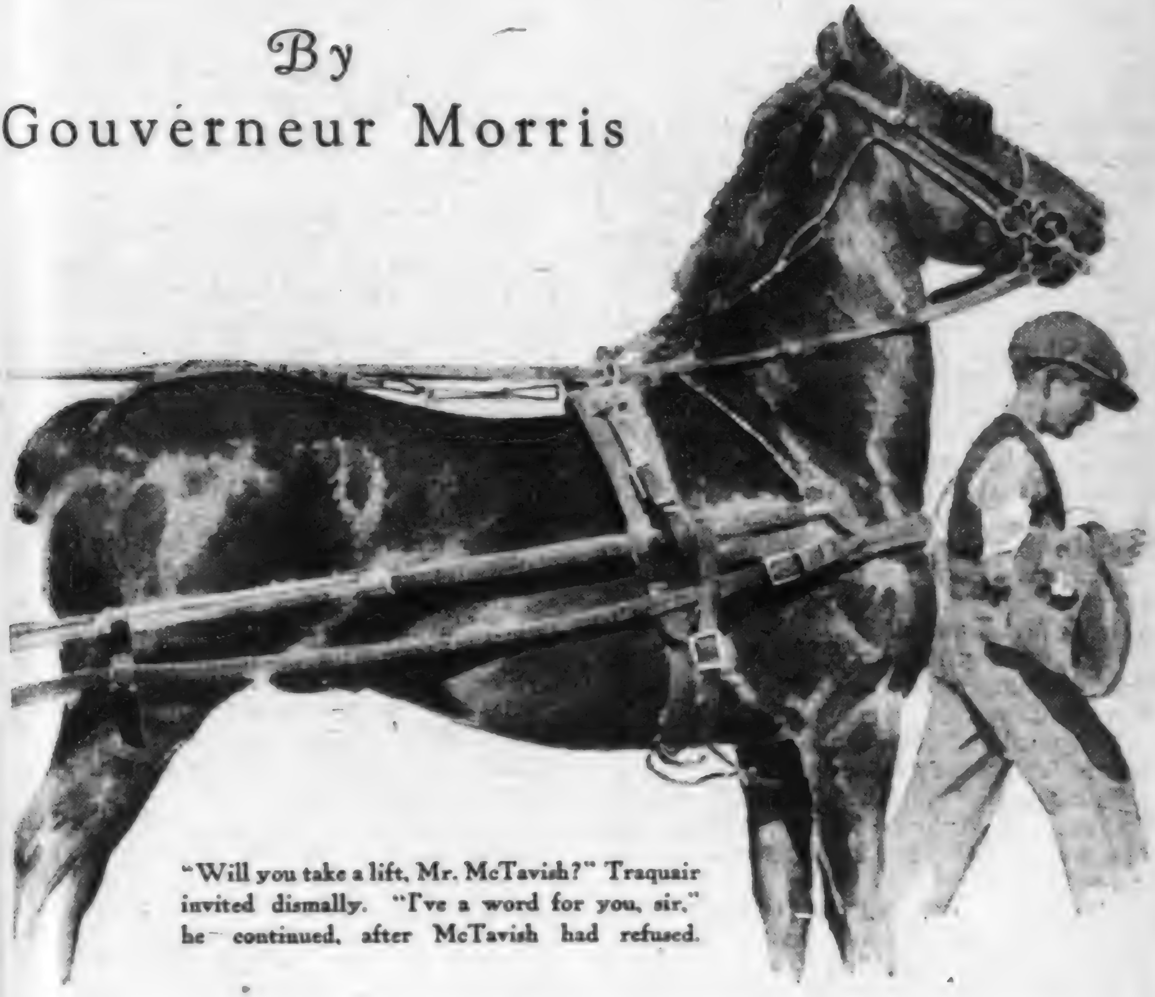
With the fact that she was not at the very least a duchess, *most* of her temporal troubles came to an abrupt end. When she tired of her castle at Beem-Tay she could hop into her motorcar and fly down the Great North Road to her castle at Brig O'Dread. This was a fifty-mile run, and from any part of the road she could see land that belonged to her—forest, farm, and moor. If the air at Beem-Tay was too formal, or the keep at Brig O'Dread too gloomy, she could put up at any of her half-dozen shooting lodges, built in wild, inaccessible, wild-fowly places, and shake the dust of the world from her feet and tread, just under heaven, upon the heather.

But mixed up with all this fine estate was one other temporal trouble. For, over and above the expenses of keeping the castles on a good footing, and the shooting lodges clean and attractive, and the automobile full of petrol, and the horses full of oats, and the lawns empty of weeds, and the glass-houses full of fruit, she had no money whatsoever. She could not sell any of her land because it was entailed—that is, it really belonged to somebody who didn't exist; she couldn't sell her diamonds, for the same reason; and she could not rent any of her shootings, because her ancestors had not done so. I honestly believe that a sixpence of real money looked big to her.

Copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons

Of a hielan' lass who used subterfuge in a game where all is fair

By Gouverneur Morris



"Will you take a lift, Mr. McTavish?" Traquair invited dismally. "I've a word for you, sir," he continued, after McTavish had refused.

Her first name was the same as that of the Lady of the Lake—Ellen. Her last name was McTavish—if she had been a man she would have been The McTavish (and many people did call her that) and her middle names were like the sands of the sea in number, and sounded like bugles blowing a charge—Campbell and Cameron, Dundee and Douglas. She had a family tartan—heather brown, with Lincoln green tit-tat-toe criss-crosses—and she had learned how to walk from a thousand years of strong-walking ancestors. She had her eyes from the deepest part of a deep moorland loch, her cheeks from the briar rose, some of the notes of her voice from the upland plover, and some from the lark. And her laugh was like an echo of the sounds that the River Tay makes when it goes among the shallows.

One day she was sitting all by herself in the Seventh Drawing Room (forty feet by twenty-four) of Brig O'Dread Castle, looking from a fourteen-foot-deep window embrasure, upon the brig itself, the river rushing under it, and the clean, flowery town upon both banks. From most of her houses she could see nothing but her own possessions, but from Brig O'Dread Castle, standing, as it did, in one corner of her estates, she could see past her entrance gate, with its flowery embattled lodge, a little into the outside world. There were tourists whirling by in automobiles along the Great North Road, or parties of Scotch Gipsies, with their dark faces and earrings, with their wagons and folded tents, passing from one good poaching neighborhood to the next. Sometimes it amused her to see tourists turned from her gates by the proud porter who lived in the lodge; and on the present occasion, when an automobile stopped in front of the gate and the chauffeur hopped out and rang the bell, she was prepared to be mildly amused once more in the same way.

The proud porter emerged like a conquering hero from the lodge, the plaited kilt of the

McTavish tartan swinging against his great thighs, his knees bare and glowing in the sun, and the jaunty Highland bonnet low upon the side of his head. He approached the gate and began to parley, but not with the chauffeur; a more important person (if possible) had descended from the car—a person of unguessable age, owing to automobile goggles, dressed in a London-made shooting suit of tweed, and a cap to match. The parley ended, the stranger appeared to place something in the proud porter's hand; and the latter swung upon his heel and strode up the driveway to the castle. Meanwhile the stranger remained without the gate.

PRESENTLY word came to The McTavish in the Seventh Drawing Room, that an American gentleman named McTavish, who had come all the way from America for the purpose, desired to read the inscriptions upon the McTavish tombstones in the chapel of Brig O'Dread Castle. The porter, who brought this word himself, being a privileged character, looked very wistful when he had delivered it—as much as to say that the frightful itching of his palm had not been as yet wholly assuaged. The McTavish smiled.

"Bring the gentleman to the Great Tower door, McDougall," she said, "and—I will show him about myself."

The proud porter's face fell. His snow-white *mustachios* took on a fuller droop.

"McDougall," said The McTavish—and this time she laughed aloud—"if the gentleman from America crosses my hand with silver, it shall be yours."

"More like"—and McDougall became gloomier still—"more like he will cross it with gold." (Only he said this in a kind of dialect that was delightful to hear, difficult to understand, and would be insulting to the reader to reproduce in print.)

"If it's gold," said The McTavish sharply, "I'll not part wi' it, McDougall, and you may lay to that."

You might have thought that McDougall had been brought up in the British Hole of Calcutta—so sad he looked, and so hurt, so softly he left the room, so loudly he closed the door.

The McTavish burst into laughter, and promised herself, not without some compunction, to hand over the gold to McDougall, should any materialize. Next she flew to her dressing-room and made herself look as much like a gentle woman's housekeeper as she could in the few minutes at her disposal. Then she danced through a long, dark passageway, and whisked down a narrow winding stair, and stood at last in the door of the Great Tower in the sunlight. And when she heard the stranger's feet upon the gravel, she composed her face; and when he appeared round the corner of a clipped yew, she rattled the keys at her belt, and bustled on her feet, as becomes a housekeeper, and bobbed a courtesy.

The stranger McTavish was no more than thirty. He had brown eyes, and wore upon his face a steady, enigmatic smile.

"Good morning," said the American McTavish. "It is very kind of Miss McTavish to let me go into her chapel. Are you the housekeeper?"

"I am," said The McTavish. "Mrs. Nevis is my name."

"What a pity!" murmured the gentleman.

"This way, sir," said The McTavish.

She stepped into the open and, jangling her keys occasionally, led him along an almost interminable path of green turf bordered by larkspur and flowering sage, which ended at last at a somewhat battered lead statue of Atlas, crowning a pudding-shaped mound of turf.

"When the dead Currie sacked Brig O'Dread Castle," said The McTavish, "he dug a pit here and flung the dead into it. There will be McTavishes among them."

"There are no inscriptions," said the gentleman.

"Those are in the chapel," said The McTavish. "This way." And she swung into another turf walk, long, wide, springy, and bordered by birches.

"Tell me," said the American, "is it true that Miss McTavish is down on strangers?"

She looked at him over her shoulder. He still wore his enigmatic smile.

"I don't know what got into her," she said, "to let you in." She halted in her tracks and, looking cautiously this way and that, like a conspirator in a play: "She's a hard woman to deal with," she said, "between you and me."

"I've heard something of the kind," said the American. "Indeed, I asked the porter. I said, 'What manner of woman is Miss McTavish?' and he said, in a kind of whisper, 'The McTavish, sir, is a roaring, ranting, stingy, bonny female.' "

"He said that, did he?" asked the pseudo Mrs. Nevis, tightening her lips and jangling her keys.

"But I didn't believe him," said the American. "I wouldn't believe what he said of any cousin of mine."

"Is The McTavish your cousin?"

"Why, yes," said he, "but just which one I don't know. That's what I have come to find out. I have an idea—I and my lawyers have—that if The McTavish died without a direct heir, I should be The McTavish; that is, that this nice castle, and Red Curries Mound, and all and all, would be mine. I could come every August for the shooting. It would be very nice."

"It wouldn't be very nice for The McTavish to die before you," said Mrs. Nevis. "She's only twenty-two."

"Great Heavens!" said the American.

"Between you, you made me think she was a horrid old woman!"

"Horrid," said Mrs. Nevis, "very. But not old."

She led away abruptly to a turf niche which ended the brick wall and from which sprang, in turn, a walk of larch, a walk of Lebanon cedars, and one of mountain ash. At the end of the cedar walk, far off, could be seen the squat gray tower of the chapel, heavy with ivy. McTavish caught up with Mrs. Nevis and walked at her side. Their feet made no sound upon the pleasant, springy turf. Only the bunch of keys sounded occasionally.

"How," said McTavish, not without insinuation, "could one get to know one's cousin?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Nevis, "if you are troubled with spare cash and stay in the neighborhood long enough, she'll manage that. She has little enough to spend, poor woman. Why, sir, when she told me to show you the chapel, she said, 'Catherine,' she said, 'there's one Carnegie come out of the States—see if yon McTavish is not another.' "

"She said that?"

"She did so."

"And how did you propose to go to work to find out, Mrs. Nevis?"

"Oh," said she, "I've hinted broadly at the news that's required at headquarters. I can do no more."

McTavish reflected. "Tell her," he said presently, "when you see her, that I'm not Carnegie, nor near it. But tell her that, as we Americans say, 'I've enough for two.' "

"Oh," said Mrs. Nevis, "that would mean too much or too little to a Scot."

"Call it then," said McTavish, "several million pounds."

"Several," Mrs. Nevis reflected.

"Say—three," said McTavish.

Mrs. Nevis sighed. "And where did you gather it all?" she asked.

"Oh, from my father," said McTavish. "And it was given to him by the government."

"Why?" she asked.

"Not why," said he, "so much as how. You see, our government is passionately fond of certain people and makes them very rich. But it's perfectly fair, because at the same time it makes other people, of whom it is not fond, desperately poor. We call it protection," he said. "For instance, my government lets a man buy a Shetland wool sweater in Scotland for two dollars, and lets him sell it on Broadway for twenty dollars. The process makes that man rich in time, but it's perfectly fair, because it makes the man who has to buy the sweater poor."

"But the fool doesn't have to buy it," said Mrs. Nevis.

"Oh, yes he does," said McTavish. "In America—if he likes the look of it and the feel of it—he has to buy. It's the climate, I suppose."

"Did your father make his money in Shetland sweaters?" she asked.

"Nothing so nice," said McTavish; "rails."

A covey of birds rose in the woods at their right with a loud whir of wings.

"Whew!" exclaimed McTavish.

"Baby pheasants," explained Mrs. Nevis. "They shoot three thousand at Brig O'Dread in the season."

AFTER certain difficulties, during which their hands touched, the greatest key in Mrs. Nevis's bunch was made to open the chapel door, and they went in.

The place had no roof; the flagged floor had disappeared, and it had been replaced by velvety turf, level between the graves and headstones. Supporting columns reared themselves here and there, supporting nothing. A sturdy thorn tree grew against the left-hand wall; but the sun shone brightly into the ruin, and sparrows twittered pleasantly among the ingrowths of ivy.

"Will you wish to read all the inscriptions," asked Mrs. Nevis, doubtfully, for there were hundreds of tombstones crowding the turf, or pegged to the walls.

"No, no," said McTavish. "I see what I came to see—already."

For the first time the enigmatic smile left his face, and she watched him with a kind of excited interest, as he crossed the narrow houses of the dead, and halted before a small tablet of white marble. She followed him, more slowly, and stood presently at his side, as he read aloud:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF COLLAND MCTAVISH, WHO DISAPPEARED, AGED FIVE YEARS, JUNE 15TH, 1801."

Immediately below the inscription a bar of music was engraved in the marble. "I can't read that," said McTavish.

Mrs. Nevis hummed a pathetic air very sweetly, almost under her breath. He listened until she had finished and then: "What tune is that?" he asked, excitedly.

" 'Wandering Willie,' " she answered.

"Of course," said he, "it would be that."

"Was this the stone you came to see?" she asked presently.

"Yes," he said. "Colland McTavish, who disappeared, was my great-grandfather. The old gentleman—I never saw him myself—used to say that he remembered a long, long driveway, and a great iron gate, and riding for ever and ever in a wagon with a tent over it, and sleeping at night on the bare hills or in forests beside streams. And that was all he remembered, except being on a ship on the sea for years and years. But he had this—"

McTavish extracted from a pocket into which it had been buttoned for safety what ap at first sight, to be a linen handkerchief yellow with age. But, on unfolding, it proved to be a child's shirt, cracked and broken in places, and lacking all but one of its bone buttons. Embroidered on the tiny shirt tail, in faint and faded blue, was the name Colland McTavish.

"He always thought," said McTavish, "that the Gipsies stole him. It looks as if they had, doesn't it? And, just think, he used to live in this beautiful place, and play in it, and belong to it! Wasn't it curious, my seeing that tablet the first thing when we came in? It looked as big as a house and seemed to beckon me."

"It looks more like the ghost of a little child," said Mrs. Nevis quietly. "Perhaps that is why it drew you so."

"Why," said he, "has this chapel been allowed to fall to pieces?"

"Because," said Mrs. Nevis, "there's never been the money to mend it."

"I wonder," he mused, "if The McTavish would let me do it? After all, I'm not an utter stranger; I'm a distant cousin—after all."

"Not so distant, sir," said Mrs. Nevis, "as may appear, if what you say is true. Colland McTavish, your great-grandfather, and The McTavish's great-grandfather were brothers—and the poor bereft mother that put up this tablet was your great-great-grandmother and hers."

"Surely then," said he, "The McTavish would let me put a roof on the chapel. I'd *like* to," he said, and the red came strongly into his cheeks. "I'll ask her. Surely she wouldn't refuse to see me on such a matter."

"You can never tell," Mrs. Nevis said. "She's a woman that won't bear forcing."

He looked at her for the first time in some minutes. "Why," said he, "you're ill; you're white as a sheet."

"It's the long walk uphill. It takes me in the heart, somehow."

"I'm sorry," said McTavish simply. "I'm mighty sorry. It's all my fault."

"Why, so it is," said she, with the flicker of a smile.

"You must take my arm, going back. I *am* sorry."

When they had left the chapel and locked the door, she took his arm without any further invitation.

"I will, if you don't mind," she said. "I am shaken, and that's the truth. . . . But what," and again, the smile flickered, "what would The McTavish say if she saw us—her cousin and her housekeeper—dawdling along arm in arm?"

McTavish laughed. "I don't mind, if you don't."

They returned slowly by the long turf walk to the statue of Atlas.

"Now," said he, "how should I go about getting an interview with The McTavish."

rattled," said Mrs. Nevis, "it will not be for today. She is leaving within the hour for Beem-Tay in her motorcar."

"Oh, then I shall follow her to Beem-Tay."

"If you can do that," said Mrs. Nevis, "I will give you a line to my sister. Maybe she could help you. She's the housekeeper at Beem-Tay—Miss MacNish is her name." And she added as if by an afterthought, "We are twins."

"Are there two of you?" exclaimed McTavish.

"Why not?" she asked, with a guileless face.

"Why," said he, "it's wonderful. Does she look like you?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Nevis. "Same red hair, same eyes, nose, and faint spells—only," and there was a certain arch quality in her clear voice, "*she's* single."

"And she looks exactly like you—and she's single! I don't believe it."

MRS. NEVIS withdrew her hand from his arm. When they had reached the door of the Great Tower, she stopped.

"If you care for a line to my sister," she said, "I'll write it. You can wait here."

"I wish it of all things, and if there are any stairs to climb, mind you take your time. Remember you're not very good at hills."

When she had gone, he smiled his enigmatic smile and began to walk slowly up and down in front of the door, his hands clasped behind his back. Once he made a remark. "Scotland," he said, "is the place for me."

But when at length she returned with the letter, he did not offer her money; instead he offered his hand. "You've been very kind," he said, "and when I meet your mistress I will tell her how very courteous you have been. Thank you."

He placed the letter in the breast pocket of his shooting coat. "Any messages for your sister?" he said.

"You may tell her I hope she is putting by something for a rainy day. You may tell her The McTavish is verra hard up the noo"—she smiled very charmingly in his face—"and will na' brook an extravagant table."

"Do you think," said McTavish, "that your sister will get me a chance to see *The* McTavish?"

"If any one can, she can."

"Good-by," he said, and once more they shook hands.

A few minutes later she heard the distant purring of his car, and a thought struck her with dismay. "What if he goes straight to Beem-Tay and presents the letter before I get there!"

She flowered into swift action, flashed up the turret stairs, and, having violently rung a bell, flew into her dressing-room, and began to drag various automobile coats, hats, and goggles out of their hiding places. When the bell was answered: "The car," she cried, "at once!"

A few moments later, veiled, goggled, and coated, she was dashing from the castle to the stables. Half-way she met the car. "McDonald," she cried, "can you make Beem-Tay in the hour?"

"It's fifty miles," said the driver, doubtfully.

"Can you make it?"

"The road—" he began.

"I know the road," she said impatiently: "it's all twisty-wisty. Can you make it?"

"I'm a married man," said he.

"Ten pounds sterling if you make it."

"And if we smash and are kilt?"

"Why, there'll be a more generous master than I in Beem-Tay and in Brig O'Dread—that's all."

She leaped into the car, and a minute later they were flying along the narrow, tortuous North Road like a nightmare. Once she leaned over the driver's seat, and spoke in his ear: "I hav'na the ten pounds noo," she said, "but I'll beg them, McDonald, or borrow them—" The car began to slow down, the driver's face grew gloomy. "Or steal them!" she cried. McDonald's face brightened, for The McTavish's money difficulties were no better known than the fact that she was a woman of her word. He opened the throttle and the car once more shot dizzily forward.

Twenty miles out of Brig O'Dread, they came upon another car, bound in the same direction and also running desperately fast. They passed it in a roaring smother of dust.

"McDonald," said The McTavish, "you needna run sae fast noo. Keep the lead o' yon car to Beem-Tay gate—that is all."

She sank back luxuriously, sighed, and began to wonder how she should find McDonald his ten pounds sterling.

She need not have hurried, nor thrown to the wind those ten pounds that she had somehow to raise. On arriving at Beem-Tay she had given orders that any note addressed to Miss MacNish, and presented at the gate, should be brought at once to her.

McTavish did not come that day, but she learned indirectly that he had taken rooms at the McTavish Arms in Beem-Tay village, and from Mr. Traquair, manager of the local branch of the Bank of Scotland, that he was taking steps to hire for the season the forest of Clackmanness, a splendid sporting estate that marched with her own lands. Mr. Traquair, a gentleman as thin as a pipe stem, and as kind as tobacco, had called upon her the second day, in answer to an impetuous summons. He found her looking very anxious and very beautiful, and told her so.

"May the looks stand me in good stead, Mr. Traquair," said she, "for I'm like to become Wandering Willie of the Song—Wandering Wilhelmina, rather. There's a man yont, named McTavish, will oost me frae hoose and hame."

"That would be the young gentleman stopping at the McTavish Arms."

"Ah," said The McTavish, "he might stop here if he but knew."

"He's not intending it, then," said Mr. Traquair, "for he called upon me this morning to hire the Duke's forest of Clackmanness."

"Ah," said The McTavish.

AND now," said Mr. Traquair, stroking his white mustache, "tell me what it all means."

"It means that Colland McTavish, who was my great-grandfather's elder brother, has returned in the person of the young gentleman at the Arms."

"A fine hornpipe he'll have to prove it," said Mr. Traquair.

"Fine fiddlesticks!" said The McTavish. "Man," she continued earnestly, "you have looked in his face and tell me it will be a dance to prove him The McTavish?"

"He is *a* McTavish," admitted Mr. Traquair; "so much I knew before he told me his name."

"He has in his pocket the bit shirt that wee Colland wore when the Gipsies snitched him, and carried him overseas; it's all of a piece with many other garments of wee Colland's. I've had out the trunk in which his little duds have been stored these many years. The man is Colland's great-grandson. I look at him, and I admit it without proof."

"My dear," said Mr. Traquair, "you have no comprehension of the law. I will fight this claim through every court of the land, or I'm ready to meet him on Bannockburn field, my ancestral claymore against his. A rare laugh we'll have when the pretender produces his bit shirtie in the court, and says, 'Look, your honor, upon my patent o' nobilitee.' "

"Mind this," said The McTavish, "I'll make no contests, nor have none made. Only," she smiled faintly, "I hav'na told him who he rightly is. He claimed cousinship. But it has not dawned on him that Colland was to have been The McTavish, that he *is* The McTavish, that I am merely Miss Ellen Alice Douglas Cameron Dundee Campbell McGregor Breadalbane Blair McTavish, houseless, homeless spinster, wi' but a drap o' gude blood to her heritage. I have not told him, Mr. Traquair. He does not know. What's to be done? What would you do—*if you knew* that he was he, and that you were only you?"

"It's your meeserable conscience of a Churchgoing Scot," commiserated Traquair, not without indignation. "What would a Campbell have done? He'd have had himself made a judge in the land, and he'd have condemned the pretender to the gallows—out of hand, my dear—out of hand!"

She shook her head at him as at a naughty child. "Where is your own meeserable conscience, Traquair?"

"My dear," cried the little man, "it is storming my reason."

"There," said she, "I told you so. And now we are both of one mind, you shall present these tidings to McTavish together with my compliments."

"First," said Traquair cautiously, "I'll bide a bit of the thought."

"I will leave the time to your meeserable conscience," said Miss McTavish generously. "Meanwhile, my dear man, while the semblance of prosperity abides over my head in the shape of a roof, there's a matter o' ten pound—"

Mr. Traquair rose briskly to his little feet. "Ten pound!" he exclaimed.

"Only ten pound," she wheedled.

"My dear," he said, "I don't see where you're to raise another matter o' saxpence this month."

"But I've promised the ten pound on my honor," she said. "Would you have me break my word to a servant?"

"Well—well," temporized Mr. Traquair, "I'll have another look at the books. Mind, I'm not saying it can be done—unless you'll sell a bit o' timber here and yont—"

"Dear man," she said, "full well ye know it's not mine to sell. Then you're to let me have the ten pounds?"

"If I were to employ a wheedler," said Mr. Traquair, "I'd have no choice 'twixt you and Satan. Mind, I make no promises. Ten pound is a prodeegious sum o' money, when ye hav'na got it."

"Not later than tomorrow, then," said Miss McTavish, as though to cap a promise that had been made to her. "I'm obliged to you, Traquair, deeply obliged."

But it was the matter of the ten pounds that worried Traquair as he climbed into his pony cart and drove slowly through the castle policies to the gate. Indeed, the lofty gates had not been closed behind him before he had forgotten all about them. That The McTavish was not The McTavish alone occupied his attention. And when he perceived the cause of the trouble, strolling beside the lofty ring fence of stone that shielded the castle policies from impertinent curiosity, it was in anything but his usual cheerful voice that he hailed him.

"Will you take a lift, Mr. McTavish?" he invited dismally.

"Oh, no," said The McTavish, "I won't trouble you, thanks."

Traquair's meeserable conscience got the better of him all at once. And with that his cheerfulness returned.

"Get in," he said. "You cannot help troubling me, Mr. McTavish. I've a word for you, sir."

McTavish, wondering, climbed into the car.

"Fergus," said Traquair to the small boy who acted as groom, messenger, and shoe polisher to the local branch of the Bank of Scotland, "ye'll walk."

When the two were thus isolated from prying ears, Mr. Traquair cleared his throat and spoke. "Is there anything, Mr. McTavish," he said, "in this world that a rich man like you may want?"

"Oh, yes," said McTavish, "some things."

"More wealth?"

McTavish shook his head.

"Houses — lands?" Traquair looked up shrewdly from the corner of his eye, but McTavish shook his head again.

"Power then, Mr. McTavish?"

"No—not power."

"Glory?"

"No," said McTavish; "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not."

"Then, sir," said Traquair, "it's a woman."

"No," said McTavish, and he blushed handsomely. "It's *the* woman."

"I withdraw my insinuation," said Traquair gravely.

"I thank you," said Mr. McTavish.

"I am glad, sir," said Traquair presently, "to find you in so generous a disposition, for we have need of your generosity. I have it from Miss McTavish herself," he went on gravely, "that your ancestor, so far as you know, was Colland McTavish."

"So far as I know and believe," said McTavish, "he was."

DID you know that Colland McTavish should have been *The* McTavish?" asked Mr. Traquair.

"It never entered my head. Was he the oldest son?"

"He was," said Mr. Traquair solemnly, "until in the eyes of the *law* he ceased to exist."

"Then," said McTavish, "in every eye save that of the law I am *The* McTavish."

Mr. Traquair bowed. "Miss McTavish," he said, "was for telling you at once; but she left the matter entirely to my discretion. I have thought best to tell you."

"Would the law," asked McTavish, "oust Miss McTavish, and stand me in her shoes?"

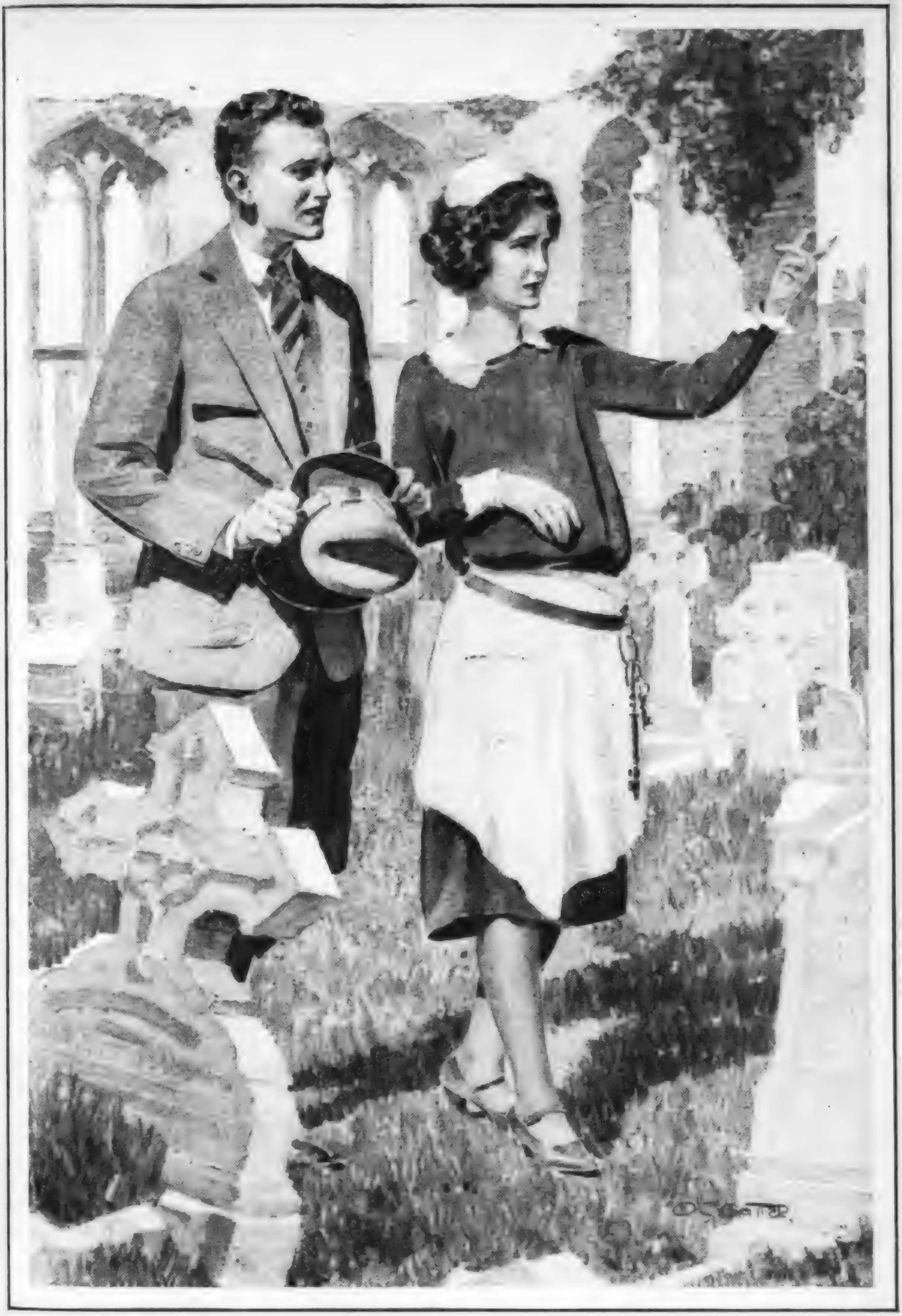
"The law," said Traquair pointedly, "would not do the former, and," with a glance at McTavish's feet, "the Auld Nick could not do the latter."

McTavish laughed. "Then why have you told me?" he asked.

"Because," said Traquair grandly, "it is Miss McTavish's resolution to make no opposition to your claim."

"I see; I am to become 'The' without a fight."

"Precisely," said Traquair.



Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

"Will you read all the inscriptions?" asked Mrs. Nevis. "No," said McTavish. "I see what I came to see—already." She pointed and said, "Is that it?"

"Well, discretionary powers as to informing me of this were given to you, as I understand, Mr. Traquair?"

"They were," said Traquair.

"Well," said McTavish again, "there's no use crying over spilt milk. But is your conscience up to a heavy load?"

"'Tis a meeserable vehicle at best," protested Traquair.

"You must pretend," said McTavish, "that you have not yet told me."

"Ah!" Traquair exclaimed. "You wish to think it over."

"I do," said McTavish.

Both were silent for some moments. Then Traquair said rather solemnly: "You are young, Mr. McTavish, but I have hopes that your thinking will be of a wise and courageous nature."

"Do you read Tennyson?" asked McTavish, apropos of nothing.

"No," said Traquair, slightly nettled. "Burns."

"I am sorry," said McTavish simply, "then you don't know the lines,

> "'If you are not the heiress born,
> And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir, etc.,

do you?"

"No," said Traquair, "I do not."

"It is curious how often a lack of literary affinity comes between two persons and a heart-to-heart talk."

"Let me know," said Traquair, "when you have thought it over."

"I will. And now if you will put me down——"

He leaped to the ground, lifted his hat to the older man, and, turning, strode very swiftly, as if to make up for lost time, back toward the castle gate.

McTAVISH was kept waiting a long time while a servant took his letter of introduction to Miss MacNish, and brought back an answer from the castle.

Finally, midway of a winding and shrubby short cut, into which he turned as directed by the porter, he came suddenly upon her.

"Miss MacNish?" he said.

"You're not Mr. McTavish!" She seemed dumfounded, and glanced at a letter which she carried open in her hand. "My sister writes—"

"What does she write?" asked McTavish eagerly.

"No—no!" Miss MacNish exclaimed hastily, "the letter was to me." She tore it hastily into little pieces.

"Miss MacNish," said McTavish, somewhat hurt, "it is evident that I give diametrically opposite impressions to you and your sister. Either she has said something nice about me, and you, seeing me, are astonished that she should; or she has said something horrid about me—I do hope it's that way—and you are even more surprised. It must be one thing or the other. And before we shake hands, I think it only proper for you tell me which."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Miss MacNish, and she held out her hand. McTavish took it, and smiled his enigmatic smile.

"It is your special wish, I have gathered," said Miss MacNish, "to meet The McTavish. Now she knows about your being in the neighborhood, knows that you are a distant cousin, but she hasn't expressed any wish to meet you—at least I haven't heard her. If she wishes to meet you, she will ask you to call upon her. If she doesn't wish to, she won't. Of course, if you came upon her suddenly—somewhere in the grounds, for instance—she'd have to listen to what you had to say, and to answer you, I suppose. But today—well, I'd not try it today."

"Why not?" asked McTavish.

"Why," said Miss MacNish, "she caught cold in the car yesterday, and her poor nose is much too red for company."

"Why do you all try to make her out such a bad lot?"

"Is it being a bad lot to have a red nose?" exclaimed Miss MacNish.

"At twenty-two?" McTavish looked at her in surprise and horror. "I ask *you*," he said. "There was the porter at Brig O'Dread, and your sister—they gave her a pair of black eyes between them, and here you give her a red nose. When the truth is probably the reverse."

"I don't know the reverse of red," said Miss MacNish, "but that would give her white eyes."

"I am sure, Miss MacNish, that quibbling is not one of your prerogatives. It belongs exclusively to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. As for me—the less I see of The McTavish the surer I am that she is rather beautiful and very amusing and good."

"Are these the matters about which you are so eager to meet her?" asked Miss MacNish. She stood with her back to a clump of dark blue larkspur taller than herself—a lovely picture, in her severe black housekeeper's dress that by contrast made her face and dark red hair all the more vivacious and flowery. Her eyes at the moment were just the color of the larkspur.

McTavish smiled his enigmatic smile. "They are," he said.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Miss MacNish.

"When I meet her—" McTavish began, and abruptly paused.

"What?" Miss MacNish asked with some eagerness.

"Oh, nothing; *I'm* so full of it that I almost betrayed my own confidence."

"I hope that you aren't implying that I might prove indiscreet."

"Oh, dear no!" said McTavish.

"It had a look of it, then," said Miss MacNish tartly.

"Oh," said McTavish, "if I've hurt your feelings—why, I'll go on with what I began, and take the consequences, shall I?"

"I think," said Miss MacNish primly, "that it would tend to restore confidence between us."

"When I meet her, then," said McTavish, "I shall first tell her that she is beautiful, and amusing, and good. And then," it came from him in a kind of eager, boyish outburst, "I shall ask her to marry me."

Miss MacNish gasped and stepped backward into the fine and deep soil that gave the larkspur its inches. The color left her cheeks and returned upon the instant tenfold. And it was many moments before she could find a word to speak. Then she said in an injured and astonished tone: "*Why?*"

"The Scotch Scot," said McTavish, "is shrewd, but cautious. The American Scot is shrewd, but daring. Caution, you'll admit, is a pitiful measure in an affair of the heart."

Miss MacNish was by this time somewhat recovered from her consternation. "Well," said she, "what then? When you have come upon The McTavish unawares somewhere in the shrubbery, and asked her to marry you, and she has boxed your ears for you—what then?"

"Then," said McTavish with a kind of anticipatory expression of pleasure, "I shall kiss her. Even if she hated it," he said ruefully, "she couldn't help but be surprised and flattered."

MISS MACNISH took a step forward with a sudden hilarious brightening in her eyes. "Are you quizzing me," she said, "or are you outlining your honest and mad intentions? And if the latter, won't you tell me why? Why in heaven's name should you ask The McTavish to marry you—at first sight?"

"I can't explain it," said McTavish. "But even if I never have seen her—I love her."

"I have heard of love at first sight—" began Miss MacNish.

But he interrupted eagerly. "You haven't ever experienced it, have you?"

"Of course I haven't," she exclaimed indignantly. "I've heard of it—*often*. But I have never heard of love without any sight at all."

"Love is blind," said McTavish.

"Now who's quibbling?"

"Just because," he said, "you've never heard of a thing, away off here in your wild Highlands, is a mighty poor proof that it doesn't exist. I suppose you don't believe in predestination. I've always known," he said grandly, "that I should marry my cousin—even against her will and better judgment. You don't more than half believe me, do you?"

"Well, not more than half," Miss MacNish smiled.

Miss MacNish looked at him indignantly, and in the midst of the look she sighed, "I don't bet," said she.

McTavish lowered his glance until it rested upon his own highly polished brown boots.

"Why are you looking at your boots?" asked Miss MacNish.

"Because," he said simply, "considering that I am in love with my cousin, I don't think I ought to look at you any more. I'm afraid I got the habit by looking at your sister; but then, as she has a husband, it couldn't matter so much."

Miss MacNish, I'm afraid, mantled with pleasure. "My sister said something in her letter about your wishing to see the house of your ancestors. Miss McTavish is out now—would you like to look about a little?"

"Dearly," said McTavish.

Miss McTavish sent for Mr. Traquair. He went to her with a heavy conscience, for as yet he had done nothing toward raising the ten pounds. At her first words his conscience became still more laden.

"Traquair," she said, "you mustn't tell him yet."

It was all Traquair could do to keep countenance. "Then it's fortunate I haven't," said he, "for you gave me a free hand."

"Consider it tied behind your back for the present, for a wonderful thing is going to happen."

"Indeed," said Traquair.

"You wouldn't believe me when I tell you that the silly man is going to fall in love with me, and ask me to marry him!"

"Although you haven't offered me a chair, my dear," said Traquair, "I will take one."

All in a burst then, half laughing, half in a grave kind of excitement, she told her old friend how she had played housekeeper first at Brig O'Dread and later at Beem-Tay. And how, on the latter occasion, McTavish had displayed his admiration so openly that there could be but the one climax.

"And after all," she concluded, "if he thinks I'm just a housekeeper, and falls in love with me and asks me to marry him—I'd know the man was sincere—wouldn't I, Traquair?"

"It seems to me," said Traquair, "that I have never seen you so thoroughly delighted with yourself."

"That is unkind. It is a wonderful thing when a girl of position, and hedged in as I have been, finds that she is loved for herself alone and not for her houses and lands and her almost royal debts."

"Verra flattering," said Traquair, "na doot. And what answer will you give?"

"Traquair," she said, "I'm not a profane girl; but I'm hanged if I know."

"He is a very wealthy man, and I have no doubt a very kind and honest man."

"He is a very cheeky man," smiled Miss McTavish.

"No doubt—no doubt," said Traquair; "and it would leave you to the honest enjoyment of your houses and lands, which otherwise you propose to hand over to him. Still, it is well for a Scot to be cautious."

"For a Scotch Scot," said Miss McTavish. "I should be an American Scot if I married him. He tells me they are noted for their daring."

While they were thus animatedly conversing, word came that Mr. McTavish had called in the hope of seeing Miss MacNish.

"There," said Miss McTavish, "you see! Go down to him, Traquair, and be pleasant, until I come. Then vanish."

Traquair found McTavish, smoking a thick London cigaret upon the steps of the side entrance, and gazing happily into a little garden of dark yew and vivid scarlet geraniums with daring edgings of brightest blue lobelia.

"Will you be making any changes," asked Traquair, "when you come into your own?"

McTavish looked up with a smile and handed his open cigaret case to the older man.

"Mr. Traquair," he said, "I'm young and a stranger. I wish you could find it in your heart to be an uncle to me."

Traquair accepted a cigaret and sat down, first assuring himself that the stone steps were dry.

"If I were your nephew," said McTavish, "and came to you all out of breath, and told you that I wished to marry Miss McTavish's housekeeper, what would you say?"

"I would say," said Traquair, "that she was the daughter of a grand family that had fallen from their high estate. I would say, 'Charge, Nephew, charge!'"

"Do you mean it!" exclaimed McTavish.

"There's no more lovely lass in the United Kingdom," said Traquair, "than Miss—Miss—"

"MacNish," McTavish helped him; "and she would be mistress where she had been servant. That's a curious twist of fate."

"You have made up your mind, then," said Traquair, "to claim your own?"

"By no means—yet," said McTavish. "I was only speculating. It's all in the air. Suppose, Uncle, that Miss MacNish throws me down!"

"Throws you down!" Traquair was shocked.

"Well," said McTavish humbly, "you told me to charge."

"To charge," said Traquair testily, "but not to grapple."

"In my country," said McTavish, "when a girl refuses to marry a man they call it throwing him down, giving him the sack, or handing him a lemon."

"Yours is an exceptional country," said Traquair.

Miss MacNish appeared in the doorway behind them. "I'm sorry to have been so long," she said: "I had to give out the linen for luncheon."

McTAVISH flung away his cigaret, and sprang to his feet as if some one had stuck a pin into him. Traquair, according to the schedule, vanished.

"It seemed very, very long," said McTavish.

"Miss McTavish," said Miss MacNish, "has consented to see you."

"Good heavens—when?"

"Now."

"But I don't want to see her *now*."

"But you told me—" Miss MacNish looked thoroughly puzzled—"you told me just what you were going to say to her. You said it was all predestined."

"Miss MacNish, it was not Miss McTavish I was thinking of—I'm sure it wasn't. It was you."

"Are you proposing to me?" she asked.

"Of course I am. Come into the garden. I can't talk on these steps, right on top of a gravel walk with a distant vista of three gardeners and a cartful of sand."

"I must say," said Miss MacNish, "that this is the suddenest thing that ever happened to me."

"But you said you believed in love at first sight," McTavish explained. "You knew yesterday what had happened to me—don't say you didn't, because I saw you smiling to yourself. You might come into the garden and let me say my say."

She didn't budge.

"Very well then. I will make a scene—right here—a terrible scene." He caught her two hands in his, and drew her toward him so that the keys at her belt jangled and clashed.

"This is preposterous!" she exclaimed.

"Not so preposterous as you think. But what's your first name?"

"I think I haven't any at the moment."

"Don't be ridiculous. There—there—"

She tore her hands from him and struck at him wildly. But he ducked like a trained boxer.

"With everybody looking!" she cried, crimson with mortification.

"I had a cable," he said, "calling me back to America. That is why I have to hurry over the preliminaries."

"The preliminaries," she cried, almost in tears. "Do you know who I am that you treat me a like a barmaid?"

"Ladies," said McTavish, "who masquerade as housekeepers ought to know what to expect."

Her face was a blank of astonishment. "Traquair told," she said indignantly. "Wait till I—"

[*Continued on page 162*]

Buck Baker's Trained Flivver

THERE is at least one flivver in these United States that can do all the wonderful things the vaudeville comedians say it can. It belongs to Buck Baker, circus man, who was formerly a trick bicycle rider. But this car can do things that would make the average bicycle rider's hair turn gray. It can stand on end, run on two wheels, do a running broad jump, obey its master's voice, sit up and beg—all but speak.

If you have been to the circus in the past ten years, you very probably have seen Buck and his performing flivver. He enters the ring with a great hoop-la and blowing of klaxons. Then quite unexpectedly the old machine begins to fall apart, spilling Buck and his clowns all over the ground. The chassis is driven off only to return, in a minute or two, bearing a gaily-painted body. The rear wheels are jacked off the ground by means of an especially constructed pair of steps descending from the back. When the engine is restarted, the whole mass shimmies like a mass of jelly. You should hear the people laugh!

The car, in short, has been "trained." Buck approaches the machine from the front, utters a few calming words, lays his hand on a fender, and the flivver goes mad. It roars and spits and threatens to disintegrate. You can't see the secret wire running from a "rust spot" on the fender to the ignition.

The machine is a starterless model. At the third turn of the crank, it starts backward, pulling Buck along with it. Then suddenly it stops and goes in the other direction. It also answers to the name of "Henry" and will run toward its master like an affectionate dog—providing a certain wire fixed directly beneath the radiator has been properly adjusted.

Buck can also make his machine stand on its two rear wheels. He pulls a lever, four cans filled with masses of lead shift backward and the flivver rears heavenward. One year Baker devised what he considered the most marvelous of his stunts. He invented a way of making the machine fly seventeen feet through the air. A door fitted with springs furnished the initial power. The people, however, would not accept this act. The newspaper critics said the car only looked as though it were trying to fly. Buck never accepts this defeat with equaminity. "I suppose they wanted me to fly through the air like the magic carpet in the 'Thief of Bagdad,'" says he.

Needless to say Mr. Baker is an inventive genius. Besides his performing car he holds a dozen patents and is the manufacturer of a device used in garages.

"Henry" is just a flivver on the road but at the circus — "Wow!" He chases his master, spits steam, shimmies, rears, and falls apart.

But no automobile mechanic would recognize the many special devices about this circus flivver of his. The trick wheels are off center and make the machine dip and wriggle in a most ungainly way. Some of the wires fire pistols placed here and there about the chassis, the noise being used to heighten the roar of the engine. On the running-board is a well-riveted iron boiler of quite unusual appearance. What is its use? A diligent observer will perceive a pipe fixed to the running-board and hood terminating in the radiator. This device is used to get still another laugh out of the audience and has absolutely nothing to do with the caperings of the mysterious automobile. Water is poured into the boiler and placed under pressure by an automobile pump. At the appropriate moment one of the clowns opens a petcock and water sprays from a dozen holes along the radiator shell. Oftentimes Buck and his clowns get a pretty thorough wetting.

In the good old days of the circus a cowboy

[*Continued on page 178*]

She Swims a Mile a Day

CAN a woman who is fat and forty learn to swim?

She certainly can, according to Mrs. Jennie Burnap who is not forty, but sixty. And not only that, but a good swim a day will add the third word of the series and make her fair, for it is the best reducing method in the world—far better than any diet ever invented.

Mrs. Burnap can prove her theory from experience both in swimming and in teaching others to swim. For she is the instructress in two of the municipal swimming pools in New York City, one at 60th Street and Eleventh Avenue, and one at 28th Street. It is as a teacher of beginners that she excells and her young pupils carry off prizes on every occasion. Many a promising youngster has been sent by her to the Women's Swimming Association for advanced instruction, some day possibly to become an Olympic star.

A day is wasted, to Mrs. Burnap, unless she herself has had at least a half mile swim. And, often as not, it is a mile. A mile is eighty-eight times the length of the long, clear pool over which she presides, and eighty-eight is a large number.

It was twenty years ago that Mrs. Burnap, who had left her New England home to live in New York, decided she wanted to reduce. She weighed two hundred and twenty pounds and felt that it was several pounds too much. And since she had plenty of time on her hands, she decided to take up swimming and see if exercise would take off those surplus pounds.

She was forty years old then, but she did not find it difficult to learn to swim. Before long she began to see the pounds melt away. By the time she had accomplished her purpose in learning to swim she found she had acquired a love for the sport and a skill that brought her the job she still holds.

Every afternoon Mrs. Burnap sits on the side lines and watches her charges as they splash and dive and swim in the pool. It is the children's hour over which she has supervision and she loves to show them the right strokes and watch them develop from weak, breathless little paddlers into strong, graceful swimmers.

When a newcomer takes her first stroke Mrs. Burnap can tell at once just how much of a swimmer she is. Back to the shallow end of the pool the newcomer goes until she has learned to take care of herself.

It is all in the breathing, according to Mrs. Burnap. When she has several newcomers Mrs. Burnap lines them up and teaches them to breathe by making them put their faces into the water and exhale through their mouths. After fifteen minutes of that they are ready to learn the strokes, which Mrs. Burnap proceeds to teach them. She has had plenty of chance to watch those used by the champion swimmers of the country. Gertrude Ederle, for instance, swims in her pool nearly every day to keep in practice.

"It's just like walking if you know how," laughs the New Englander who at sixty turns fat women and crippled children into swimming stars.

As a result of the personal interest Mrs. Burnap takes in her pupils, she knows every child who swims in her pool by name. And she is an active participant in everything that goes on in that pool from the washing of dusty ankles to the winning of silver cups. Several of the exceptional pupils singled out by Mrs. Burnap have gone on into the Women's Swimming Association to carry off prizes in contest after contest.

But it is not only the exceptional swimmers who gain the attention of Mrs. Burnap. In fact her interest is more immediately aroused if

[*Continued on page 167*]

The Most Pestered Man in America

A THIN, wispy sort of man stood in the lobby of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, recently. He was surrounded by a group of tireless questioners, who kept pressing in closer and closer around his shrinking figure. The haggard individual had an appearance of utter fatigue—not unlike some hunted creature which, driven at last into a corner, casts about for a final chance to escape.

Suddenly the little man turned on his pursuers. Jerking a shaky hand across the gray tuft of hair which hung over his forehead, he flashed out:

"Rats! Hounds! Can't I have a minute of peace?"

The man was Andrew J. Volstead, father of the Prohibition Enforcement Act. He himself says he is "the most pestered man in America."

For seven years, ever since the Volstead Act went into effect—or rather, is supposed to have gone into effect—the former congressman from Minnesota has been sought, called on the telephone, telegraphed, written to and about, shadowed and waylaid by reporters, lawyers, agitators—every one in fact who has had the temerity to brave his Norwegian temper. As a result he has been, so he declares, the "most maligned man in the country," misquoted, lied about, poked fun at, and made the butt of jokes by every one from kings to comedians. And we have it from Andrew J. Volstead direct that he is "mighty darned sick of it all!"

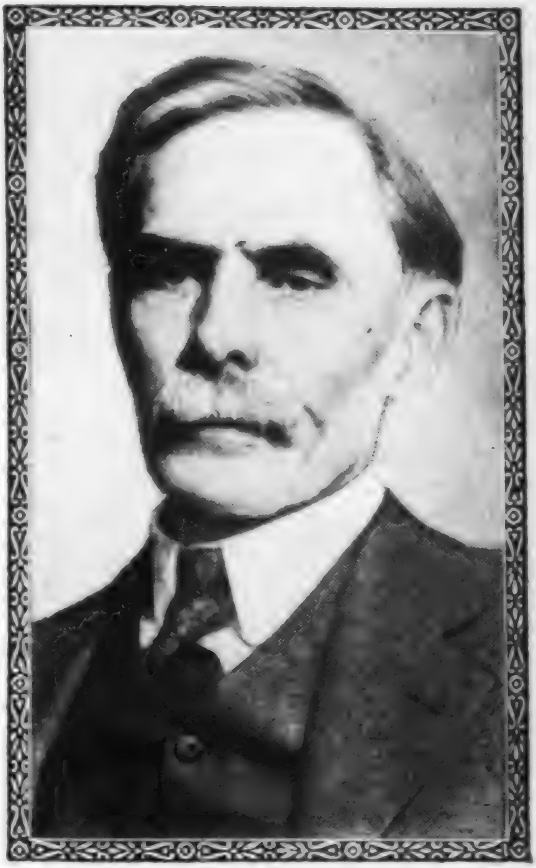
His visit to Philadelphia and the East was only an instance of the "notoriety which follows everywhere," as he puts it. He had come, it seems, in the capacity of a plain lawyer to help personally in the prosecution of the government's suit against alleged misuse of alcohol withdrawal permits. He had hoped that this time he would be left alone. But once more he had been sadly disappointed.

Now, faced again by his tormenters, newspaper men and the representatives of a dozen prohibition groups, he flung at them a characteristic statement.

"Yes, once more you ask me to say something. Why? So you can garble it. Every time I have said anything, no matter what it was or where I said it, you garbled it. I have been made the goat, the butt of your jokes, and whatever I said on prohibition has been misrepresented. I will say not one more word about it. Not one word!"

And the man who sponsored the greatest modern statutory failure stamped his foot like an infuriated housewife!

Verily, Andrew J. Volstead, prohibitionist, is a man to be pitied. When he walks his feet drag, his head is bowed. Pulled far down over his eyes he wears a black felt hat. The gray in his mustache is becoming more pronounced; the streaks of white in his hair are many more than when he retired from the House of Representatives three years ago, defeated for reelection. When he speaks his voice has a high-pitched, strident tone. Through it runs the inflection of his Norwegian ancestors. Mr. Volstead not only looks much like his viking forebears; his accent bears an unmistakable likeness to that of the Norsemen.



Publicity hounds should talk to Andrew J. Volstead. For seven years he has been interviewed, shadowed, hounded and telephoned at. It's driving him wild.

At last, left with Major Roy A. Haynes, chief of the Enforcement Division at Washington, Attorney George E. Coles, counsel for the Eastern Enforcement District of Pennsylvania, and the writer, he explained his irritation at visitors.

"Wherever I go it is the same," he said, slumping back in his chair and breathing a labored sigh. "Last night I got only two hours'

[*Continued on page 170*]

Her Roses Are Good to Eat

A WOMAN with a ten-year-old boy suddenly found herself faced with the immediate necessity of earning a living. She was not physically fit to compete with robust workers in the business world, and it was necessary for her to work out something that would exactly fit her situation. Many men and women every year are faced with some such problem as this, but few have worked it out with more ingenuity than Mrs. L. L. McKusick, of Pasadena, California. What she did in the end seemed like the simplest and most obvious thing in the world to have done. But it is the very thing that nine people out of ten would have overlooked.

Around Mrs. McKusick's little rented bungalow blossomed some of the flowers for which Pasadena is famous. In the country all about they grew in profusion. Perhaps she could make a living somehow out of those flowers. But what can you do with flowers when every one has them in endless profusion?

Finally the idea came to her. She had heard about preserving flowers in sugar as bonbons or as decorations on pastry. Why couldn't she do that with the gorgeous roses and poppies and fruit blossoms which grew in her part of the world? Only she would preserve them in their natural colorings and in all their beauty.

In her three-room house, Mrs. McKusick resolutely set to work. Her first experiments in preserving flowers were not particularly successful, but the work fascinated her from the start. She had to work out her own formula step by step. From one experimental failure after another she kept learning a little, until finally she had something that would work successfully.

Four months after her first failure, Mrs. McKusick had a sample case full of candied flowers. But that was just the first step. These confections would naturally find their best market where such flowers were not as easily available as in California. So this dauntless pioneer borrowed some money and left for the Eastern markets, intending to stop and take orders in the larger cities on her way. Difficulties continued to develop. The receptacle she had made to carry the sample flowers was improperly constructed and a third of them were broken en route. Nevertheless the green saleswoman was able to secure orders at every place she visited on her way East.

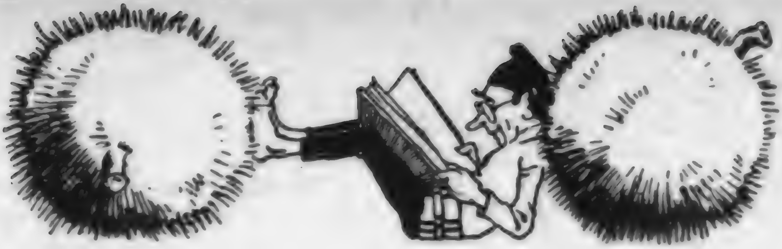
Mrs. L. L. McKusick of Pasadena created a new art. Her natural flowers, preserved intact as candy, were awarded a gold medal in San Francisco.

In New York City, neither the buyer nor the chef at Delmonico's was interested. They had their regular stocks of candied flowers they explained. But her stock, pointed out the California woman, was an assortment of natural blossoms and not the variety generally used. "What, real flowers?" "Certainly." The ordinary commercial product was compared with one of Mrs. McKusick's American Beauties—a rose taken from her own garden. Then, finally the skeptics were convinced and she secured one of the most important orders of all.

All this, however, was really only preparation for the real job. Back home in Pasadena once more, it was evident to the budding manufacturer that she needed a real workroom to fill all those orders. This she obtained by dividing the bungalow's living-room in two with a cloth curtain. A drying rack and trays were needed. Mrs. McKusick took a portion of old bed-spring, scoured and scrubbed it for several hours and converted it into usable utensils. Shelves nailed into a dry-goods box made a serviceable cooling closet. Two saucepans, the kitchen gas plate, and a thermometer loaned by a neighbor completed the equipment. Then work started with a rush.

When the first batch of flowers was finished,

[*Continued on page 169*]



Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The Sign that Worked

He was a burglar.

After effecting an entrance into the bank he found his way, easily enough to the strong room. When the light of the lantern fell on the door he saw this sign written in rather conspicuous red letters:

"Save your dynamite. This safe is not locked. Turn the knob and it will open."

For a moment he ruminated.

"Anyhow," he reflected, "there's no harm in trying it if it really is unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned it.

Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a panel in the wall opened and out rushed a bulldog which seized him firmly.

An hour later, when the cell door closed on him, he sighed:

"I know what's wrong with me. I'm too trusting. I have too much faith in human nature."

A Fatal Breather

"Mark Twain hated a gloomy man," said a New York editor. "Once, at a banquet, a very gloomy man sat opposite him. This man wouldn't smile at the most amusing jokes recounted.

" 'What's the matter with you?' cried Mark Twain. 'The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?' "

" 'Ah, sir,' said the gloomy man, with a sigh, 'how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the great beyond?' "

" 'Good gracious!' said the humorist. 'Did you ever try cloves?' "

He Agreed with the Jury

A slightly deaf old man who had been making whisky all his life was finally picked up and arraigned under the drastic Colorado still possession law. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty.

"Old man," said his lawyer, "the jury says you are guilty."

"Hay?"

"The jury says you are guilty," he repeated loudly in his ear.

"In what degree?"

"There is no degree in a still case."

"Guilty all over, then?"

"Yes."

"Hay?"

"Yes," shouted the lawyer.

"Well, that's what I told you in the first place, but you said you could clear me. Wish now I'd got that judge to defend me. Get him next time."

No Li'ns for Little Rastus

Little Rastus was on the train on his way to the country for the first time to visit his uncle Rastus for whom he was named.

Uncle Rastus hitched his team up to the spring wagon and went to meet the train which arrived in the little village after dark. After helping little Rastus into the wagon he said: "Boy, hold dese lines til Ah gets de baggage."

When Uncle Rastus had gathered up the baggage he was surprised to see little Rastus running at break-neck speed back toward the train. Uncle Rastus exclaimed: "What in de name o' goodness you runnin' back to de train for—boy?"

Little Rastus all out of breath panted: "Ah doan wanta ride in no wagon what's got lions hitched to it."

Right On the Dot

A traveling Charlestonian paused one night at a small up-state town, one of those places where trains don't really stop—they merely hesitate. Its lone hotel, opposite the railway station, was kept by an aged darky, who was proprietor, cook, waiter, bellhop, and everything.

"Call me for the 3:15 train," ordered the guest, retiring early. He slept soundly to be awakened by a loud hammering on his door.

"Hey, boss," came a voice outside, "didn't yuh-all left a call foh de 3:15 train?".

"Sure," gasped the roomer, sleepily.

"Well, suh," was the response, "she's at de stashun now."

Synthetic Corn, Too?

The tourist from the East had stopped to change tires in a desolate region of the far South.

"I suppose," he remarked to a native onlooker, "that even in these isolated parts the bare necessities of life have risen tremendously in price?"

"Y'er right, stranger," replied the native, "and it ain't worth drinkin' when ye git it."

Not Uncalled For

A spinster living in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires close to her house.

She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report.

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job," he said. "I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Harry.' "

Why Didn't She Speak Before?

An Episcopal bishop, at a dinner recently, was seated next to a beautiful young lady. When the lobster was served he left it untouched and the young lady noticing it inquired the reason.

"My dear young lady," said the bishop, "I suffer terribly from dyspepsia and even to taste such food would mean untold agony."

The bishop had hardly uttered these words when he started suddenly and a deathly pallor overspread his face.

"Why, Bishop, what seems to be the matter," said his companion, alarmed.

"This is terrible," gasped the bishop. "Something I have dreaded for years has at last come upon me. I am paralyzed. I have been pinching my knee for the past minute and I feel absolutely no sensation."

"Go on and eat your lobster, Bishop," said the young lady, "it's my knee you are pinching."

Encouraged

NERVOUS PARTY: The train seems to be traveling at a fearful pace, ma'am.

ELDERLY FEMALE: Yes, ain't it? My Bill's a-drivin' of the ingin, an' 'e can make 'er go when 'e's got a drop o' drink in 'im.

Who Was Sheriff?

Not so long ago, the story runs, a traveling man visited a certain small town and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewelry. When the jewelry arrived it was not as represented and the merchant consequently returned it.

But the wholesale house nevertheless attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight-draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored. The wholesaler then wrote to the postmaster about the financial standing of the merchant, and the postmaster replied that it was O. K. By return mail the wholesale dealer requested him to collect the bill and they received the following reply:

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods. The undersigned is president and owner of the bank to which you sent your sight-draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose services you sought to obtain for your nefarious business. If the undersigned were not also the pastor of the church at this place he would tell you to go to hell."

The Wrong Man to Bluff

The young lawyer had just entered his office for the first time. He was nervous. The paint on his shingle was hardly dry. Silently he prayed for a client. A knock as if in direct response to his petition was heard at the door. Hastily seizing the telephone and assuming the attitude of one engaged in a very earnest conversation he bade the one seeking admittance enter and with a slightly bored expression motioned him to a seat. The lawyer resumed his conversation over the telephone with the imaginary party. This latter it seemed was importuning him to take a case involving thousands of dollars. But the young lawyer politely but firmly refused. He had more important litigation pending, etc.

Thinking his listener sufficiently impressed by this time he hung up the receiver and turning to the man asked majestically, "And what can I do for you, sir?"

"Nothing," replied the other, "I was just sent up by the telephone company to connect up your phone."

Moonlight

[*Continued from page 67*]

We saw a people without the city who declare themselves of the race of Ham—they wander like a people cursed . . .

Twelve: some clock in the distant Delta struck the hour. Chris looked down the way he had come—nothing.

But perhaps she was legitimately delayed. Any of a thousand innocent reasons might delay her.

Should he wait?

Described as vagabonds, without honor or loyalty in medieval times, the Gipsies had crossed the ruins of the Orthodox Empire—crossed five centuries—and were homeless vagabonds, disloyal and perfidious today. Everywhere seen, yet known nowhere: a riddle.

The breeze died, for the moon set, leaving a velvet dark—and at once Armstead felt that he would not see her—that he would never see her save by moonlight. Life was a come-on game—he fled the problem. Twelve-ten— Was she in danger? Had that smiling Hasul detected her in the act of jail delivery?

Armstead stood up. He went to the hill's edge. Across the now motionless air came a sound—the sound of motors.

He plunged into the eerie night—into the mud—then, across country, under the pines. No need for caution now—speed!

But he was too late.

When he broke, gasping, into that cleared space where the camp had stood, the camp stood there no longer. His tremulous flashlamp, bought at the Havre de Grace slop-shop, showed him only the dead ashes of the fire, red clay trodden into mush and four fresh automobile tracks—they led toward the river road. These things and one thing more: on a piece of rickety fence, his light revealed a pair of freshly cut twigs carefully disposed so as to point northwestward.

Armstead remembered enough concerning the Rom to be aware of that rule which marked their temporary abodes and indicated their next course by "patrins." Neither Ellena nor Hasul would, in the present circumstances, be likely to have left such token, yet one of the chief's subjects—most probably one of the caravan's ragged boys—had found time for adherence to ancient custom.

Armstead ran to the river—sure enough, there those four tracks bent upstream. He ran on for a good mile—but then they had merged into a half-dozen others.

A Gipsy-woman's fool! To his credit, be it said, he did not just now give great thought to that glimmering $10,000; but he gave considerable to the plight of Katherine Kessel, and, reverting to Ellena, for the first time in his life understood what Englishmen mean when they call a girl a wench.

Still he ran, swinging his lamp aimlessly. He came to another road, which emptied into this one—but there were on it the marks of only one car. Like a maniac, he raced ahead. He had gone two more miles before a renewed shortening of breath brought common sense to realize his folly—the folly of feet against wheels.

Of course he should have gone back to Delta for legal help and an automobile of his own. Now, simply because he had gone so far the other way, he labored ahead; at least he could try to trail the runaways and seek assistance when he knew their next resting-place.

He came upon a drunk who wanted to sell a motorcycle. After a lot of bargaining he bought it, and away he went.

WATCHING the motor-tracks and mindful of turnouts, westward Chris went at such a pace as his task permitted; but, aleap from the orient, full daylight overtook him among the uplands. Far below, the still frozen Susquehanna shone like marble against its northern forest barrier, and here, on Armstead's left, hills rolled to what seemed the world's edge: billows of black pine with now and again a snow-retaining peak rosy from the sun and bright as the battlements of Heaven. In the valley, a trio of roads were visible—on none was any sign of van or automobile.

Something sounded in his heart:

Marquitta, Marquitta, I still hear you calling
Me back to your arms once again—

His bitten hand ached. He damned the Rom.

It wasn't to help. He lost the trail. Two-thirds of that day he wasted on farm-house inquiries—on false scents—on a bewildering crisscross among the York county woods. He combined breakfast and luncheon at a lonely tavern run to the most meager menu since prohibition's advent. As morning had found him in the hills, so an unwontedly warm evening surprised him following an encountered tramp's dubious clue, far off the beaten track and deep among the low-lying combes. Then the moon rose over tangled trees, timbered ridges, mountainous knaps, dark knobs of eroded stone and sedimentary rock; it rose, and, inconsequently, hope rose with it.

Wheel-prints again—four fresh wheel-prints in the forest byway's mud. Here they diverged into a little-used wood-chopper's road curving between hillocks covered by a second growth of ash. Armstead heeded an inward warning—he bestowed his noisy motorcycle in the bushes and, among those bushes, stole forward.

There they were, the people he was after. This new camp was pitched in a spot very like its predecessor. Crouching low amid the brush, Chris saw a small, cleared glen, the same car and caravan, red and orange and green, parked as before; as before, smoke curled from tiny chimneys, sturdy children played, and a pair of crimson-kerchiefed women tended a kettle hung above a crackling fire.

And as before, Armstead waited.

Why hadn't the fugitives fled farther? By the most direct route, Delta could be no great distance behind, whereas, northward, the Alleghenies' fastnesses were within easy reach. Well, this time Chris was going to have help—but, while he went to get it, he was *not* going to have a runaway.

Fortunately, Romany folk, like all outdoor folk, are early abed—their sole virtue, Armstead vowed as, an hour thereafter, he crawled toward the clearing. It was empty; no light in the vans; only moonshine filled the combe, but it had a pale yellow clarity that lent, as last night, ghostly loveliness to crude colors and awkward lines; "Marquitta" hummed in his head once more, but he banished that music. Fitting irradiation, he reflected: this was what his absurd weakness for the Gipsy jade had been—merest moonshine. Now he would be on his guard—his plan was thoroughly to puncture every tire in the outfit and to hope that, should the tiny tribe wake to its adversity, full replacements could not be made until he should have returned with authorized assistance from Delta or York.

He parted the last bushes. He crept forward.

He had not gone three stealthy yards when the door of one of those vans opened and a figure came out. It ran straight through the thicket; it ran straight into Chris.

"Ellena!"

It was the Gipsy wench.

He had her wrists, he had a hand at her mouth—that one which she had bitten. He had dragged her back into the bushes—back into another, but even smaller, cleared space—before she could have given any alarm.

"If you make a sound, except to answer my questions, I'll—"

HE LOOKED desperate—he was; she saw that. She saw, there in the revealing moonlight, that tall, broad-shouldered fellow in rough clothes stained by travel and exposure, lean cheeks that determination tightened, hair matted below its pushed-back felt hat, the mouth a hard line, the gaze angrily boring into hers. As he removed the hand that had gagged her, the fingers of its mate threatened to crush the bones of her wrist.

What *he* saw was a Gipsy whose dark cloak hooked at her pulsing neck, her seized arm forced open, showing a brief dress of barbaric colors: only the moonlight swathed her—always, he thought, it would. Her breasts tossed; the olive of her oval face glowed pink; her eyes might be any color, but must ever be brilliant; through the vermilion of her painted lips the hot breath issued in a visible cloud.

"You spotted me, did you?" said Armstead between his teeth.

She threw up her black head— "Didn't."

"Oh, yes, you did. And you thought you could come out here and put one over on me again."

The vibrant voice answered. "Didn't think about you at all."

"Forget that up-stage stuff. Forget it. I'm onto you now, and it won't get across any better than your love scenes will." He had never hated anybody—no, not even old Fenwick of the Trust Company!—as he hated her.

Her body stiffened. "Take your hands off me!"

A riddle indeed, the Rom—these Tsintsari whose very name for themselves no philologist could explain. What the Byzantines called them? *Athinganoi*—"Touch-me-nots"—serpent charmers, descendants of Samer, who forged the desert idol of the Golden Calf. A riddle! But a romance? How had that fairly fragile structure been reared around such low cunning—thievery—cheap magic? Secret, with nothing to hide except meannesses—skulking outcasts—no country, no ethics and no god.

"Not much will I take my hands off you—not till you're where you can't double-cross me." The better to secure her he slipped, under the cloak, an arm around her slim waist—and felt her shrink from the contact. "I'm here for something, and I'm going to get it."

"Detective?"

"What if I am?"

"What you want, it's da money. Jes' da money. Bah!"

That hit. At the outset, how much had he considered Katherine Kessel? Latterly, the lust of the chase dwarfed thought of its reward, a thirst for revenge upon this moon witch impelled him, and yet—

"I don't give a damn about the money!" he vowed. Why should he debate his motives with her? He wouldn't. He would be just, even now, but he would harden his heart. "You've got to tell me which van that girl's locked up in, and then, while I go for help, you've got to—"

She trembled. "Then you no real detective?" Her body shook so that it almost shook his.

"No."

It was neither what he had meant to say nor said in the tone attempted, and her reaction was immediate. She lifted her dusky face close to his; her teeth showed:

"Then p'raps you come li'l' bit to see me—eh?"

Her smile made mere putty of his heart; the perfume of her breath was in his nostrils. Trees and underbrush all around him and her made a wall; above hung nothing but that yellow moon in an indigo sky; they were as much alone as if they were a world away. At least twice she had tricked him; he was a fool—but he was splendidly young.

"Why—why did you give me away last night? Why did you tell—Hasul?" Her lover's name was a bitterness in Armstead's mouth.

But her mouth drooped ravishingly. "Ellena didn't."

"You must have."

"Hasul found door broken. He guessed. Then he look an' see your tracks. So he lock me up an' make us all move."

Armstead wanted to believe. "But you ought to have known he'd think that busted door was queer—you must have thought of that before you said you'd meet me on the hill."

"Pretty gen'man, did *you* think of it?"

He hadn't, of course—so why should she? She disarmed him. He hated himself, but he could not wrench his regard from her face—his body from that exuberant body now drawn close to his.

> His eyes rise to my eyes,
> Mine bathe him—

Only Armstead was a trifle the taller; he had had to lower his gaze! He made one more struggle:

"How did you get away this time?"

"Hasul feex door an' lock it when he go to hees own van. But he have two key for it in pocket. Ellena stole one when he kees her good night."

"When he—" Armstead tried to draw back, but his flesh would not yield to his will. Of *course* Hasul was her lover! "When he kissed you?"

The Gipsy face wondered. "But yes. Why not? But no more. Careless, a *krolestoo* of other women, he is more careful than—than you would be of a woman he want to marry."

THEN it was she that moved. She backed from the circle of his at last unresisting arm. She stood there in the magic illumination, looking up at him with shadowed eyes that were nevertheless the eyes of a grave child—with those painted lips that began once more to smile.

And at sight of this smile, Armstead was now quite sure of nothing save red rage. "I don't believe you!" He *would* not believe her. His cry was almost a cry of agony. He laid fresh hold of her; he gripped her supple shoulders, dragging her up to him: "I don't believe a word you say. Anyhow, you won't get another chance to fix my feet—I won't give you another chance."

Her hands were pushing against his breast, but his strength was the greater. "What—" How small her voice was!— "What you going to—to do?"

"No use trying to stop me; take you with me while I—"

He meant that, having cut those tires, he would force her along—somehow carry her aboard the motorcycle while he fetched the law's help for the rescue of Katherine Kessel. Yet he did not say it—was not given the opportunity. Amazingly, she relaxed; as if she understood and strangely vouchsafed consent, her hands protested no more. They fell. She surrendered.

"Why, then, Ellena *wants* to go with you—"

"You *want* to?" Not anguish in his tone now; bewilderment and under that, the dawning prodigy of triumph.

"If the pretty gen'man told Ellena truth about—"

Even, she bent closer, dusky face aglow, her cheeks ashine, eyes like interrogative stars. He told his heart that its passion was base—his arms that their action would be sheer madness—but he gathered her to him.

Thus they stood when Hasul moved lightly into the clearing, pistol drawn.

Full in the moonlight he paused, the dark wizard circle of trees for his background, the yellow rays revealing him as clearly as could the sun. He wore the purple sweater of last evening, military knickers and, as one who had slept dressed but bootless, Indian moccasins. A scarlet bandanna bound his head, only a few inky locks escaping; his swarthy face was set in cold cruelty, a slow smile of craft and malice began in his angry eyes and moved leisurely to his lips, which then cut right and left with sinister enjoyment. Powerful, yet delicately fashioned, the pistol hand betrayed no oscillation.

Ellena gave a little cry, which Armstead thought was more of surprise than fear. Still holding her fast, he moved her to his left side, so that she would not stand between him and the apparently certain shot. For an instant, he had assumed she had once more duped him, but he instinctively removed her from the line of fire; next moment, that cry of hers woke reason, and he knew she was, this time, guiltless.

"I heard you"—Hasul, whose speech was more like an American's than was Ellena's, confirmed Chris, addressing the girl, although the fellow kept those hateful eyes on Armstead—"and I waited—and watched."

Chris recalled his own automatic—too tardily; he was safely covered. He had small doubt that this fellow would shoot; the sole hope lay in exciting him to a degree where his aim failed—and then in a rush:

"Well, here we are. What are you going to do about it?"

"I think," said the still smiling Hasul, "that I ought to kill you both. *Devla mar tu*—it is the only way." He paused, then went on: "I saw you in that New York restaurant. Who are you?"

"If you kill me," Armstead lied, "you'll find out inside of twenty-four hours. But you haven't got the nerve—and *I've* got your girl."

Would that taunt succeed? Would the woman play up to it? Why should she? At its sound, he felt her shiver under his arm. Was she going to fail him?

It did not succeed, the taunt. The chief put on an authority that was apparently his daily usage; again he spoke to Ellena, but in a chill calm and without any shift of glance:

"Who is this *gazi?* And what is he to you?"

It would come now; her defection. It must—

But it didn't. She tore herself free from Chris, yet, though she stood forward, she did not go to Hasul. She stood there, her dusky hands at her dusky throat, her black head tossed back; the true savage of those verses that she had, for Armstead, forever married to the music of "Marquitta." Her voice rang clear:

"I don't know who he is—but he is what you aren't any more: a friend to me!"

At that, Hasul's composure broke jail; his words, hoarse with rage, tore toward the lovers:

"Do you know what she is? She *is* my girl!"

Armstead let her go, but only to clench his fists. "Not now she's not!—Not any more!"

The girl wheeled upon the chief. He was coming up to them, his pistol scarcely lowered, his face twitching. Her brown fingers returned to her throat.

"You lie!" she shrieked at him.

"You know I don't!" Hasul brandished his weapon. "*Gazi*, because I took her out of New York State and across others—into this one—there is a warrant for me. That is why I ran away from Delta."

The words burst like an explosive bullet inside Armstead's brain. Regardless of the danger of Hasul's automatic, he drew his own.

BUT the issue was not yet joined. As if at the staccato rap of a conductor's baton, Ellena whirled into activity, and that fumbling at her throat received a demonstrative explanation. She had unhooked her cape. Now with one hand she snatched Armstead's pistol from him; then—yet it was all a single movement—she flung the cape at Hasul; it took him in the face; it curled, serpent-wise, around his head.

His arms darted out. His weapon flew harmlessly into the underbrush behind him. He staggered backward. Twice he spun completely around. Certainly he was no coward; yet, whether—thus suddenly, albeit but momentarily, blindfolded—he lost all sense of direction, or whether he did not realize that the girl's swift protest against bloodshed had disarmed his rival as well as himself, the *jude*, now whipping his hands to that clinging cape, lurched away from Chris and dived among the trees toward the larger clearing.

"Don't go after him!" called the girl.

Her voice might as well have tried to stop a racing aeroplane. Not because he remembered his purpose to rescue Katherine Kessel, nor yet because he forgot Ellena, driven by the lunatic engine of stark fury, Armstead plunged after Hasul. She had to follow through the few woodland yards that separated her from the Gipsy camp.

Before Chris slumbered still, in the light of the moon, that muddy touring-car, those vans red and yellow and green. Between him and them, Hasul was continuing his brief journey; however begun, it was to end advisedly: although, a minute since, he would have shot in reckless jealousy, at this crisis the chief would not risk alarming any distant farmer, any chance wayfarer on the near-by river-road—but he was going quietly to summon help from the men of his caravan.

Armstead flung his body forward as, in football, an end tackles a runner. He got his man: together they smashed into the clearing's ooze.

He was on top . . . he was underneath . . . over they rolled, and over . . . their legs were intertwined, but, whenever a fist wrenched free it shot into its enemy's face. Chris saw a dark visage clay-spattered and wet with blood. Hasul looked at a blond countenance mud-marked and crimson-stained. Blows rained like hailstones. Then, in an instant when Armstead was uppermost and raised his torso to strike again, Hasul's right hand darted to his sweater—darted under it to his waist—and came back with a bare knife: Armstead's fist was raised, but that knife-point pressed against his belly.

"*Shoot!*"

A second time the girl had saved him. No protest against bloodshed now—no chance for it. She had pressed into his ready grip the weapon she had lately taken from him.

Hasul understood. He tossed away his knife: a gesture of capitulation. Chris released him—rose. The chief rose—but not before the girl's deft finger's had unbuttoned a pocket in his sweater and drawn something out; papers—paper money—something—

If Ellena had thought it no time to debate the ethics of slaughter, the chief saw it as a time to discard caution. His voice rang out in an alarm to his tribesmen: "*Socorro!—Socorro!*"

The pine-woods rang with it. The doors of the vans opened in answer. Men came tumbling out and piling forward: the clearing was alive with them. Armstead, the girl behind him, backed toward the trees. He leveled his automatic:

"Stay where you are!"

An automobile rushed into the compound from the woodland track that opened on it—stopped at the margin of the moonlight. Through the moonlight a half-dozen people, having jumped out of the car, ran toward the Gipsies. Three were oldish persons in urban overcoats; one of the others had the unmistakable air of a detective; at his elbow labored a stout figure evidently native to these parts, and bringing up the rear came a fellow with a little mustache—

Where had Chris seen him before?

He was that young chap whom Hasul had attacked outside the Hudson Hunt, and who had later returned to the woman waiting him there!

The Gipsies mistook these newcomers for reenforcements to Chris—closed around them, clamoring. The chief was loud with protests. Outside this confused circle, Ellena clutched her companion's arm:

"You come?"

"Where?"

"With me—away!"

"Why?"

"Those three old men—Mees Kessel's guardians. That young one—man she was engaged to. One of other two—looks policeman."

Armstead's bewilderment deepened. "Well?"

Her eyes pierced him. "Will you stay here—say you were first—claim part of reward—see Ellena arrested? Or will you run away queeck—now—with Ellena?"

It was the test. He hesitated—but he hesitated for a flash of time only. He met her gaze; he remembered her lips. The money? Let it go!—the future? Let it take care of itself! Whatever were to be his ultimate relations with this girl, tonight he must save her from the law.

"Come on!" he said.

THAT one of the intruders who seemed native to the countryside the surging of the excited crowd at the clearing's center had somehow shoved near to where the lovers stood. Ellena ran to him—said something—apparently pleaded — persuaded — brought him back. Everybody else was involved in the physical struggle progressing between the guardians and the detective on the one hand and Hasul's men on the other: nobody saw the trio at the compound's edge.

"This gen'man show us a way across the river," said Ellena, "into another country—Queeck! They mees us soon. *Queeck!*"

They were running, the three of them, through the woods, the fat guide panting ahead, Armstead and his Gipsy girl hand in hand. Before Chris could fully realize this plan, they were at the Susquehanna's shore.

Chill, ghostly, deserted, forbidding as some frozen stream on a dead planet, the river spread—under the moon, under the spell of midnight, to the black hills at its northern edge: between mountainous eminences of wilderness, a mile and a half of ice, here piled higher than their heads, there smooth and clear and seemingly as thin as paper taut above aqueous depths. Came a crumbling: one mound, Chris was sure, moved.

"Safe?" He was thinking of the girl.

Their queer guide blinked through steel-rimmed spectacles. " 'Course it's near time fer it to go, an' twenty-four hours' warm-spell—"

"We must cross, anyhow." Ellena stepped out upon the ice.

The men joined her. The stranger led. They began their journey.

For the first twenty yards, the surface looked secure, but even then, some way up-stream, the frosty heaps had a rusty tint. The guide was far enough ahead to render safe his charges' confidences.

"What made you guess he knew the way?" asked Armstead. "And how did you ever get him to come?"

She smiled. "He didn't look like those others, and I give him money I took out Hasul's pocket."

They fought on over mounds of ice like trench-parapets, with broad seams to northward and pools like shell-holes: he might have been helping her across a battle-field. They came to openings that surely widened as the fugitives circled them—to vents that he jumped with her in his arms.

"Did you leave *patrins* behind you when you left Delta? Somebody did."

She shook her head. "Couldn't. P'raps one of children."

A thunderous snap sounded to their left and echoed among the hills. The guide looked back at them, his face was a face of terror.

"Go on!" Chris commanded.

After that scarcely a word was said: connected speech became impossible, for their winding course grew momentarily more perilous. Its difficulties claimed their breath; their eyes and thoughts they must fasten to their leader if their feet were to follow him.

The moon was setting, but still bright. It made the farther shore seem very far away. What would happen if, before that shore was gained, darkness masked these hundreds of watery pitfals? Girl and man risked one look backward: from the bank they had so lately left, a group of silhouettes started—chase was begun.

Armstead and Ellena slithered on. They fell and rose again. Twenty times the blue-white pavement cracked beneath them; at least as often, they missed by a hair's breadth plunges into fatal openings; but they passed at last the center of the stream—were on the final lap.

Now, however, peril drew closer. It moved underfoot like a living malice; the ice swayed sickeningly. To the left was exposed a wide stretch of leaden water. Armstead had one glimpse of their pursuers working forward, but bearing far down-stream; then a mist rose, separating hounds and quarry. It stole nearer—and through it he could feel death astir.

That bank which was their destination towered fifty yards away when the great crash came. The guide, a rod ahead, flung up his arms and cried a warning; his words were engulfed by a rending explosion—the ice underfoot reared and tore apart—huge slabs tilted upward, ground together, crashed and fell—and Chris and the girl stood afloat upon a tossing floe with only a few other floes pitching desperately in a swirling stream between fugitives and shore.

HOW he did it, not indeed exactly what he did, Armstead neither then nor ever later clearly knew. He saw their leader jump from one careening, but roughened, block to another—caught up Ellena and began a similar progress. He succeeded twice—a third time—then miscalculated—landed on a fourth ice-slab too near its edge and was tobogganed into water—thought everything finished—found himself only knee-deep—and so at last waded to dry land and set down his living burden under trees beside a railroad track on which, its crew invisibly engaged at its farther end, a train of empty coal-cars rested.

Some distance off, the guide lay panting; the girl took up that one of Armstead's hands which she had once bitten. "Saved my life." She looked at the river and shuddered. "Those others—"

The moon was low, the mist high: beyond a quarter-mile, nothing to be seen. "I think they're safe," said Chris. "That break came from up-stream, and they were working downwards—knew their way better than our man."

The darkness deepened, but he could still see her face, and into it and her voice came suddenly a new note, a note of tenderness:

"Ellena can't thank you—"

It frightened him. He was afraid it was revealing in her—it *was* miraculously revealing!—the woman he had missed. "No use thanking me."

"Only she must tell you something." She nodded to the idle train. "These cars going back to mines: Ellena going with them—to other Gipsies she knows—they ought to be near Clearfield now. So she say good-by and say this: in that café, she had to act like a café-girl—in the van, jes' scared crazy to get away—tried to make you love her so you get her away from other police. But now"—her voice faltered—"now she want gen'man know she's not—*not* bad woman!"

She dropped his hand. She stood before him, simple, contrite, ashamed.

A night of marvels! He believed. The sense of their meager escape from death still hammered in his pulses; the witchery of the darkened woods hung over him: the ultimate moonrays filtered upon her through the scented lower pine-boughs, and he saw her as he had never seen her before—as he had always, he knew, wanted to see her—as she really was. She looked up at him, her eyes like altar-fires, lips now sacrosanct; there encircled her all the magic of the open road, but her face was no more that of the wandering nymph: it was again the face of a pilgrim-Madonna. With his whole heart he believed her.

"Ellena—" He broke off—remembered what he had thought of Gipsies—of this Gipsy—and was himself ashamed. Of course she didn't love him—never had—and of course—oh, he knew it!—he loved her and must let her leave him. They were divided by a gulf that even love ought not to bridge. He couldn't cross to Gipsyland—was at least sane enough to know that—and if he could somehow bring her over to him, she, a Romany girl, would fade and die like a wildflower in a parlor. He could only thank her and leave her—and forever remember. "Ellena," he went on, "I'm not good enough for you, and I've got to let you go. I know"—he tried to smile—"stealing a ride's nothing dangerous for you."

She went to the nearest car—swung up to its iron step—looked down at him. "Good-by."

As if she signaled it, the train gave a series of jerks; buffer banged upon buffer. He stood beside the track. "Good-by," he said, "and—and I—I love you." The train began to move forward. "It's queer," he hurriedly added, seeking refuge from emotion in the commonplace, "but you don't even know my name: it's Chris Armstead."

"Good-by," she said, as the train went on. "Mine's Katherine Kessel."

The pursuers? Back there in time, and over there on the other shore, that New York detective, the Gipsy chief, the habitually unadventurous trustees of the great Kessel Estate—L. B. Everts, M.D.; Jos. Vandusen Tayne, 3rd; Burton Cadwalader—Harold Tectonius, too—old Cadwalader's nephew, he was: the bereft fiance—they had all reached the shore together shortly after Katherine and Armstead started across.

"We'll be drowned!" wailed Tayne from under the ulster that hid his wizened form.

"It is dangerous," Hasul admitted. He had sworn that Katherine came to him freely. Now the distant sight of her in the grasp of Chris corroborated the assertion that Armstead, a discarded rival of Tectonius, had tracked her and partly by force, but more by threatening publication of compromising love-letters—bore away the girl really anxious to escape marriage to either lover. Hasul hoped to dissuade chase and secure his retreat before that lie was discovered.

"*My* trustee-duties don't include suicide," vowed Tayne.

He stubbornly stayed ashore. The others, forcing Hasul to guide them, as stubbornly started.

IF ELLENA was lost to him because she separated herself from him as a Gipsy, by how much greater a distance did Katherine Kessel retreat from Armstead—as Katherine Kessel! *Could* this girl's words be true? If she was what she represented herself, why was she running away from her guardians? In the grip of that problem, and the pressing need to solve it, Chris swung aboard and helped the pseudo-Gipsy—accepting his change of plan without comment—into the coal-car, nor remarked either that their recent guide mounted it also, obscuring his presence at its farther end, nor that the train moved east instead of westward. Everything was over, love was eternally defeated, and yet—in a situation where, to be sure, any comment would have been inadequate—all that he could find to gasp was: "But you—you're a brunette!"

"Paint," said Katherine over the rumble of the wheels—and rubbed off most of the paint by mere pressure of her painted palms.

"There was a police description sent out—"

"So Hasul told me."

"—and it talked about a scar—"

"Powder. *I* tried to talk like a Gipsy, even when I was scared. *Did I?*"

"Your eyes aren't blue."

"Certainly not. That shows what a police description amounts to. They're violet; and darkening the lower lids' edges darkens any pupils—at night. We know *that* much in Lyons." A stained finger rubbed those accused lids. "Look." Her eyes *were* violet: they were violet stars.

SHE explained her years' old interest in the Rom—her friendship with Hasul's trilingual band, which came to Lyons every autumn. That alone, to a life fretfully harnessed by the resident trustees, provided romance, gave glimpse of freedom.

"Then I got engaged to Harold: his uncle wanted it, I'd be given my money when I married, and if *you* had three dear, but pernickety, old gentlemen for guardians, you'd feel that getting rid of them was cheap even at the price of Harold. Only *I* found out he wasn't playing fair."

As if in Central Park instead of laboring over a railroad, she continued:

"Hasul phoned me at the hotel. He'd been spying on Harold and said I could see the kind of girl that other one was. I was terribly hurt, but I thought it would be fun to dress up so Harold wouldn't know me—a couple of hours' freedom, and I'd done that recitation at a church-fair back home. So I put on these clothes at one of Hasul's Gipsy women's rooms; but I was slow: I wrote a note to Mr. Cadwalader about Harold. Hasul got cross at it, but I did it, and I'd do it again. Hasul said he'd had to stop Harold some way or other, else he might have met the girl and left the restaurant before I got there. Hasul took the note from me: that miniature broke in the excitement."

"Then you weren't kidnaped at all?" What did it matter? She was not for Armstead, anyhow!

"Wait. Harold came in; I'd seen enough. We started, but somebody chased us, and Hasul said it was Harold—said he seemed to think he'd recognized us and would say I'd been there with him—with Hasul—well, that I was like that other girl. When we'd got the Gipsy woman in the car—the one he was taking down here with him, the one whose room I'd dressed in—Hasul pretended to start for my hotel, to drop me there; but then he said we were still followed, and I believed him. I thought we'd only go over the ferry to throw Harold off my track. Instead of that, Hasul raced the car into Jersey—raced it to that place where you found me. If I'd jumped out, I'd have been killed. I did try, but that woman was stronger than I was. And once we got to the camp, I was locked up in the van."

Armstead turned an angry face toward the river. He almost wished he had remained behind and killed that Gipsy king. The train rolled very slowly eastward between the pale river and its dark northern hills; the girl continued:

"Hasul said he was going to marry me—said I daren't go back unmarried because he'd compromised me. I was furious, but in Lyons girls can still be compromised. Still, I said marrying a Gipsy wouldn't help much, and then *he* was furious. He said he was going to Delta and pretend he was somebody else and do two things; get a marriage license for us under false names, with some woman he'd pick up to represent me, and then tell the police how a Gipsy had a New York girl out here in Pennsylvania, so they'd want to arrest the man and lock up the girl. He would beat the police back to the camp, and I'd have my choice between a wedding and a scandal with everything coming out in newspapers."

"When I leave this train," said Armstead, "I think I'll look up that guinea!"

"Oh, he never touched me, except tonight when I let him kiss me." She made a wry face. "So I could get that key. In the van, at first I thought you were some Delta officer who'd arrived ahead of him, and then I remembered you and thought you might be one of Harold's café-friends. I wanted to get away, but didn't want any friend of Harold's to know who I was: that made me play for time. I was scared, but if I could have mended the door, I might have met you where I said I would—only, all of a sudden, you seemed not to care for anything except—except the reward."

So he understood how she had used his folly for her own ultimate safety—saw it all, or nearly all, with a well-nigh terrible clarity: how her moods had but adapted themselves to her need as qualified by his passing desire. Here, before him in the false dawn, she began to rub off the paint; she flung away her wig, and he could just detect her golden hair, her white cheeks—discover the real woman that was more essential than anything these discardings in themselves revealed—and could guess by how very far he had missed her: there was no moonlight now.

"Of course, when Hasul came back there at the Delta camp, he guessed the truth about you and made me a closer prisoner than ever. Well"—she ran white fingers through her hair—"that's all. You see"—and she fronted him in the bumping car—"I'm not a bit the girl you thought you were in love with." She laughed.

Yet she was exactly the girl he had fallen in love with—precisely because she was no longer the sorceress who had appealed to all in him that was not love. He saw the heart of her, through her thwarted girlhood, hungry for the open road for which he had always longed across a counter: the heart for an ideal freedom without the soul for a sordid Romany compromise. He saw it—but how could he tell her now?

"You'd better jump off," she warned: "this train's getting up speed."

Armstead descended to the practical: "But your guardians must know the truth now—why are you running away from them now that they know the truth?"

In the budding dawn, she mocked him. "Please give me back my locket—and if you stay aboard this freight-train much longer, you'll find out at your own expense why I'm running away."

That budding dawn, even as she spoke, blossomed. The sun climbed the eastern hills. It made rosy tiny clouds on the farther horizon, gilded the pointed pines, painted the now moving river silver, and washed both Armstead and the girl—yes, even their late guide, draped over that coal-car's rear in a too declarative oblivion!—washed them clean. Its clear radiance put doubt to flight. It couldn't banish the memory of the moonlight, but it showed Chris to her as she had always hoped he was—and it showed her to him as he knew she had always been and would forever be. He had felt it now, this quarter-hour: but sunlight set the seal.

"Katherine," he said. "Katherine Kessel: what I said about—about that other girl is true—true about you. And so good-by again—good-by."

He flung a leg over the side of the car. He paused only because her hands fell upon his shoulder.

"But, my dear—" yes, this was what she was unbelievably saying!—"But, my dear, *that's* why I ran away just now from my guardians: to find out if you—liked me as much as you did Ellena in the first place—and as myself in the second." Her eyes were wide and tender, yet a little doubtful.

"Do you mind, Chris—*do* you?"

THOSE who followed these lovers had admitted that, if they overtook Miss Kessel, the one respectable waiter at the Hudson Hunt—he of the side-whiskers—would get their advertised reward: he knew Harold Tectonius, had read the papers and been rendered suspicious by Armstead's questions: he gave to the trustees what information he possessed. The rest was easy, for Hasul's trail from Havre de Grace to Delta—and from Delta onward—had been too hurried to be hidden. At Delta they took the services of the local justice of the peace, who served also as federal marshal and clerk of the court. He it was who had guided them to the tribe's last stop—and then, interviewed by Katherine, guided her and Armstead across the Susquehanna. So, somehow, these good folk pursuing struggled ashore two miles east of the point where the runaways had reached dry land; just there that temperamental freight-train again halted and, over the rim of its nearest coal-car, appeared three faces decidedly the worse for their coal-car journey.

"Kate!" cried young Mr. Tectonius.

"Katherine Kessel," said the mutton-chop whiskered Cadwalader, "climb right out of there—and come here!"

But the young woman thus addressed only laughed at them, and the smeared countenance of the younger of her companions made ribald answer.

"Sorry, Harold—sorry, Mr. Cadwalader—but Kessel's not this girl's name any more. This gentleman that you brought with you and that we took with *us* is a justice of the peace. He's told me that here, in Pennsylvania, a man and a woman marry each other and don't marry the mere names that happen to be on their license—that a marriage license is good on its face unless fraud's proven. Well, it won't do you any good to prove that, and Katherine took from your friend Hasul a license he thoughtfully procured for himself—in Delta. So the Squire's married us here in this coal-car. My wife's name's Mrs. Christopher Armstead."

A Short Wife and a Gay One

[*Continued from page 51*]

literally. "Of course he'll sneak out of town on the early morning train. I'm sorry if I've interfered with your plans for Monday."

"That's all right. I suppose you didn't know that you were throwing quite a wad of money into the river."

"I know all about that. He wanted me to sign away the old homestead. I'm surprised at your falling for that old one. Some Napoleon of finance!"

"You've got me all wrong, Hazel."

"That's exactly what Blake said."

"I was going to tell you about it tonight, We were supposed to sign the papers on Monday with the kind assistance of Mr. Sweeney."

"Who is Mr. Sweeney?"

"The man you saw in the office tonight, my alleged attorney. As a matter of fact he's a detective from the banker's protective association. When Blake Harley made his proposition to me I wrote the usual letters of inquiry and awaited developments. Our friend Ted Jefferson admitted that he scarcely knew the man. The Gregory office of the bankers' association had never heard of Harley but they promised to look him up. This Sweeney came here tonight with theories and suspicions.

"He identified Harley when he saw him dancing the Charleston with you. I suppose Blake has a real name but he is known to the trade as The Jazz Baby. It seems he has quite a list of confidence games to his credit, but he has always been too clever to leave damaging evidence. This would have turned the trick and there would have been a reward from the association. The money, of course, would have gone to the hospital fund."

"So Blake Harley was to be arrested on Monday?"

"Yes, and I was looking forward to Monday as if I had a date with the electric chair. I'm glad you pushed him out of the picture. He has defrauded a lot of people in one way or another and it was my duty as a banker to help lock him up, but I hated to be mixed up in it. He was nice to you. He gave you something you needed in your business—something I couldn't give you myself. I know what you've been up against; I'm not as dumb as you think."

Hazel relaxed her grip on the steering wheel and fastened it on James.

THEY got close to the naked truth out there in the clear September night. Hazel said things that she had never found it possible to say before. "A triangle story"—the phrase somehow crept into their talk. Yes it was one of the commonest and most baffling of all triangles—one wife, one husband and one mother. James said they would work this out together and find the answer.

"I suppose," she said at last. "we'd better end this petting party and go home."

"Let me drive this time." They shifted places and James took the wheel.

"Here is a place to turn around," said Hazel.

But James who never did an unexpected thing treated her to a surprise.

"We're not going to turn around. We're going to Gregory. We'll rest up and then we'll have a glorious time."

Hazel saw the whole plan in a wave of happiness. They were going to Gregory to start over. They were going to recapture the fine, careless rapture of those great days. But it was she, this time, who furnished the sober second thought.

"Mother Buford will worry."

"We'll telephone her from the next town."

"Have we got any money?"

"Enough to start with."

"How about clothes? You're all right in that suit, but I haven't anything to wear."

"We'll buy some. It's about time you had a change of scenery anyhow."

"It'll look as if you were eloping with your nurse. All righty; I'm game if you are."

"We ought to be there by daylight."

"Dawn is the movie word," said Hazel. "The dawn of a brighter day."

"Yes, I am going to lead a better life. I've learned something from that jazz baby of yours. You watch my smoke this winter. You'll have me dancing the Charleston before it's over. I'm a reformed character."

"A reformed bookkeeper."

"I'm going to be a wife-keeper from now on."

"Oh, Lord! I've married a wisecracker."

"So that problem," said James, "is solved."

"That problem is solved," echoed Hazel. She knew way back in her wise little head that there was a whole page of other problems ahead and more pages beyond that and so on to the end of the book.

James, of course, would never be a jazz baby; but she'd meet him fifty-fifty. She would be a soberer and a wiser wife.

They were on a straight level road now and the motor had settled to a rhythmic beat. In her happy, drowsy consciousness it set up a cadence, a white toe tapped it out upon the floor and the perverse and outrageous tune that ran through her head was, "Nobody Knows What a Red Hot Mama Will Do."

A Dare-Devil Diver Who Conquered Fear

[*Continued from page 86*]

"P. J." Ringens was diving one hundred feet into a little five-foot tank at open-air performances of all kinds all over the country. He was making a specialty of county fairs and such, and earning from $500 to $1,000 a week. Last year the black sheep who loved the swimming hole too well and "would never amount to anything" was paying an income tax on $25,000 a year.

Ringens was in his little pup tent behind the cages of lions, polar bears, etc., at a New England fair one day this summer when I asked him about the courage necessary to dive from the top of a slender ladder one hundred feet high into a small tank of water way down there at the bottom.

"Does it take nerve?" The quiet man of thirty-eight years with the clear blue eyes, the fair complexion and the athletic build looked up from the green fleshings into which he was wriggling.

"It does not take any more 'nerve' for me to do my work than it does for the average man of business to do his," he answered promptly. "Mine's a business the same as any one else's."

He put it another way.

"IT DOES not take any more nerve for me to do my act than it does for the average man to get up at six o'clock on a snowy morning and go to work. He hates to do it, but if he has to do it he does it. That's exactly the way it is with me. I hate to do the dive, but I do it. I never disappoint a public I have contracted to entertain."

Ringens has been in the dare-devil business in one form or another for thirteen years. Yet in all that time he has had but one accident, to be explained later.

How does he do it?

"I keep myself in perfect condition," he says. "No alcohol or stimulants of any kind. Proper rest and proper food. I keep the apparatus in perfect condition, too. Tune it up like a violin before I go up it."

Dressing as he talked, he was about to button the shoulder strap on his fleshings, when he hesitated, and turned upon the interviewer.

"Here's where it takes the 'nerve'," he volunteered. "Getting into this snake skin. The act itself I don't mind. It's dressing for it, and thinking about it in advance."

So in that respect he was like most actors and athletes.

The pleasant accompaniment of circus music to which the interview had been given stopped, and in the breach of quiet that ensued the announcer could be heard bawling through his megaphone something about the "most stupenjus and most thr-r-rilling act of all time by the world's gr-r-r-eatest high div-ah."

"Time to go to work," said Ringens, sailing out of his tent on to the stage to bow to the audience. With that he glided from the stage to the green beyond it, where a towering ladder held in place by wires had been erected beside a tank of water. The music started again.

An actor at heart and a dare-devil by training, he was in his element now.

Briskly and gracefully he ascended the ladder to the tilt and lift of the music.

"The music helps me a lot," Ringens had confessed to me.

Steadily up the dizzy height he spiraled until he reached the scanty perch at the top from which he was to dive. He paused and the music stopped. He hesitated.

"I hesitate," he had explained, "just as another person hesitates about jumping over a mud-puddle. I'm only uncertain, that's all." Gradually he edged out to the very edge of that chasm, his toes gripping the platform.

Then, the attention of the audience riveted upon him, his mind made up and all the chances calculated, he started to fall slowly over.

"There he goes!" cried the audience.

He turned over once, landing feet foremost in the center of the tank.

It was a perfect dive.

"Feel me," said Ringens, back in his dressing tent.

His body was at fever heat.

"I'm air-cooled and water-cooled," he laughed, "but still I heat up. It's the dive that does it."

It has always been somewhat of a mystery to observers of his act that he is not dashed to pieces at the bottom of the shallow tank, which is only five feet deep and six feet wide. He cleared that up in a second.

"When I strike the water feet first," he said "my feet are knocked out from under me by the force of the impact, so that I curve into the water, striking the side of the tank with my feet and rebounding to the surface. I don't go deeper than three feet at the most."

But behind the ease and never-failing accuracy with which one of America's most daring and successful high divers performs this feat lies a long history of struggle. Before he achieved his one-hundred-foot eminence, Ringens worked up that ladder to it, almost inch by inch, through an apprenticeship which was a daily tempting of death. It isn't easy learning just how to risk your life every day for the entertainment of the public.

The struggle began when the half-grown boy left Oregon to seek his fortune in the United States at large. He came East in the approved romantic method of brake beam and box car, landing in New York on his eighteenth birthday. With his bathing-suit under his husky arm he went from pool to pool in New York, trying to get a job as instructor in diving and swimming. Time and time again he was turned away, only to trudge on to the next place, arriving there weary and sick at heart, but always with enough pluck to brace the manager for a job. Finally he found an opening as a guard in a New York pool. "Dollar a day and all the swimmin' you want," the manager told him.

Working on those terms, he had not been there long before the patrons of the pool began to inquire who the stunt diver was, and soon he found himself a big fish in a little pond, to use his own expression. Pleased and flattered as he was by the local attention he received, he was still more flattered and pleased when he received an invitation to wear the colors of the Irish-American Athletic Club of New York. These colors he later carried to victory in a number of inter-club matches. Still his diving was only a sport to him in this stage of his career and it brought him little or no money. He had not yet realized its financial possibilities.

THEN he began to feel the pressing need of more money than he could get at the pool. So he gave up his job, to trek the streets of New York for another job. At the height of his discouragement he chanced to stop one day in front of one of those posters of the United States Navy promising every young man a good time, a trip around the world, and pay while he learned a trade. And like many another good man in temporary difficulties he chose this way out of his troubles. The Navy didn't keep its promise in full, he says, but it did give him a chance to advance himself with his bathing-suit in what was to be his real trade. He won the diving championship of the Navy, and held it continuously during the years 1909 to 1912.

In the latter year he shipped for shore with an honorable discharge in his blouse and an idea tucked away in his blond head that he would try to capitalize his ability as a diver. The chance offered itself shortly after he gave Childs his last nickel for a cup of coffee.

Ten or twelve years ago the toddling moving-picture industry was feeding the public with a great deal of what might be called wet business—a liquid diet, so to speak. Francis X. Bushman was as much in the water as he was on the land, and Annette Kellerman was doing reel after reel as a pretty mermaid, daughter of Neptune.

Ringens, like one of Horatio Alger's lucky boys, chanced along at this time and walked straight into a job with the Pathé-Lubin Company as a stunt diver and swimmer. Here he really found himself. After diving from cliffs and bridges and performing difficult submarine feats before the camera for the public to thrill over later in dark halls all over the country, it finally dawned on him that if he could excite people in the moving pictures he could excite them far more by giving them the real thing, "P. J." in person.

Diving was no longer to be the sport of an athletic youth; it was to be a business and a career, he determined. It was the turning point in his life from black sheep to successful showman.

At this time, after four years of almost constant practise, he was diving from a height of seventy feet. To make a real thriller out of his performance he set as the goal of his ambition the dive from a height of one hundred feet. Meantime he supported himself as a high diver in a one-ring circus that toured the country. As he advanced his ladders, proclaiming himself always as the world's greatest high diver, he also had the satisfaction of being able to command more money.

It was not easy to go up the ladder to a height of one hundred feet and dive from it. You must remember that every added inch changed all the minute calculations necessary for a man who must strike the water with his body in a certain exact position.

"I was six years doing it," he says. "Two years getting from seventy to eighty, pushing the ladder up two feet at a time. Two years more getting from eighty to ninety, one foot at a time, with the added danger of practising the mid-air turnover which is now a part of my dive. And two years more at the same rate getting from ninety to one hundred feet, the goal I had set for myself. In all, counting the four years I was getting to seventy feet, I was ten years perfecting the dive as I do it today. It was sure up the ladder."

This was the point at which "P. J.," as he is known to the show world, left the circus and began putting on a show all his own at county fairs, expositions, and outdoor affairs of all kinds, north, east, south, and west. You have undoubtedly seen him somewhere in his green tights, flashing down out of the sky into that narrow little tank.

Today his family back in Oregon considers him their bright particular star. For he has gone out alone in the world and made a fortune by the very knack which they scorned in him when he was a boy. Is it any wonder that he chuckles at those dire predictions of his boyhood neighbors when he remembers his mother every Christmas with a good big check from his earnings?

When he had made a success of the high dive, the boy who had loved the swimmin' hole back home over fondly, sighed for another world of sensationalism to conquer. He found it in the famous bicycle dive which he has since perfected. In this act he rides down an incline (he calls it a scenic railway) about one hundred feet high at the starting point and sixty feet at the take-off, shoots off into space for seventy-five feet, and, dropping the bicycle into a net, lands in the center of a small tank of water, just as he does in the high dive. Most people's hearts stop beating and their hands get excessively clammy while watching this spectacular stunt.

Instead, however, of working up the stunt, step by step, as he had done in perfecting the high dive, Ringers began at the final stage. The result was that the first time he tried the act on the edge of a pond in Kansas City, Missouri, some six years ago, he met disaster. He fell just a little short of the deep water where he had intended to land and crashed into shallow water. This was that first and only accident of his career, to which previous allusion has been made, and it nearly lost him his life.

"But I made up my mind that the act could not be classed a failure just because I had attempted to ride in the face of every difficulty and had not succeeded," he said, in speaking of the accident later.

After the accident, he shipped the structure to his home in Florida and set it up beside a small lake to tantalize himself into a second attempt.

For a time, however, he attempted no rides. "I just let the structure stand there," he recounted, "and every day I would walk to the top and look it over and make an imaginary ride. I did that for about a month to get rid of the thoughts of that first terrible ride." The mental agony this entailed can be imagined by any one who as a youngster has stood on a high diving platform trying to get up nerve for the jump. Fifteen feet look like a mile.

FOR months he struggled to get back his "nerve." "P. J." at the height of his career was apparently done for. The accident, you see, had unnerved him for his regular dive. Every time he went back to attempt the bicycle dive he flinched from it, like schoolboys who climb to a height to do a dive and then are afraid either to jump or to climb down again. When the battle was all but lost, Ringens in despair decided to put himself to one last desperate test. He called his friends to the place where he had erected the incline for the stunt and announced that if they would hang around they would either have the pleasure of seeing him do a perfect dive or attending his funeral.

On that eventful day he was in a cold sweat of nervous agony. But he conquered his nerves and his fear in an effort which he described as "mighty," and seated himself on the bicycle with the sweat trickling down his back. There was a death-like stillness. He released the starting blocks and down the incline he sped with the speed of a cannon shot, faster and faster. The battle with death was on.

Guiding the bicycle along the narrow black line which treads the incline, he reached the take-off, and shot off into space. The rest was a question of split seconds. He freed himself from the bicycle at just the right place and hurtled straight for the center of the lake. With a clean swoop he took the water exactly right and landed unharmed. He had won the battle! There was a moment of exquisite bliss when he realized this. Then he had to start all over again! After months of practise he substituted a tank for the lake and went on the road with the act.

"I made a pile of money with that act in South America last winter," he concluded tersely.

There are some interesting facts in connection with this act. The apparatus consists of 54 twenty-foot ladders built out of the best spruce obtainable and 17,000 feet of steel airplane wire to hold it in place when set up. It gives under the slightest strain, making it proof against warping or breaking. About three new bicycles a week are used, because they have a way of jumping the net. Then, of course, they crash to the ground and are completely wrecked. The cost to perfect the act over a period of six years was $10,000, the apparatus alone costing $5,800.

Ringens has now brought his dives to such a state of perfection that he can lay off a whole year and go back to either one without a single bit of preparation other than conditioning himself and tuning up his apparatus. It is a tribute to the care he takes of himself and the long hazardous apprenticeship he has put himself through.

The diver is happily married to "Swan" Ringens, the diver, who frequently appears with him, and with her he makes his home at Coral Gables, Florida. The two are often hosts to Jack Dempsey when the champion is wintering at the Southern resort.

Ringens has made an independent fortune from diving, which adventures in Florida real estate have materially increased. For that reason his friends had often advised him to give up the dangers of diving for the security of selling real estate, whereupon he used to laugh and say:

"I was cut out for diving and not for selling real estate." Perhaps others of his neighbors feel that way about themselves now.

Better than anything, that gives the key to the character of this product of an Oregon swimming hole, who expects to be diving until he is fifty, before he puts his ladders away in the barn for the last time.

Henry Ford Discusses Human Flivvers

[*Continued from page 34*]

During one of my long talks with him, Mr. Ford told me about a visit he had from George W. Perkins, representing a Wall Street group that was trying to monopolize the automobile business. Mr. Perkins had come to Detroit to induce Ford to sell out.

"He told me," said Ford, "that his associates could make more money for me if I went into the deal than I could possibly make for myself.

"I replied, 'Mr. Perkins, you are right. And you might as well go back to New York. I cannot answer your arguments. What you say is undoubtedly true. We could probably make many millions. But I don't want them. I wouldn't know what to do with them. I am not making automobiles to make money; I am making automobiles so that every family can ride in one. I don't want to see how much money I can make out of automobiles, but I want to see how cheaply I can manufacture them.' "

The projected automobile trust was formed without Henry Ford. It didn't even make money, but got into financial difficulties and had to be reorganized. Henry Ford became the richest man in the world.

THE other day a business man was trying to interest me financially in a new device.

"There's a fortune in it," he said. "I have been waiting years to find a method by which I could cash in on part of a million. Now I know I have found it. Here's a chance to make a lot of money."

While this would-be money-maker talked, my thoughts went back to the day when Henry Ford drove me out to his old farm home at Dearborn, Michigan, where he had toiled as a lad. I remembered how Ford had sat on the lawn of the old farm, chewing a piece of grass and talking enthusiastically about the new farm tractor he was then developing there. He talked about it off and on for several hours. He talked about what it would mean to the farmer; how it would reduce the deadening drudgery of tramping behind a plow; how it would lighten the physical slavery that makes a farmer's life narrow and dull. He painted vividly his dream of happier farm homes and of an increasing efficiency in agricultural work that would reduce the cost of living for everybody.

He never once mentioned the possibility of making money out of the tractor. I am positive that he never thought about it at all as a way of making money.

My business friend with the new device has five chances out of a hundred of making money with it, if the Bradstreet statistics are right. He will probably fail to accumulate a fortune, like ninety-five per cent. of all the other men who jump into business with their eyes only on the dollars they expect to make.

But Henry Ford, bent on the service of mankind through the particular mechanical and industrial genius that is his, has made more money than anybody else. This notion of his about himself as merely an agent in his special field for the common welfare is perhaps not so much a reasoned philosophy with Henry Ford as it is an ingrained habit of mind. But he philosophizes keenly about the matter when pinned down to it.

It probably accounts for his outspoken dislike for those financiers who get control of industrial corporations and run them, not primarily to produce goods, but primarily to pay dividends on juggled stock.

My first meeting with Henry Ford was back in 1914, when he had just startled the country with his scheme for paying every worker a minimum of five dollars a day—twice the usual wage at the time. I went to Detroit, was introduced to Mr. Ford by his treasurer, Mr. Klingensmith, and spent the major portion of every day with him for a week. Each day a new Ford car that had just been assembled that morning would run up to my hotel and carry me out to the plant. Mr. Ford himself would then take me under his wing for the rest of the day.

The reason he welcomed me in this fashion was simply that he had heard of my work for mothers' pensions, and the philosophy back of the project was so close to his own philosophy that he recognized in me a kindred spirit.

"Organized charity and schools of philanthrophy and the whole idea of giving to the poor are wrong," he told me. "If a railroad had a bad piece of track where trains were wrecked every now and then, it wouldn't help matters to build a fine repair shop there to fix up the smashed cars. The thing to do would be to fix the track. Charity and philanthropy are repair shops. They do not remove the cause of human wrecks.

"Trying to help men by handing them something is a failure. We don't *give* our men anything. They earn all they get.

"Charity experts come to us and give us a lot of advice, just as expert automobile designers come to us and advise us how to make more money. We have no room for experts in this shop. We are all only mechanics—and human beings."

Henry Ford is so much a mechanic that his office is really the whole factory. It is true that he has a large and beautifully furnished room that would correspond to the president's office in any other corporation. But it is the one place in the shop where you are least likely to find Mr. Ford. He is as restless in it as a caged lion. His desk is bare on top and empty inside. He carries his work in his head, and won't have papers and charts and red-taped documents around him. During that first visit of mine with him and during many succeeding ones, I would have to go out somewhere in the shop to find Mr. Ford—to find him talking with one of his employees, as often as not with a sincerely friendly hand on the man's shoulder.

The office executives have had to install a system of observation posts through the factory to help keep track of Mr. Ford's movements. When somebody in the executive office wants him, phone calls go out to the various "listening posts," and somebody along the line reports having seen Mr. Ford, perhaps just going into the annealing room. From there he is trailed to the next room, and he is finally run to earth and cornered.

But every now and then he wanders out of the plant altogether, in pursuit of some project of the moment, and goes off on a week's trip, without telling anybody what he has on his mind or where he can be reached.

I asked him, "Doesn't that interfere with your business, when some executive wants you and can't find you to get a prompt decision on some important matter?"

He replied, "I tell them what my philosophy is and tell them to carry it out in running the business. If they can't do that, I get others who can. What are they for if they can't make these decisions themselves?"

When some of Ford's financial men turned to Wall Street for help, Ford let them out. He didn't want financiers to help him run his business, because he said the financier's idea is first of all to make money for himself—and Ford's idea is to make useful things for others. I have met many very wealthy men. None of them has made as much money as Henry Ford; and none of them is as happy. He doesn't try to find happiness by establishing orphan asylums with his accumulated wealth, or by any other form of charity. He employs seventy-five thousand men, and he puts the money into their envelopes, instead of into asylums for their children.

It is true that he has a welfare department—but the workers in it are not of the charity investigator type. The charity worker's aim in life is to prevent a poor family from getting a penny more of help than is necessary to ward off actual starvation. The object of Henry Ford's social workers is to teach his employees to *raise* their standard of living.

A VERY wealthy woman told me once that Henry Ford "had ruined the labor market," and led working people to crave luxuries that are reserved for the few. I told Mr. Ford about this, and he couldn't even understand what the lady meant.

"*My* labor market isn't ruined," he said. "The workers who come back to the plant on Monday after a day in their cars in the country are healthier and happier and they do better work.

"Just because a man uses his hands to operate a lathe instead of to clip coupons is no reason he and his family should not enjoy comfortable lives. The hard-driven, underpaid, slum-living worker is stupid and half-sick and mentally distracted by hardship. I can't afford to have such men working for me."

Mr. Ford looks upon his great welfare enterprises—his hospital service and recreational work—not as charity but as essential to the efficiency and economy of his business. He looks upon men as individually likable human beings with whom he can cooperate for their own good.

I talked with one of Ford's important executives who told me that he himself had served a year in the penitentiary for embezzling funds from the Standard Oil Company. When he came out, Ford gave him his chance to reclaim himself, and he in turn had taken two hundred men from the prisons and given them jobs in the Ford factory.

He told me that he had saved more than a million dollars out of his earnings while in Ford's employ—and that once, when his home had been robbed, he sent down into the factory for one of those former convicts. To him he explained the details of the robbery.

"That's Chicago Bill done that—he's the only one I know who works that way," said the ex-convict. He helped put the detectives on the right trail in the underworld, and the Ford official got his stolen property back.

Later this same official found himself playing golf in Florida on the same links with John D. Rockefeller. He said to the oil millionaire, "Your Standard Oil Company put me in state's prison once for embezzlement. When I got out, Henry Ford gave me a job and taught me to be honest."

Ford has never studied academic psychology, or scientific character analysis, but he understands men, judges them correctly, and likes them. Henry Ford wants to help men—but he refuses to help them just by giving. If he can't help them to help themselves—if he can't make them earn what he gives them—then he ceases to interest himself in them.

The first thing he showed me on my first visit to him was the annealing room, where in the warm, dry temperature he had men with incipient tuberculosis at work.

"Discouragement is the worst enemy of the sick man," Ford said. "At sanitariums every one is sick and everybody talks about his troubles. But here our sick men do the work that they are capable of. They earn wages. They have no worry about their families. They feel that they are part of a productive organization, and this feeling helps them profit by the medical attention we give them."

As Ford told me this we were sauntering through this queer sanitarium of his, and I was impressed by the democracy of the familiar nods of friendliness that his men gave him.

At another time when I was with Mr. Ford in Detroit, Big Bill Haywood was stirring up labor trouble in Chicago. "You go to Chicago and bring Bill Haywood up here and I'll put him to work," said Ford. "If he can stir up any discontent among my employees, I'll know it's my fault because I'm not giving them a square deal, somehow, and I'll see to it that they get a square deal." Henry Ford has never had any serious labor trouble. Big Bill Haywood has had to skip his bond in this country and try to create a labor commonwealth in Bolshevik Russia. Ford's ideals and Haywood's may be more similar than most people think. But Henry Ford has been able to make his ideals work. If they could be made to work everywhere, I believe the Bill Haywoods would be cheerful producers instead of disturbing agitators.

Henry Ford is not a church man—he is not what in our conventional terms we call a religious man. Yet he comes closer to reconciling modern business with the ideals of Jesus than any manufacturer I know.

"Charity," he told me once, "does the recipient no good; it only makes the giver feel better."

He told me that early in 1917. A few months later I was walking home from the theater through the streets of London with George Bernard Shaw. We passed a number of pitiable old women, crouching in the doorways where they intended to spend the night. Shaw gave each of them a half crown.

WHEN we got to his flat in Adelphi Terrace, I asked:

"Now, just why did you give money to those old women?"

"Selfishness," replied Shaw. "It just pleased myself. Gratified my vanity. You can't help people much by dealing out small doles. That only makes *you* feel a little better, and leaves them worse off in a day or two. The only way you can help the destitute is by finding work for them to do, paying them fairly for it."

Intellectually and temperamentally poles apart, Shaw and Ford enunciated to me the same philosophy in almost the same words.

The philosophy that Shaw, the social critic, expounds, Ford, the social creator, put into practice.

The last time I saw Henry Ford, he said:

"There are no ignorant people. Every man is smart in some way or other. There is a man for every job and a job for every man. Every man has his special talent and we seek to find the way to turn it to productive use so that he is happy and interested in his work and able to earn enough from it to support his family well.

"There are two main reasons for low wages. The first is that manufacturers try to make too many things in the same shop. No man or shop is big enough to turn out more than one thing profitably to all concerned. The second reason for low wages comes from running a shop in the banker's way. A good shop, producing a useful article, is over-capitalized. A banker who knows nothing of the business is put on the board, and he gets jobs and salaries for his relatives and friends. Incompetency at the head means incompetency below. To pay dividends and make up for wasteful methods, wages must be kept down and hours made long. This brings more waste.

"When we first put our five-dollar minimum wage into effect, we reduced the worries and cares and ill health of our employees. The men came to work with clear heads, enthusiasm and energy. A man who had made two hundred bolts for two dollars a day, turned out six hundred at five dollars a day. Production increased more than expenses all along the line, and we made more money."

Thus Henry Ford has paradoxically found his humanitarian philosophy the start of a vicious circle. The more he tries to put his money to work for others, the more money he makes for himself.

One Sunday I was asked to address a gathering of his employees at a meeting in a Detroit park. I told them it had always been my belief that if we did our best at the job that was nearest, our rewards would be greater than if we wasted our time envying somebody else's job.

The next day Mr. Ford's secretary, John L. Lee, handed me a check for eight hundred dollars.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"*I* don't know," said Lee. "Mr. Ford told me to give it to you."

I don't think Henry Ford has any idea of what we call the value of money, or of what to do with money except to pay people with it to do things that may be useful to others. He is starting out to build flivver airplanes, today, with the same vision of their future service to ordinary, every-day folks that has lured him into all his other enterprises.

When Mr. Ford said to me, "A man can only eat a little—he can't use much money while he is alive and can't take any of it with him when he dies," I asked him if he didn't want to collect a wonderful library, or create a magnificent private art museum as other millionaires do.

"I'd like to make it possible for all my employees to have a good library of their own and a few good pictures on their walls," he answered.

Henry Ford, I truly believe, loves mankind. He thinks of himself in the abstract as the servant of other men. In person, his habit of putting his arm affectionately over the shoulder of an employee as they stand together at a lathe is a sincere testimonial to his natural liking for his fellow humans. He wants them to have the few good things that he believes life holds.

I knew another enormously wealthy man, who also made his money out of selling a needed commodity to other men, but who did not have Henry Ford's philosophy as his guiding star. This millionaire told me that he hated mankind—that they were stupid insects, blind and dull. He spent his time on a palatial yacht, reading books down in his cabin, while the yacht cruised afar to uninhabited corners of the globe. He said that he was trying to get away from mankind. He did not realize that he was only trying to get away from himself. I think he was utterly unhappy for all his millions.

Ford gets away from himself by mingling with other men—by working with them and for them. He is happy and care free. He may not read books insatiably in the padded silence of a yacht in the South Seas, but he gets sincere delight out of restoring an old inn or reviving old dances to the tune of old-fashioned fiddling. In simple pleasures he finds the greatest contentment.

Henry Ford has interpreted in new terms the great American religion of success. He doesn't measure it in dollars, and he doesn't believe that anybody's success which is measured in dollars is really success at all.

He measures success in the number of people who are happier because of the work he is doing in the world. Henry Ford is not the only manufacturer who has built up a prosperous industry in accordance with this philosophy. But he is the outstanding one. Some day historians will look back to him as the man whose example helped most to lead American business out of the era when financial success was abjectly worshiped, into the era of success enjoyed through the consciousness of social service. Henry Ford is now the richest man in the world and none of his employees is in need of charity.

The McTavish

[*Continued from page 140*]

"No," said McTavish; "the porter at Brig O'Dread told. He said that you yourself would show me the chapel. He said not to be surprised if you pretended to be some one else. He said you had done that kind of thing before. He seemed nettled about something."

In spite of herself Miss McTavish laughed. "I told him," she said, "that if you crossed my hand with silver, I would give it to him; but if you crossed my hand with gold, I would keep it for myself. That made him furious, and he slammed the door when he left. So you knew all along?"

"Yes—Mrs. Nevis MacNish McTavish, I did; and when you had the faint spell in the chapel, I almost proposed then. I tell you, your voice and your face, and the way you walked—oh, they did for this young man on the spot! Do you know how much hunger and longing and loving can be crowded into a few days? I do. You think I am in a hurry? It seems to me as if there'd been millions of years of slow waiting."

"I have certainly played the fool," said Miss McTavish, "and I suppose I have let myself in for this." Her voice was gentler. "Do you know, too, why I turned white in the chapel?"

"Yes," he said, "I know that."

"Traquair told you."

"Yes."

"And if you hadn't liked me this way, would you have turned me out of house and home?"

He drew her hand through his arm, and they crossed the gravel path into the garden. "What do *you* think?" he said.

"I think—no," said she.

"Thank you." "Do you read Tennyson?"

"No," said she, "Burns."

McTavish sighed helplessly. Then a light of mischief came into his eye. "As *Burns* says," said he:

"'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed tomorrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.'"

"I love every word Burns wrote," she said enthusiastically, and McTavish, though successful, was ashamed.

"McTavish," she said, "the other day, when I felt that I had to get here before you, I promised my driver ten pounds if he beat your car."

"Yes," said McTavish, "I guessed what was up, and told my man to go slower. It wasn't the psychological moment for either of us to break our necks, was it?"

"No; but I promised the man ten pound, McTavish—and I hav'na got it."

"Ten pounds ought to have a certain purchasing power," said he.

"Then shut your eyes," she commanded.

"And after all," she said, "you'll be *The* McTavish, won't you?"

"I will not," he said. "Do you think I'm going to take you back to America with me Saturday, and have all my friends in New York point their fingers at me, and call me—*The?*"

Who Started the Charleston?

[*Continued from page 16*]

twenty-week bookings. In a few weeks she was to set the languid Cuban planters weaving and dancing to the weird, pagan steps of the new dance she executed so well. Bee Jackson had danced her way to the top of the world as the proponent of a dance which is so new it has yet no history and no generally known beginnings—the Charleston.

You've seen it, whether you live in the densely populated areas of the big cities or in the mountains or along the fringe of the desert. It is everywhere.

Perhaps you've had an experience something like this. You are walking behind a couple of children. They move decorously. Then, suddenly one yields to an impulse that is almost spasmodic. His feet twist out, the heels flaring to the side and the toes turning in. Then heels and toes reverse position. His knees sway toward each other and stretch away. He gives voice to strange cries.

"Hey! Hey!"

His companion is as suddenly afflicted. He follows in identical movements. His voice comes out in an identical cry. The spasm passes. The children resume their dignified stride. No, that isn't the Saint Vitus dance. It's the Charleston, come to town over the mysterious grapevine telegraph that brings information to children and animals. This message has reached the two little victims whose gyrations you've just witnessed via the colored people.

IT IS a Negro dance. That is the one thing of which this investigator is sure after listening to the different people who claim credit for inventing or discovering the Charleston. There are as many inventors or discoverers of the dance as there are dancers, performers, dancing teachers, and stage directors. And every claimant is sincere.

Ned Wayburn, America's great teacher of dances that soothe the tired and pulchritude-seeking business man, declares he discovered and developed the Charleston. His claim has merit.

Elida Webb, dancer, teacher, and directress of dancing, a pretty young colored woman who produced and directed all the dancing in "Running Wild" and other Negro musical shows, declares she discovered and developed the Charleston. Her claim has equal merit.

These two are foremost of those who claim really to have discovered the Charleston. Of course there is the possibility that they may have discovered it simultaneously.

"There are musical comedy directors and ballet masters and jigging waiters and even trotting longshoremen all putting in bids for nomination to the Hall of Fame on the ground that they invented, discovered, or popularized the Charleston," says Mr. Wayburn.

"I was shown the first step in the Charleston by a young colored boy, about twelve years old, who was brought to me, when I was rehearsing 'The Follies,' by Sissle and Blake, the authors and composers of 'Shuffle Along,' the first of the recent stream of Negro musical shows.

"They told me that I could do what I wanted with the step in return for help I had given them in their production. With this simple step, the characteristic Charleston as a foundation, we developed the dance as it is known today. There are more than twenty variations including the ballroom movement we built on the fundamental step which the colored lad demonstrated. Later Sissle and Blake wrote the music for the dance which is played all over the world."

Miss Webb is a young woman so recently out of the chorus that she still can't believe it. She has the carriage, the poise and the instinct for dancing. She is slender with well-developed legs and a sweep of the body that comes from using it to rhythm. But greater than all these gifts is the priceless one she has of communicating them. She is a born teacher.

When Sissle and Blake's 'Shuffle Along' wended its hilarious way from Harlem to burst upon an astonished and delighted world it carried with it two numbers that were Miss Webb's creation. They were, 'Bandanna Days' and part of the Finale.

"The first time I saw the step that has since grown into the Charleston," Miss Webb told me, "was in Harlem late in 1922. The first person I saw do it was Mary Scurdy, my little ten-year-old niece, in her home in Harlem.

"She was kind of shuffling. She always is because she loves to dance. But I noticed that day that the shuffle she was doing was a very definite pattern which repeated itself.

" 'Where did you get that step?' I asked her.

" 'Oh, all the kids do it,' she said. "They call it the Charleston.'

" 'Show it to me,' I told her. 'Do it slowly.'

"It came to me in a flash. It seemed as though I half remembered it, probably a race memory. Our people have been dancing for ages. I inquired around about it. Nobody seemed to know much about the new step except that most of the children around Harlem were doing it. Fundamentally it really was simple, just two movements. These two movements are still the basis for the real Charleston, the single and the double steps. And, by the way, very few white people do the real Charleston. I would say after very careful consideration that there aren't more than five white women who do it correctly. And Bee Jackson is far and away the best of these.

"There seemed to be a very general impression among my people that the dance originated on the islands of Beaufort County off the Carolina coast. The "Buford" people have been featuring it at outings and picnics for years. It got to the mainland, probably carried there by Negro laborers or sailors, and spread among our people, coming forth via Charleston.

"Very early in the spring of 1923, 'Running Wild' went into production. I was handling the dancing and I introduced the Charleston by taking sixteen girls and three boys and showing them the fundamental steps.

"Working with the chorus the dance evolved almost as rapidly as I could think and the first Charleston that ever appeared on a stage contained fourteen different steps.

"The first stage Charleston was danced by these nineteen chorus people of mine to a simple rhythm made by clapping the hands twice against the beat and resting once between the claps on the beat. The chorus was almost perfected in the movements when James Johnson and Cecil Mack, after watching them, wrote the music and words of the 'Original Charleston.' This first Charleston tune has never been equaled for the dance and today it is even more popular than when it was first written.

"I think the Charleston is in the world to stay. It marches right along with jazz as distinctly American. It typifies the energy and the nervous force and the abandon with which America has taken its place as a leader in the dancing world. Like jazz, it has its origin among my people and authorities say the Negro is the basis of both American music and dancing."

If the widespread way in which this dance has swept the country is any indication of permanence, then Miss Webb is right. The Charleston is with us to stay. When it was first shown, audiences were captured by its speed and its eccentricity. But when it began to make its apologetic way onto the dance floor, it met with opposition.

The professional reformers, whom, like the rest of the poor of the human race, we have always with us, denounced it as immoral. They may have had some excuse for it because dances as unconventional as the shimmy and other movements featuring the torso took the alias of "Charleston" and shocked—while they thrilled—the beholders.

The Charleston burst upon a world of scanty skirts and voluminous trousers that resembled the long dresses woman had discarded. These, on the spindly shanks of that modern phenomenon, the cake-eater, waved in the high breeze engendered by the new dance's rapid movements. Suddenly it had caught on. Children found its step intriguing and easy to learn. They hopped and shuffled to it.

Society, that shadowy group of people with money or ancestors or both, "took it up" and began to storm the country's dancing masters for lessons. They caught the dancing masters unprepared, but that didn't matter. Most of them manufactured their own Charleston steps on the spot. That is the reason that there are today as many versions of the Charleston as there are communities.

Professional instructors were called upon to form new Charleston classes for society women, actresses, prima donnas and the *nouveau riche.* It found its way into that mirror of modern life, the moving picture, and stars came to them for inside tips on how to keep the heels apart, the toes together, while feet flew.

The Charleston began to have a casualty list. In Boston, a large but ancient dance hall wearily folded up its third floor under the endless stamps and the gutteral grunts of the new dance, and precipitated a ballroom full of dancers into the cellar below. The dead numbered twenty-seven, the wounded twice that number. In Brooklyn a young mother of four children, getting her brain signals mixed on New Year's Eve, cracked her right leg in two places while reversing her heels and toes doing the Charleston. Discontented wives left grateful husbands, giving as their reason the excitement engendered by dancing the Charleston with boy friends. But this should not be held against the new dance. It simply was a "different" reason for the doing of a thing as old as marriage. It's so hard to get into the newspapers nowadays.

ON THIS throbbing wave rode Bee Jackson. While the Charleston was still confined to the feet of the Negroes of Buford, a very small Miss Jackson was born in Brooklyn. She grew up, as children will, in the happy possession of an energetic mother. Mrs. Grace Jackson today is taken for the sister of the illustrious Bee and her other daughter Doris. While the children were growing up, Mrs. Jackson interested herself in a number of things, among which were farming and dog-raising.

Very early in life Mrs. Jackson's older daughter betrayed a penchant for dancing and, from the time she was four, spent quite a bit of her existence on her toes. They lived on a 120-acre farm just outside of New Brunswick, New Jersey. Bee created no furore in her school work. The Hartridge School in Plainfield and the Castle School in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson may point with pride to her as a former pupil, but they frankly admit that she studied only enough to "get by."

By 1922 she had decided to take up dancing as a profession and that same year she got a job in the Winter Garden chorus. Soon after that, falling under the eagle's eye of Ned Wayburn (who can pick a future star at a distance of five years) she became a Ziegfeld Folly.

Her dancing equaled her personal appearance. And her personal appearance equaled—well, take a look at her picture. Gilda Gray, Gilda of the rippling body, was one of the stars of the 1923 Follies, and the young chorus girl absorbed her every movement so well that Wayburn appointed her as Miss Gray's understudy.

But being an understudy to Gilda Gray, aside from the good exercise it entails, is one of the poorest roads to advancement known to the modern world. Miss Gray simply will not miss a performance. Ned Wayburn says she is one of the hardest and most conscientious workers in the theater, being approached in this respect by only one other dancer, Miss Beatrice Jackson.

Still, there's a lot to be said about "keeping everlastingly at it." If you work hard and you don't get a break in one place, you are sure to in another. Miss Jackson's chance came through Miss Gray. Gil Boag, in private life Mr. Gilda Gray, and the man who is really responsible for his wife's phenomenal success, had a cabaret. And Miss Gray came to Ned Wayburn for permission to allow six of the Follies girls to dance with her in her night club. One of the six was Bee Jackson.

The girl worked as hard as ever and she began to attract attention in a solo Hawaiian dance, which she did most adequately, although she was hardly "the type." There is at least one good thing about the night clubs of New York. They have turned out to be veritable gold mines for the discovery of new talent. The dancers are usually ambitious chorus girls who, working in the clubs after their shows close for the night, double their salaries. There is always a chance in them for a girl who "has something." She is encouraged to become a solo dancer. When Bee Jackson offered the Hawaiian dance, managers who had passed her up in the Follies as just another chorus girl began to notice her as a solo dancer. They assured her that, should she care to leave the Follies, they would find a place for her in their own shows.

Then in the fall of 1923 Bee went to the Colonial Theater to see "Running Wild." There she "caught" Miss Webb's creation, the Charleston. The following day saw her at the Colonial Theater again and the day after that found her begging Miss Webb to teach her the new dance.

"The first time I did the Charleston," Miss Jackson said. "I fell down several times because I hadn't learned to keep my balance. And the last time I fell I stayed there because I was exhausted."

In February, 1924, she introduced the Charleston in the Silver Slipper, a night club. The following fall she transferred to Tex Guinan's El Fey club and on December twenty-eighth went to the Club Richman. Her presence and the fame of her Charleston brought the customers flocking in from eleven o'clock at night till the wee hours of the morning.

BIG time vaudeville managers became interested. She accepted a booking over the Keith time and went out of New York. When she came back she found a note from Joe Marks of Montague Inc., London. Mr. Marks opined that it would be doing England a good turn to show it the Charleston. He offered her an eight-weeks contract at a thousand a week to do so. She signed the contract.

England, conservative and distrustful of anything new, frowned upon the new dance as barbaric. Even the tabloids were virtuous.

"I never," wrote one shocked press man, "saw a woman appear with so little on as Bee Jackson wears—or does not wear—when she dances the Charleston, the new American dance, at the Kit Kat Club. The dance is a barbaric thing having no meaning."

This naturally brought other Londoners to see the dance—and the dancer who wore so little—and business started to pick up. London frowned—and started to shuffle its feet. Lord and Lady Mountbatten, those two patrons of jazz and jazz dancing, gave their approval. The dance shuffled out of the Kit Kat and the Piccadilly into the streets of the East End and the American "Hey! Hey!" was translated to the "Eye! Eye!" of the cockney children. The Charleston had captured the city.

At the close of her engagement, Miss Jackson was offered another contract which would take her to Paris, Nice, Deauville, and Monte Carlo. But Mrs. Jackson, her mother and business manager, decided she needed a rest and they sailed back to America and a reception second only to the one accorded to Paul Whiteman, master of jazz, when he returned with England in his pocket.

Last winter she Palm Beached and Miamied at the expense of shrewd hotel managers who wished to offer the best to all the new-made millionaires of Florida. That is how Miss Jackson happened to be in the hotel ballroom with which this article opened. When she left the floor that night, the Charleston had come to Florida's winter colony to stay. The dancer and her sister Doris had offers from resorts all the way down to Havana, and they were on the crest of a wave of popularity that shows no signs yet of letting up.

This summer they sailed to Europe again, to visit the high points along the Riviera. And as you read this, Bee Jackson is still Charlestoning on top of the world.

Showboat Days and Night

[*Continued from page 75*]

and numbered with their seats. The doorman, the "heavy" was doubling this part, tore the tickets in half, returning the stubs to the patron. Members of the cast, acting as ushers, escorted the people to their seats.

"Our prices," explained the captain, "range from forty cents for the balcony, sixty for down-stairs, seventy-five for the first fifteen rows, up to a dollar for the boxes. In the old days they used to get in for ten and fifty cents.

"Norman Thom, over on the *Princess*, tells a funny incident of one time he played up the Kentucky River. They made a landing one day at a small place and found a farmer and seven kids waiting for the boat. They had walked twelve miles and they hung around all day to see the show. When leaving that night the farmer informed Thom that it was the first show he had seen in twenty-five years. He said he never enjoyed anything so much in his life. The *Princess*, being a small boat, can get farther up the rivers than we do, and they get to see some queer characters. But even we get our share."

So we had noticed. The general type of people boarding the boat were those to be found in any small Kentucky village, ranging from the church deacon to the village loafer. There were men in overalls and working shirts, small-town sheiks in gaudy "campus cut" togs, and older men cleanly dressed. The women were far neater than the men, some attired in clean gingham aprons, others in summery frocks.

Inside the theater it was pretty well crowded by now, with a continual stream arriving, promising a packed house. The quietness and decorum of a city theater was missing. Here they were all talking, visiting, standing up in the aisle to wave at neighbors.

The candy sale began. This is the big side-line for the boat owners, many of the smaller boats meeting all expenses by the candy sales. The candy, consisting of kisses or chocolate creams, comes in pasteboard boxes in which are hidden prizes. And such prizes! They run the gauntlet from wooden whistles and paper butterflies to silk stockings, beaded bags, embroidered spreads, cameras, and field glasses.

THE sales are made by the actors, who carry a case filled with the boxes strapped to their sides. They start at the front of the theater, pausing for an announcement by one salesman, who describes the contents dramatically. The salesmen have special boxes planted with large prizes.

There is a bit of psychology in the candy sale, for besides being a money-maker for the manager it gets the audience in a good humor, one of the most essential things of the theater.

All this had taken plenty of time. The first people had started coming at six and here it was after eight. There is no stated curtain time, the captain holding the show up until all the crowd that can get in is seated. The audience was now ready for the show and they did not hesitate in letting the world know about it, clapping their hands and stamping their feet.

The orchestra, piano and drums in this case, sometimes aided by a clarinet or cornet, if one of the actors is able to play, opened with the overture. All managers look back to the good old days on the boats when they carried a full band, with all the bandmen doubling orchestra or stage. Musicians come too high, nowadays, and the managers have to be satisfied with what they can get. The drummer was in make-up, ready for a quick dash to the stage. At the final crash of the cymbals he dived through the door back of the pit.

Then the curtain went up on the first act and all levity departed from the audience. They were solemn and quiet, absorbed in the drama being unfolded before their eyes. The showboat patrons are not like their bored brothers in the cities but are as intensely interested as children. They hiss the villain and applaud the hero and heroine. The antics of Billy Bryant, as a blackface servant, sent them into uproars of delight. You who are acquainted with the stage version of "Over the Hill" will wonder where the blackface servant comes in. This was a special touch of hokum added for the benefit of the river people.

The river people, as much a type as New Englanders or Westerners, want their drama real, with virtue always and finally triumphant. Added to their drama they demand doses of slapstick comedy, such as Bryant was dishing out to them. They do not want psychology plays, nor do they crave sex or ultra-modern shows. Plays such as "Over the Hill," "From Rags to Riches," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Spooks," "Blue Ridge Mountains," "The Crimson Nemesis" are their meat. Some boats also give them comedies, such as "Andy Gump" or "The Country Boy."

Pandemonium reigned at the end of the act. The audience showed their appreciation by stamping their feet, whistling, and hand-clapping. In the midst of it all could be heard snatches of sound from the piano.

The curtain rolled up again, this time for the specialities, the vaudeville given between each act. This act consisted of the villain and his wife, doing a singing and dancing bit, interpolating a few jokes. The audience, although recognizing him as the villain, applauded his jokes and songs. This seemed inconsistent, especially right after they had been hissing him, but it seemed perfectly natural to the audience.

All the actors do specialties, such as playing musical instruments, doing a monolog, or song and dance bits. The acts are not exactly big-time vaudeville, the comedy is pure hokum, but the audience enjoys every minute of it. Every act got a big hand, the actors counting with joy the number of encores they got. Even the negro fireman did an eccentric dance.

So the play went on for its three acts. Mrs. Bryant, gray-haired, tragic, now in the poorhouse, did a superb bit, crying real tears. The women in the audience, sharing her woes, permitted tear-drops to creep out of their eyes, to be hastily dabbed away. The villain was brought to justice, the mother, son, and his sweetheart were reunited. The final curtain came down to a literal storm of applause.

Outside on the landing there was a traffic jam, with the cars all trying to climb the hill at once. Except for the surroundings it was like an after-the-theater crowd in the cities. On the river side the Ohioans were jamming aboard the ferry for the trip home. Slowly the last of the audience departed and the theater lights died out. The actors took off their make-ups, still in their costumes, and gathered back in the galley of the pushboat for a light lunch. Then in the delightful cool of a summer night we sat in the greenroom, while a fresh breeze swept through, bringing relief after the closeness of the packed theater.

We listened to the yarns of the actors or to the radio, at peace with the world. Just before the lights were turned out for the night we went to our stateroom, up front on the showboat. Sleep came quickly, aided by a lullaby of restless water lapping against the boat's sides, and the faint tinkle of a banjo far off down the river.

She Swims a Mile a Day

[*Continued from page 142*]

the child who comes shyly to her has a foot that drags or a hip that isn't quite strong. Then she works with the child until it is able to swim in spite of its affliction.

Her results with crippled children have been remarkable. A crippled child, she points out, will use in swimming a foot or a leg that it will protect in walking. The child must use it to swim and in spite of itself the limb gets needed exercise and gradually grows stronger and stronger. Before long the child begins to use it in walking as well as in swimming.

One little girl had been under a doctor's care and was a pupil in the crippled children's school. After she had been swimming awhile, the doctor, not knowing about the swimming lessons, pronounced her cured. And the crippled children's school discharged her from its roll.

"Children," Mrs. Burnap says, "learn to swim more quickly than do grown-ups. But I have seen older women learn quickly too. One woman of forty came in not long ago and learned to swim in one evening. I like to teach children because they are so willing to learn and so anxious to do what they are told."

The children of Mrs. Burnap's pool are from the tenement districts of New York and they come in flocks to the cool waters of the pool. The two requirements are that they have a one-piece gray bathing-suit and that they take a bath with soap and water before they enter the pool. Mrs. Burnap sees to it that the rules are obeyed. The remarkable part of it is that the children worship her in spite of, or perhaps because of, her strictness in enforcing rules.

Last summer just for a bit of exercise, and perhaps to show a skeptical world what a sixty-year-old woman can do, Mrs. Burnap entered a swimming meet at Coney Island. Be it known that on her Sundays off during the summer this woman had been doing her daily mile in the ocean near that famous resort. So when the meet was announced Mrs. Burnap entered among dozens of youngsters who had been training all summer for the speed and endurance necessary to swim the distance from Sea Gate to Coney Island.

It was just for the fun of it that she entered, says this remarkable woman. She did not expect to win anything. But to her own surprise she came in tenth and walked off with a medal and a loving cup.

"I am not a speed swimmer," she explains, "but I can swim my mile or mile and a quarter easily and I could do two miles without tiring. It's just like walking if you know how to swim and breathe properly. So it is no more tiring to swim two miles than to walk two miles.

"There is no better exercise than swimming. And when it is done regularly it is the best method for reducing I know of. I have seen girls come in weighing nearly two hundred pounds and after swimming their half mile or so every day for a time, go out weighing only a little more than a hundred pounds. And they didn't need to diet either."

A good swimmer to Mrs. Burnap is as delightful as a rare painting to a connoisseur. And a good swim is as refreshing and invigorating to her as a good night's sleep to the average American.—RUTH BROWNLOW.

The Great Sham

[*Continued from page 33*]

"That—er—that isn't necessary, is it?" he asked. "I mean, suppose anything happened to me—and I had rather a twinge of rheumatism this morning."

"You say you're going to ride the horse, you're the best rider in Canada, and I'm offering you a wager that you couldn't get and will not get on the course."

And now the company knew just why Mr. Mark Martin had been invited to dinner, and why the girl had been placed by him. He must either refuse, humiliate her hopelessly and be completely and finally exposed, or he must save his face at the cost of two thousand pounds. He looked left and right as though seeking a way of escape.

"I'll take your wager, Mr. Morsel," he said loudly.

"You can make it eighteen thousand to three thousand if you like," suggested Morsel.

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes never moving from the face of the Great Sham.

"I'll take that!"

"There you are," Mr. Morsel beamed; "there you are, my boy! You've made eighteen thousand pounds! If I don't pay you," he said jovially, "you can post me at the Paddock Club!"

And that, for the girl, was the tragedy of the evening.

MARK drove her back in his car to their little cottage. Colonel Desboro sat behind and brooded on the vanity of youth. As for Joan, she did not speak until he helped her alight from the machine.

"Why did you do it, Mark?" she asked, and he knew from her voice that she was really hurt.

"I am awfully sorry, but I had to do it, my dear."

When Colonel Desboro had gone in, she lingered.

"Mark, why did you tell father—" She did not finish the sentence.

"About not asking you until the Cup was run?"

She nodded; her face in the moonlight was very pale, and he thought he had never seen her look so eerily beautiful.

"Is there any reason—why I should not—bear your name?" she asked.

"There is—yes," he answered awkwardly. "But I think that reason will not exist after Boxing Day."

The authorities invariably drafted large forces of police to Wolverston for the races, and they were needed to control the crowd which flocked up to Knights Field, where they were held. An unclouded blue sky, an invigorating, frosty morning, and the little stands and paddock were crowded; the field where the motors were parked was black with shining roofs.

Joan did not see The Sham until after the second race, and then, with a groan, she noted that, although he was wearing his jockey breeches and boots, he walked with a limp.

"It's nothing," he said, almost savagely. "I knocked my knee getting into the car."

"You won't be able to ride?"

"I think so," he was almost brusk.

Mr. Morsel, in his big tweed coat with the fur collar, was also an amused observer of the limp. He saw Mark disappear into the stewards' room and laughed softly.

Aethel was never at her best on a cold day. Her nose had a tendency to redden in the northern breezes. But there was a very good reason why she, who never went even to point-to-point meetings because of this disability, which even a powder-puff would not overcome, should have an interest in the Christmas Cup. For Mr. Mark Martin was to give her an additional wedding present. It is true he did not know that his three thousand pounds would be invested in the most luxurious and expensive of motorcars, but that, indeed, was its destination. Moreover, she had a very natural and proper desire to be present on the occasion of the great exposure.

"He has gone in to tell the stewards he can't ride, and by Jove, he's only just in time!" said Morsel, for already the riders were coming from the weighing-room, their gaudy caps showing incongruously above heavy overcoats and turned-up collars.

But Mr. Martin said nothing to the stewards about his inability to ride. He interviewed the three stewards and they accepted certain alterations which he suggested.

"It's too late to alter it on the card or even on the number-board. You'll have to go out as you are," said the senior steward. "Have you notified the hunt committee of the change in accordance with the rules?"

"Yes," said Mark, and showed the letter he had received from the august secretary of National-Hunt racing.

"That's all right," said the steward. "You'd better hurry up; the saddling bell will be ringing in a few minutes. Have you weighed out?"

Mark smiled.

"Yes, I've weighed out," he said, and, to the everlasting amazement of Mr. Morsel he came out from the weighing-room swinging his whip, limping a little, but showing no other sign of perturbation.

Mr. Morsel watched like a man in a dream, and saw him swing up on the back of the big chestnut. He cantered down to the post and did not fall off. When the flag fell he was the first away, heading his field by half a length. The preliminary fence was an easy one, but it was sufficiently difficult to make an inexperienced rider fall. So far from falling, Mark seemed part of the horse. He overleaped his protagonists at every fence, and took the water jump in his stride.

Joan stood by her father on a farm wagon, open-mouthed, amazed, dreaming, she thought, so that she pinched herself. But she was wide-awake. Lumber was leading by a field. He hopped the last two fences like a bird and cantered up the straight an easy winner by a distance.

Mr. Morsel said nothing. He was incapable of speech. He could only stare, in a mad kind of way, as, with a smile on his brown face, Martin touched his hat to the applauding fox-hunters. And then, "I've been caught," he said hollowly.

But he sent his check that night. The check had been cleared when he met Mark Martin, and would have passed with a glare but Mark stopped him.

"I think you ought to know, Mr. Morsel," he said, "that I raced in an assumed name."

"Eh?" said Morsel, suddenly alert. "That isn't allowed under the rules."

"The horse was not nominated in my name, but in the name of my trainer," said Mark quietly, "and at the last minute I notified the Hunt Committee that I was not Mark Martin, but Mark Martin Jones, and received permission to ride."

"Jones?" The name had a familiar ring.

"You knew a brother of mine—Ferdie. He's on my ranch now in Canada, Morsel. He had the effrontery to fall in love with your daughter, and you cleared up that entanglement by taking four thousand pounds from him at a card game he knew nothing about. I'm not saying it wasn't a straight game; I'm merely stating a bald fact. I am sending him four out of the eighteen thousand you so kindly gave me." He emphasized, "gave." "And it was a gift, Mr. Morsel." There was a smile in the eyes that met the glare of the infuriated man. "You see, I am the best amateur rider in Canada. By the way, did you enjoy your morning in the riding school? That was the fourth occasion on which I tried to lure you in—you hadn't noticed me before. Four is my lucky number!"

Mr. Morsel waved his hands wildly, gurgled something and passed on.

"I STILL don't realize," said Joan that night, "what was the dreadful secret you had to tell me. Why shouldn't I bear your name?"

He shook his head with gentle melancholy.

"Jones!" he said.

"And a very nice name," she said with conviction.

Her Roses Are Good to Eat

[*Continued from page 144*]

ready for shipment, another problem had to be met. The first container had been a failure. Not finding a proper shipping carton at any near-by store, the versatile woman invented a pasteboard container of her own design. It was somewhat on the order of an egg carton, each flower having a separate little compartment of its own. This worked satisfactorily and there were no more smashed flowers.

THE first shipment, in fact, was so satisfactory that it brought in a batch of re-orders. Mrs. McKusick had to constitute herself a double shift factory force. Far into the night she would toil by the light of her one kerosene lamp. Each day's work once started, you see, had to be finished then and there. Violets, for instance, if left over to the next day, would be wilted and useless.

So great was the pressure that the mother had to call on her ten-year-old son to help out occasionally. To keep the little fellow awake she would sing to him and get him to join in the refrain. When she finally felt able to start taking on paid assistants she had to train green helpers at the start. Through all sorts of troubles Mrs. McKusick struggled along. Trays of candied flowers would be dropped, smashing the work of several days. Batches of flowers would wilt before they could be candied. But in the end she succeeded in establishing a regular routine of operations and the venture began to take on the aspect of a real business.

Now Mrs. McKusick has a little manufacturing business which is financially successful and which ships candied flowers all over America and to many cities in Europe. Her factory is only thirty-six by twenty feet, but it is equipped with all sorts of appliances most of which she has worked out herself, and the work is done by expert assistants whom she has trained. At one time she even went into the business of growing some of the flowers she uses, particularly the Princess violet. But after three years of distressing failures, only twelve of the plants she had set out and worked on, lived and blossomed.

Nevertheless the flowers in which Pasadena abounds keep her business steadily increasing. The unique confections which she manufactures include roses, double and single, and the baby rose, carnations, California poppies, violets, sweet peas, syringas, peach and almond blossoms, rose petals, pond lilies, and orchids, perfectly preserved in all their delicate colorings. They are used to decorate cakes, ices, creams, jellies, cards, etc.

At the factory workroom, gift boxes filled with these candied sweets and decorated with Kate Greenaway figures are prepared by competent helpers. It may be interesting to know that only perfect blossoms can be used. From a hedge of Cecil Bruner roses which was four blocks long, only a few blossoms could be found suitable to preserve. Pure vegetable colorings are used at this factory to produce the exact shades. Only the violet has artificial color substance, but all the flowers are edible.

Visitors are shown with pride a Cherokee rose which was candied seventeen years ago. It looks fresh and is unbroken, but when compared with Mrs. McKusick's recent work it is evident that she has made tremendous progress in her art. For it is an art, and an art hitherto unknown, which this woman has created.

So it is fitting that she should have received a double reward. Her modern two-story home stands as a monument to her success as the inventor of a new commercial product. And recognition of her artistic ability is represented by the gold medal awarded her at the exposition held in San Francisco.

—IRENE FESSENDEN.

The Most Pestered Man in America

[*Continued from page 143*]

sleep. Why? Because the telephone rang thirty-eight times! I counted them. Then, way after midnight, somebody came to my door in the hotel and pounded for fifteen minutes. I did not get up. I was too tired. Anyway, why should I have to get up? No other man would stand for the things I have to suffer. I cannot stand it, either."

Just then a stranger approached.

"How do you do, Mr. Volstead," the latter began. He, too, sought an interview.

"Oh, you . . ." With a half smothered cry the aged dry leader tottered from his chair, rushed at the man and shoved him feebly with both hands. The attempt to push him away was so weak as to seem ludicrous had it not been so tragic. For in that childish outburst was epitomized the futility, so it seemed to those who observed, of the law brought forth by him who now sought to defend it.

Stammering an apology a moment later, the wan champion of the drys collapsed weakly into a chair.

"I am not well," he admitted. Mr. Coles and Major Haynes soothed him. The tired eyes ceased to smolder with that antagonistic glint. But the deep lines of his face and the hollow cheeks seemed the more pronounced. In every move was betrayed nervousness.

Seven years of ridicule have left their mark, but the last three have been the worst. Mr. Volstead is not the fiery old warrior who left Congress three years ago, defeated but defiant.

"I want to be fair to all," he explained when asked why he shunned publicity. "The only way I can do so is not to talk to any one. I am not in public life any more. I am only the attorney for the enforcement agent in St. Paul, Minn. Why should just a plain lawyer be bothered so much?"

"Mr. Volstead, there is public interest in you. Everybody in this country wants to see a picture of the man who drew up the prohibition act. Here are the photographers. Will you pose for us?" As the request was made the old Norse temper rose again.

"Not in twenty years have I had my photograph taken!" Bang! Down came the Volstead heel on the floor and three times he shouted, "No, No, No!"

In all the years he has been engaged in public affairs Andrew Volstead has not learned that little trick of when it is wise to concede a point and when it is policy to resist. It was another five minutes before the combined pleas of Major Haynes and Attorney Coles as well as the photographers could bring him to face the cameras. And then he consented only after his two associates had posed with him first.

Mr. Volstead refused to say anything about the stand of the Church Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church, favoring a modification of the Prohibition Act. Neither would he comment upon a report that he wanted a halt put to the use of alcohol for rubdown purposes.

"You can't make me speak. I have a purpose. I say something and it is twisted."

His return to the East was occasioned by the need, as he saw it, of vigorous action against the increasing withdrawals of alcohol for commercial uses. He has taken a leading part in the effort to have permits refused to certain manufacturers and for almost a week a legal battle raged in Federal Judge Oliver B. Dickinson's court. In the end the government's pleas were denied.

Andrew J. Volstead had lost again.

—CY PETERMAN.

Why We Get on Each Other's Nerves

[*Continued from page 68*]

"To a greater or lesser degree we all live on the regard of others. One person feels that he will be thought less of if he reveals his real feelings and weaknesses to another person. Therefore concealment of real opinions and feelings is the habitual attitude of all people. Not only do we fear the risk of exposing our thoughts and feelings to others, we often conceal them from ourselves because they do not conform to our ego ideal. Thus we are so easily offended at a slight criticism or comment from others. We are always on the defensive, protecting our weaknesses from disclosure.

"A person may conceal his real thoughts and feelings because he is afraid of hurting another person. How often have you thought, 'Jane's tongue is sharp and biting,' or 'John exaggerates so, you can believe only half he says.' But how often have you told Jane and John what you think or feel? You probably laugh at Jane's witticisms, and you probably listen attentively to John's stories. You may even be unaware of your distrust and disapproval. Under such conditions your real, unexpressed opinions and emotions accumulate and are stored in your unconscious mind.

"PROBABLY you have not realized this. You have thought of your mind as a whole—as that part of you which thinks and is aware of itself. This is only the smallest part of the mind. Of far greater importance is that vast region of mind of which you are entirely unaware—the Unconscious. It reveals its content in dreams, in intuitions, in impulsive acts that you cannot explain, and in slips of the tongue when you say something that you are at loss to account for and then have to correct your mistake quickly.

"The Unconscious is the storehouse for unexpressed feelings, unsolved problems, and ungranted wishes; for the various impressions and reactions that have occurred without conscious knowledge. In addition, the Unconscious includes our racial inheritance, the instincts and impulses belonging to the primitive man.

"Now, it is this unrecognized part of ourselves which in one form or another breaks through and influences our conduct and reactions. All the unexpressed ill feelings in a relationship accumulate and manifest themselves in a resistance to the other person. For instance, your disapproval of Jane's biting tongue is there—in your Unconscious, even if you ignore it in your consciousness—a wall barring frank interchange of opinions between you and Jane, with the result that all unknown to your conscious mind deception creeps into the friendship.

"Our great tendency is to project the cause of our dissatisfaction on to an external object, sometimes on to circumstances, but more often on to the other person.

"Frequently the parties to an intimate relationship, two close friends, husband and wife, or parent and child come separately to my office and tell me exactly the same story, except for the fact that they put the responsibility on to the other person.

"One young woman's story ran like this: 'My husband is very difficult to live with. He finds fault with me all the time. When I embroider he resents it. When I play the piano he bangs the typewriter. In order to have any freedom, occasionally I pretend to have severe headaches and shut myself up in my room.'

"After hearing her story I felt that I had a knowledge of the situation at least. But the next day the husband came to see me.

"His story was as follows: 'My wife is forever on my back. She has no consideration. When I want to read my paper she persists in getting out her embroidery, and she always chatters when she embroiders. I've gotten so I can't bear to see a piece of it in the house. When I have typing to do she is sure to go to the piano and begin to sing. The only comfort I enjoy of an evening is when she gets a headache and goes to her room. Then I can have the living-room to myself.'

"In relating the situation, each, you see, attributed the lack of harmony to the other party."

"Just what is necessary before we can hope for harmony in our relationships?" I asked Doctor Hinkle.

"The first step is self-awareness; the second, a greater understanding of other people," she answered.

These steps are not easy, but they are possible. Doctor Hinkle in her fifteen years of psychoanalytic experience has verified the saying that no two persons are alike. Nevertheless she has found that people readily fall into more or less well-defined groups which form distinct psychological types. Of these there are two major divisions—the extravert and the introvert.

These two terms are quite clear, once you get the gist of them, and are not nearly so technical as they sound.

The word extravert means literally to turn out. We all know people who are intensely absorbed in the objects of the external world. They have a positive attitude toward life, go confidently to meet it with the feeling of "What others do I can do." They feel at home in the world, easily identify themselves with an object and are generally unconscious of themselves as entities separate from it. Many of our energetic business men are *turned out*, are extraverts.

Also we all know people who are more concerned with ideas and with themselves than with the affairs of the world. They are self-conscious, never lose themselves in objects, except in moments of exaltation or intense excitement. They are quiet, outwardly unemotional, and they look upon the world thoughtfully, soberly, and with distrust. They feel separate and distinct from it. They act only after they have laid well-thought-out plans. They are governed by their thoughts of a thing, rather than by the thing itself. They literally *turn in* toward their own egos. They are introverts. In this type are found most of the theorists, philosophers, and religious reformers of the world.

Doctor Hinkle characterizes Theodore Roosevelt, the dynamic and spontaneous man of action, as one of the most outstanding figures of the extravert type, and Woodrow Wilson, the deliberate thinker, with his policy of watchful waiting before he committed himself to action, as an outstanding example of the introvert type.

Now what are we? What are our husbands, wives, children, friends, business associates?

Would it help us in our relationships if we knew?

"Most assuredly it would," says Doctor Hinkle. "For if we know the type to which a person belongs it is possible to know something of what to expect from him. Then we will not demand something he can not live up to. Knowledge of our own type and of the types of our neighbors should make us less exacting with others and more exacting with ourselves."

This knowledge, however, isn't acquired just by reading a magazine article or a book on psychology. Human beings are very complex. Doctor Hinkle's experience in analyzing people has shown her that there are great differences in character traits and reactions among both introverts and extraverts. These differences have caused her to subdivide the two groups into groups known as objective introverts and extraverts, and subjective introverts and extraverts.

The objective types are represented by those people for whom the world they can know with their senses is the only world there is. They are unaware that there are values of which they have no comprehension. The subjective types live in a world of ideals and images quite separate from the world of external reality. They are under the necessity of living in two worlds and adapting themselves to both. They represent the most complex individuals and the most creative personalities and are the least understood.

I asked Doctor Hinkle if people sought analysis as a means of helping them in business.

"A great many do," she answered. "The head of a large textile house came not long ago to ask my advice concerning his foreman who was a valuable man. He wanted to promote him to the position of superintendent, but hesitated. The man understood the business thoroughly. He did excellent work at times, but at other times he was moody, took little interest, and showed poor judgment. 'Do I dare to promote him?' his employer asked me. 'Will he rise to meet the added responsibility, or will he fail under it?'

"From his detailed description and specific instances of reactions, I diagnosed the foreman as an introvert of the emotional type. The employer came to see that the man needed understanding, that his reactions were due to certain problems of his type and were not personal and that he needed treatment accordingly. The result was that he regarded his foreman with greater tolerance. He discussed the problem with him frankly, intelligently. Finally the foreman came to *see* himself. He braced up, made an earnest effort to overcome his inadequacies. After months of probation he won the promotion."

This is bringing up to date with a vengeance the ancient Greek saying, "Know Thyself," which was ascribed to seven different philosophers and which was inscribed on the Delphic oracle as the sum of human wisdom.

NOW we can not immediately put our fingers on our friends and associates, even on ourselves, and say, "You're this type, or you're that type, and I know how you're going to act." Even experts like Doctor Hinkle can not do that. For often one type unconsciously imitates another type. A person tries to be like some one he knows and admires. For instance, a child may imitate a parent and try to behave accordingly when in reality he is of an opposite type to the parent, thus warping his own capacities and interfering with his development.

Doctor Hinkle tells of one case. A boy, the son of a successful business man and an energetic mother was a great admirer of his father. As a youngster his mother kept impressing on him that he must "grow up to be like daddy." Always his parents held before him the future of becoming a member of his father's firm.

He was naturally a shy, unsocial child, but because his father was a sportsman he forced himself to take part in the athletics at school, forced himself to play with the boys. He lived in the city winters, but spent his summers on his grandfather's farm. It was to these vacations he looked forward with the greatest pleasure. Then he could play by himself and help his grandmother make gardens. He was rather ashamed of the pleasure he took in gardening. His father disapproved and thought it womanish, so the boy never let himself become absorbed in it.

He got along fairly in school, but only fairly. Since he was to enter the firm, when it came time for him to go to college he enrolled for a course in finance. He struggled through it. Upon his graduation he was taken into his father's business. He worked hard, but did not make the progress his father had hoped for. He showed no ingenuity, no ability to put through deals. Other young men in his father's employ received promotions; he plodded.

About this time he married. His wife was a successful business woman. She insisted that he did not belong in the business world and brought him to consult with Doctor Hinkle. In the process of analysis Doctor Hinkle found that he was an emotional introvert son of simple extravert parents. Unconsciously he had always wanted to create something. He had a brooding, artistic temperament, but because of his admiration for his father he had developed what psychologists call a father identification, and had patterned his life after his father's when in reality he was of an opposite psychological type.

He found the solution of his problem in his early love for gardening. Much to the disappointment of his parents he left the business world. He and his wife took a little place in the country. He studied landscape gardening, and today he is noted for his hybrids of roses. He is functioning successfully within his own psychological type.

"Many people have not attained definite type distinction," says Doctor Hinkle. "Go into one of the typical chain restaurants of New York at the lunch hour. What do you see? Groups of chattering girls from department stores and silk factories, powdering noses, all talking with the same inflection, all talking about the same things. They get up and go out. Another lot comes in; again the same procedure, chatter, powder, the same inflections, the same subjects of conversation. If you did not know differently you would think that it was still the first lot of girls. They are mostly not differentiated into any type organization. They have not risen out of the collective mass into the individual type distinction. They are neither one type nor the other type, only a bundle of impulses and desires swaying this way and that. Their behavior and reactions are entirely a hit or miss affair.

"The tragedy of human beings is that the great majority of individuals are not adapted to the stress and flux of our modern life. There is so little self-knowledge or ability for self-direction, just a blind stumbling and an automatic functioning.

"When one is functioning within one's type the process is also automatic. However, it conforms to one's own tendencies, and therefore it is simpler than when one tries to function according to an opposite method. An awakened person learns that in order to become a completely developed individual he needs to go beyond his type. He learns to discipline himself and to develop consciously processes of the opposite type so that instead of repressing his own tendencies he gains the values of both types. For example, an extraverted type, or one who is functioning through an extraverted mechanism, a man continually busy with things—business, athletics, lodges, pleasure—learns to say 'No' to the endless call of diversion. He learns to take time to think and to develop a harmonious relation with himself. On the other hand, an introvert who creates wonderful phantasies and carefully thinks out schemes which he is unable to accomplish learns to *act*—to give out to the world, and to actually achieve the things he has pondered upon.

"How many of us know the person who settles back in the smug attitude of 'I am what I am. I will continue to be what I am, and that's all there is to it.' Such an attitude is deadly and fallacious. Akin to it is the remark you often hear people make, 'I am just like my father,' or 'I am just like my mother.' They think that such an explanation justifies their conduct. As a matter of fact they have never taken the trouble to find out what they are and what other traits they might develop to their own advantage and the advantage of others.

"JUST becoming conscious of what we should do is not enough. A real *inner* work must be done. Instead of a repression, a change in our automatic processes and in our thoughts must take place. Unfortunately the technique of psychoanalysis cannot be used by a person alone. The greatest care is required in its application or real injury can be done. Nevertheless it is only through analytic experience that we are able to release ourselves from the inhibitions and repressions that retard us.

"All persons try to escape from facing facts. They are so often unpleasant and contrary to our idealistic notions. One of the first things an analyst has to deal with is this attempt to escape. 'I'll forget that,' you say figuratively, and shove your unpleasant experiences out of your conscious mind. But your unconscious mind never forgets, and your problems and troubles are apt to force an expression in the form of some symbolic act or symptom."

In spite of our struggles and gropings in our relationships Doctor Hinkle is optimistic with regard to the possibilities for harmony.

"If two people are equally desirous and set about it intelligently almost any human relationship can be solved," she says. "A frank and open threshing out of the difficulty as far as we can see it helps immeasurably.

"Even one person may accomplish a great

deal if he sees himself clearly with relation to the problem. For instance, a woman came to me greatly disturbed. 'My husband is dominating,' she told me. 'I can never please him. He wants to absorb me. I feel that I am in a prison. I'll have to do the best I can while the children are little. As soon as they get older, I'm going to leave.'

"I listened to her story, and as we proceeded with the analysis I saw that the situation was to a large extent of her own making. Many of her grievances were trivial. She had enlarged them by phantasy concerning them, and had projected on to her husband something of the subjective attitude of irritation due to her own weaknesses which she herself held. Thus she provoked clashes between them, and an accumulated resentment resulted.

"I felt that when she came to see *herself* clearly she would meet the problem. However, I could not tell her this. She was not ready to react favorably. Therefore I listened and did not criticize, did not intimate that I knew from her own story and attitude that she was the major cause of the trouble. This I knew she would eventually recognize.

"The beginning of analysis consists in the patient's recounting his life history with special emphasis on the particular problem for which he seeks a solution. By his manner of telling what he knows, by his lapses and other indications he reveals to the analyst things that he doesn't know. Through the guidance of the analyst his unconscious mind gives forth casual connections and attitudes that he does not suspect exist. All these he relates to the analyst who acts as a kind of mirror, reflects the patient to himself. Gradually he begins to *see* himself—to understand. And as he becomes aware that his own inadequate development is the chief cause of the trouble and that failure or success really rests with himself he begins to react differently to his problems.

"This particular patient came to me over a period of two years. Gradually we stopped discussing her domestic relations. Her repressed and overcharged resentment had become dissipated. She gained a different attitude and no longer spent her time dwelling on grievances. She met the situation adequately because she had come to know herself. And her problem wasn't there! Her relationship with her husband had become amicable."

The difference between masculine and feminine psychology has been blamed for a great many of the difficulties in human relationships.

"It is responsible in a large number of cases," says Doctor Hinkle. "However, too much weight is laid on the shoulders of sex and not enough on the differences in psychological types.

"All close relationships are difficult. They are most difficult between persons of opposite types. Take a marriage between an extravert and an introvert, for instance. These opposite types attract and complement each other, for each symbolizes what the other lacks. Nevertheless a harmonious intimate relationship between the two is all but impossible because their processes of thought and action are on an entirely different basis. We react against other people merely because they are not like us. An introvert husband sees in his extravert wife the qualities of adaptability and interest in things which he lacks. She thus causes him to feel inferior and because these qualities represent his inferior side, he thinks the qualities themselves are inferior. On the other hand his wife belittles his qualities of thoughtfulness and inwardness, looks upon him as a bore, because she thinks his world inferior to hers.

"A relationship between people of the same type is also difficult because each feels too much sameness in the other. However, there is a basis for understanding between the two. Each functions according to the same psychological mechanism.

"THE simple types disturb each other less, but they are often dull. When a person of a subjective type marries one belonging to an objective or simple type he always has a sense of something lacking. The simple type can't enter his world of ideas and fancies. This is one of the factors that brings about dissembling. He pretends that he is satisfied in order not to hurt his wife's feelings, and vice versa. He knows that she will not understand his need. Therefore in order to effect a real relationship it is necessary for the more limited individual to make an effort to meet the other.

"There is no law as to the predominating influence in forming relationships. Simple types marry simple types. Extraverts marry extraverts. Introverts marry introverts, and they all marry their opposites. It all depends upon the psychic condition of the individual at the time the association is formed.

"Two great forces dominate all human relationships—love, and the egotistic 'will to power.' Sooner or later the love of one person for the other clashes with his own individual needs and struggle for power. It is this clash that often sends people flying apart, or that forces one or both of the partners into submission for the sake of peace at any price.

"An impulsive breaking off of relations provides no solution. It leaves the individuals in just the state of inadequate development that they were before.

"Neither does peace at any price solve the problem. A tragic example illustrating this is that of an elderly couple I know. The husband is seventy, the wife eighty. He is still an active man engaged in a business in which he has achieved success and power. The wife is an invalid, deaf and weak. As soon as the man

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..

GENE SARAZEN'S *Golfing Feet*

"Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away," writes Gene Sarazen.

"But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day's going on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a Blue-jay."

In every walk of life, where feet are essential to fame and fortune, Blue-jay is the preferred method for vanquishing corns. A cool and velvety pad fits over the corn and relieves the pressure and pain at once. Then the corn goes—unless unusually stubborn. But even the most obstinate corn seldom needs more than a second plaster . . . . . At all drug stores.

Blue=jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

©1926

comes home all his independence and freedom are lost. He becomes servile and yields to his wife's every whim. To him she is a ruthless tyrant; to her he is a weak, ineffectual man who must be told what to do. They have clung together all these years, each becoming more extreme in the opposite way, and each undermining and destroying the other.

"It is only through effort and pain that a really creative relationship is formed, when love is used as an agent of individual freedom rather than a tie which produces the repression of that freedom."

I asked Doctor Hinkle what she thought of the present-day antagonism between the sexes.

"There's no more antagonism than there ever was," she answered. "Today it is uncovered because women have become articulate. They are no longer satisfied to be identified with their husbands to the extent they were seventy-five years ago. This articulateness is the result of woman's long struggle to emerge as a person separate from her collective biological functions as wife and mother.

"MEN are decrying the modern woman. 'Give us the old-fashioned woman,' they say. 'What is to become of us and our children? In the past the female has been submissive and dependent.' Today the men are bewildered, resentful, antagonistic. In the present revolt they see only symptoms of modern hysterias and neuroses.

"They have the habit of referring to woman as over-emotional and hysterical. As a matter of fact there are just as many hysterical men as women. The war brought this out. But we do not need to go into the heightened drama of war for instances. Men are continually flying off at a tangent for trivial causes. For instance: A crowded elevator stops at a floor of a downtown office building to let some one out. Another person gets in, then as the elevator boy attempts to close the door, a man rushes up, pushes himself in forcibly, jamming people together and exclaiming frantically that four cars have gone past and left him. He continues to repeat this until the car reaches the ground floor. Seven elevators were running in this building. Yet the man could not wait for the next one. He had become hysterical and had lost his head.

"Most men are utterly blind to the fact that individual development beyond her instinctive functions is as necessary and normal for woman as it is for them, and that it is as impossible for her to remain fixed and immovable as it is for them. They do not meet the problem intelligently. What men need today is to realize that the modern woman has come to stay, to make a sincere attempt to understand her, and to cease lamenting the old-fashioned woman.

"On the other hand too many modern women go around with a chip on their shoulders. 'My brains are as good as yours,' is their cry to the men. This attitude gets them nowhere. Their problem, now that they have won their position of external freedom in the world of affairs, is to win their inner freedom and psychic independence of man. They must prove their equality, not talk about it. It is foolish of them to think that they can prove it just by rushing into men's activities. I do not mean that they should not enter professions, but that they are too apt to consider activity in the world as an end rather than a means toward individual development. Their problem is as much being as doing. They must become individuals without sacrificing themselves as women.

"Woman is the mother of the race. Her problem is the attainment of a complete development—her feminine life, and her independent, creative activity apart from her instinctive functions. No woman who has missed the feminine experience of wifehood and motherhood can think to escape that loss by ignoring it. She must face it as a loss and evolve a compensation. It is the privilege and responsibility of the awakened woman to utilize her maternal impulses of love and service in new human values—to lead the way to a new culture in which woman's particular contribution will be the development of higher human relationships based on altruism and understanding. She must solve her problem as woman, not by aping man."

Every person longs to surpass himself. Extravert—introvert—simple or subjective type; every human being wants to become something greater than he is.

"This longing has nothing to do with success," says Doctor Hinkle. "People are not satisfied with things. They say 'Well, now, if I make so much money next year, I'll be satisfied,' or—'If I get more fame—' or—'If I get a new house or better clothes.' If they get all these things, still they are unsatisfied. Why? Because they are unconsciously groping toward an inner spiritual goal.

"Psychoanalysis is not a panacea, not a cure-all. Self-analysis in itself is exceedingly difficult, for we have only an intellectual idea of ourselves which cannot take into consideration the emotional reactions and motivations which are deeply seated in our Unconscious. That is why it is so essential to work them out in relation to another person who is not emotionally involved and who understands the problems. Through this technic a new attitude is won which can be brought into other human relationships. It can be said without fear of contradiction that it is only through self-knowledge, self-discipline, and a sincere effort to understand other people that we can win freedom from the gropings, misunderstandings, and dishonesties that warp our human relationships."

LEFT

"I AM A SAILOR in the United States Navy. All my life I have been bothered with a bad complexion and stomach trouble. I never found anything to clear my skin. While home on thirty days leave, I got in the habit of eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Now my skin is clear of pimples. I feel like a new man. I perform my duties with much more 'pep.' I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast." STANLEY H. STRAINGE, U.S.N., Hampton Roads, Va.

The supreme gift— Perfect Health

Freed from constipation, skin and stomach troubles—vitality regained —with one food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."
IDABELLE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Fleischmann's Yeast

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Busting the Bad-Money Business

[*Continued from page 121*]

The Government also tries to protect the public in another way. To make it possible for any one of intelligence to acquaint himself with the more common notes, the Government has now under way a plan to simplify currency issues through standardization. The first issues to be affected are the Federal Reserve notes, designated as the series of 1923. Portraits appear in the center of the face on the several denominations as follows:

$1 —Washington
$2 —Jefferson
$5 —Lincoln
$10—Jackson
$20—Cleveland
$50—Grant
$100 —Franklin
$500 —Marshall
$1000 —Hamilton
$5000 —Madison
$10000—Chase

United States Notes and Silver Certificates will later be made to conform. The backs of any one denomination will be the same for all three classes of notes. Backs will be printed in green, while faces, except for what is known as the overprinting, will be in black.

The overprinting consists of the treasury seal to the left of the portrait, the large denominational number to the right of the portrait, and serial numbers at the upper right and lower left. On Silver Certificates all these designs will be in blue, on the United States Notes in red, and on the Federal Reserve Notes in green.

Until recent years all counterfeit notes were prepared essentially as the Government manufacture of genuine ones has been described. The forger, who was of necessity a skilled engraver, copied a genuine note on a steel plate, from which the spurious money was printed.

Development of the photo-mechanical science has brought about a new procedure. Often notes are now photographed and their image printed on a zinc or copper plate which has been sensitized. This is then etched by acid.

Notes made from etched plates are distinguishable by their imperfection in printing. They appear cloudy or smudgy to the naked eye, while under a glass they show wavy, uneven lines. Some of the finer details are completely missing or appear vague and indistinct, as contrasted with the sharp, clear impressions on genuine notes.

The note raiser is a greater source of annoyance than the out-and-out counterfeiter. With delicate care he cuts the denominational numerals from large notes, tearing one or two corners from them and thus not invalidating them. From genuine one and two dollar notes he mortises out the corner numerals and replaces them with the larger ones. Skilfully wrought raised notes pass the paper and engraving tests, but are nevertheless glaringly defective. The entire design of the twenty-dollar note, for instance, is fundamentally different from that of the one or two dollar note and any experienced money handler notices the deception of a raised note immediately.

Knowing that it will require but a short time, usually less than an hour, for one of their offerings to reach the hands of some one who will recognize its falseness, counterfeiters who work on a big scale usually limit their efforts in any one city to a brief campaign. They are then obliged to remain under cover or to make a long jump to a section where the search for them is not so keen. This means that counterfeiting is not what one would class as a gainful occupation of high rank. Few instances are on record where it has been profitable. The most expert criminals of this class have revealed small wealth when the Secret Service men have closed in on them and ended their pillage.

Buck Baker's Trained Flivver

[*Continued from page 141*]

mounted on a bucking broncho used to ride around the ring offering a sum of money to any one who would ride the animal and stay on his back. A clown dressed as a hayseed would come forward to make an unsuccessful attempt. Sometimes, however, a bumpkin really did try to ride the horse. The circus owners admitted that this act was hoary with age but they did not know what to substitute for it. Then came Buck Baker with his original idea. The showmen were a bit skeptical, however. They were afraid the machine might get out of control and run into the crowds, but they encouraged Baker's experiments. He quickly devised a method of making his car run without a driver, but in the beginning he could not make it work properly in soft ground. Finally he ironed out this difficulty and the first trick flivver ever known was ready for the 1912 circus season.

Each year has seen additions and variations in the act. If the public applauds the innovations they are adopted; if not they soon go into the limbo of forgotten things. Last year the car was fitted up with a trick radio outfit. Previously to that, while Prohibition was still a novelty, the flivver was equipped with a beer

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning... and it is sound reasoning, too... the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

FATIMA

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

keg which sprayed the clowns with great quantities of soap suds. At one time a live pig was drawn from the steaming inwards of the machine, but kind-hearted old ladies protested against this seeming inhumanity. They did not know that the little porker reposed in a comfortable box fitted in the front fender just for that purpose.

Versatile as Buck's car is it would not be versatile enough did it not serve every purpose to which an ordinary flivver may be put. The trick automobile is not unlike any other roadster with a box on the rear. It was new thirteen years ago and while almost every part of the machine has been replaced at one time or the other, an entirely new machine has never been purchased: Indeed Mr. Baker does not desire one. He knows every little peculiarity of the present machine and understands just what it is going to do next. That is the reason why Buck has repeatedly refused offers of new machines from the manufacturers.

The job of altering this trick machine back into a road model takes only a few minutes. The eccentric wheels are quickly changed, thanks to a special way of fastening them to the axle. The body, being secured by iron pins, is easily lifted off. In no time at all, there is a perfectly sedate, well-behaved little car, ready to dash its owner away to the next circus and throw a new audience into fits of laughter.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

Mademoiselle from Armenteers

[*Continued from page 15*]

man. . . . Absolutely essential, Major. . . ."

I remembered the stem of that shell during the enemy's raid. I felt like that. I was ordered to send my best man up along the 'phone wires to the front line and to an observation post beyond. He was to stay there if every shell in Germany landed. Yes, he was to stay there—if he could get there. And I had only one best man, only one man who could do the job.

My voice must have sounded strange at H.Q. I was shouting. "Yes, all right, Colonel. I'll take care of it. No one here has that work in hand but me. I'll start at eleven-thirty, Colonel, and Captain Bonnivale will remain . . ."

Oh, no, he wouldn't. Old Bolton must have had a general at his elbow. "You will remain in charge of your guns, Major, and you will send Captain Bonnivale . . ."

"But Colonel," I shouted back. "He can't possibly . . ."

"Cut it out, Bob. Do you want to lose your command?" Bonny pulled me away from the 'phone. "Am I going up again? When do I start?"

I wept like a child.

Bonny started laughing. That was his way. "My Lord, Major, give me a chance. I'm not dead yet. I'll get a D.S.O. out of this. I'll just step down to the village a while. Back in an hour. Give me a light, will you, Major?"

MADAME told me. An infantry staff occupied her café. Bonny came in and went up the stairs two at a time, singing, which was the only thing he couldn't do. Madame clambered up after him and found them laughing and playing like children. Andrée flushed with the surprise of his visit. They were arranging a picnic for the following afternoon, and Andrée was pleading to be taken to a Y. M. C. A. entertainment which was scheduled in a town twelve miles back. Bonny wasn't so strong for Y. M. C. A. affairs, but he caved in after a minute and agreed.

Madame left them shortly and of course, during the fifteen minutes it took them to tell each other good night, no one can know what they said. But one can know that Bonny didn't say a word about the job ahead of him. When he came downstairs, his features carried an expression of frozen rigidity and his eyes were bright. He hurried directly into the street without a word or a glance.

At eleven-fifteen he came into the farmhouse for his equipment and detailed instructions. I gave them to him, like a sentence while he stood there and laughed at my seriousness. "Why were you so anxious to do the job yourself," he demanded, "if it's as bad as all that? An easy chance for conspicuous service, I call it."

But he knew what the job was, and I knew he did. And he knew why I had wanted it. We didn't go in for melodramatics, but his slap on the shoulder and, "Well, I guess I'd better run along," was about all I could take.

I can't remember what I did during the next half-hour. Went crazy, I suppose. I recall wondering if he could get there in a half-hour and yet I knew he couldn't. But I went to the gun pits and got on the head 'phones, listening, hoping for the sound of his voice at the other end. There was firing on the line.

Fifteen minutes later I heard him, laughing. My heart was still. "Major?" he said, "that you, Major? Well here I am with a machine-gun bullet through my foot. How's that for luck?" There was an unfamiliar note in his laughter. "Something's wrong up here, Major. I think the Hun is wise. He is ranging for the line."

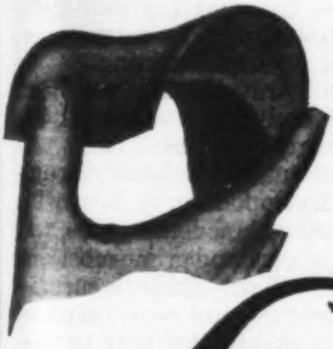
Something was wrong. A violent German bombardment concentrated upon our man-choked front-trench system. I don't know

His friends called him "FLAT-FOOT FRANK"

-until he used Muscle-Building Lynco ARCH CUSHIONS

He had tried them all—the stiff, hard metal supports that hurt his feet, cut his shoes, but gave him no relief.

Then he used LYNCO Arch Supports—and what a difference he found. He was walking on cushions—soft, pliable cushions that banished his foot pains, followed every movement of his feet and slowly but surely built up his fallen arches to the position Nature intended.



LYNCO Arch Cushions are different. Made of special cellular rubber, covered with soft, pliable leather. No metal anywhere. Cannot cut the shoes and can even be worn with sneakers. Give ease and comfort in wear while effecting a permanent cure.

Made in all sizes and styles for men and women. Write us for more details.

Lynco

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., Inc.
170 Cutler St., Warren, R. I.

ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

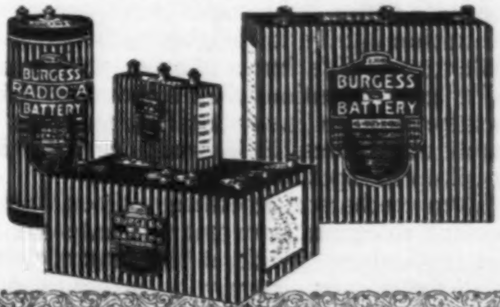
Burgess Batteries operate the receiving sets of radio-equipped mail planes

An every night adventure of Burgess Radio Batteries

ONE of the reasons why you should always buy Burgess Radio Batteries is that the batteries used by air-mail pilots—battleships—explorers—and the majority of recognized radio engineers—are evolved in the Burgess Laboratories and manufactured in the Burgess factory.

These batteries are identical with the batteries sold by your dealer and thousands of other good dealers everywhere.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

whether H.Q. or some opportunist of an infantry colonel deserves the credit. But twenty minutes ahead of zero our fellows went over, leaving empty, smoking trenches for the enemy to pound. It was brilliant!

I was busy with the guns then, laying a creeping barrage ahead of our attack. Bonny's instructions came back with mechanical regularity. It didn't even sound like the Bonny I knew. He was the engine, the wheel now, the soldier.

I was foolish to hope. Like a forest fire, but faster, the red line of enemy fire left those empty trenches and started back to catch our attack. From the road I could see it, a rolling billow of smoke, blacker than night and red at the bottom. "Getting pretty hot out here," came Bonny's voice. Yes, what could be left of Bonny's observation post when that tidal wave of flame rolled over it? "Major? Major!" I heard a buzzing on the wire.

I wish I could tell you that Bonny came back and took her to a white cottage in Brittany. But it didn't happen that way. It almost never happened that way. Bonny didn't come back.

Well—perhaps one of Andrée's brothers wasn't killed. There were many mistaken reports. Or perhaps, after these four or five years, she has met and married a finer man than Bonny. Perhaps there is one.

The next evening, as soon as I was free, I went down to tell her. I found Madame, white-faced and brooding at one of the tables at her deserted café. Andrée had heard—and gone. An hour ago she had started back along that shell-tortured road which brought her to us in the first place.

Corliss and I started after her. A fire had started in Armentières and the smoke-stacks were black against a red sky. Mademoiselle from Armentières was going back there.

Before very long we made out the little figure plodding along ahead of us. Corliss started to shout, but I put a hand on his arm. After all, what could we say? What could we do? I hadn't thought of that before. We stood there a while in silence, and then we turned back the way we had come. Hinky, Dinky, Parlez-vous.

The Motor Tourist Steps on the Gas

[*Continued from page 41*]

Hunting the daily mechanic is almost as fascinating a sport as hunting the nightly camp. It has, on the whole, far greater possibilities, for while there are unquestionably thousands of good mechanics scattered over the continent, there are just as unquestionably tens of thousands of gross incompetents. With an average of three garages to the village of two hundred, and about one to the mile where there is no village at all, how could it be otherwise?

To make the game still more intriguing, rates are uniform—a dollar an hour in the provinces; in the cities a dollar and a half. Silas, who requires ten hours to fix an ignition switch, drags in his emolument on the same scale with Vic Durner of Santa Barbara, for instance, a little red-headed wizard who can and will straighten a crumpled axle in three hours. In their greasy jumpers, unfortunately, all mechanics look the same.

"Official" signs, awarded certain garages by the state motor clubs, mean that those garages contribute loyally to the club exchequers, and little more. It's human nature not to labor quite so conscientiously for some stray bird of passage as for a husky local citizen, who will surely seek redress if the work doesn't satisfy, and is on the spot to get it.

Even mechanical knowledge, though an important safeguard, can not frustrate out and out crookedness, which at the present writing is all too rife, particularly in Southern California and a number of big eastern cities. Whenever I recall the endless blocks of auto junk yards in Los Angeles, I recall most vividly as well the "reputable" service agency for my make of car, which last year charged me top price for a new oil pump and casing. The pump broke down again at Susanville, seven hundred miles along.

SO IT has been with us on several occasions from coast to coast. There have been genuine accidents, of course, but most of our cash has gone to garage men who changed or repaired some part they casually desired to be at fault instead of the one that really was. Repair bills on our last trip totaled half the aggregate of all other expenses, including five new tires.

Well, now I've studied up. In future trips I'll do a large part of my own tinkering.

Cross-country motor travel, unless you have a big heavy machine and means to stop at the best hotels, is not altogether a bed of roses, you see. It has its irritations and distinct discomforts. The average metropolitan, in fact, with his concepts of hygiene and modern service, will find its steady menu of dust and grime most disagreeable, at first, to swallow. But it is surprising how easily and quickly most of us revert to the primitive. And you will end your tour, if not a better, at least a more tolerant and broader-minded American. Every time you see the bulking outline of the old U. S. on a map you'll pat it affectionately. You will have gained a sense of kinship with your country as a whole.